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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

December 24, 1958

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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DECEMBER 24, 1958

Vol. 26, No. 29

Our cover

• Christmas comes to life in a delightful picture of small sisters Megan (left) and Karen Dwyer, of Randwick, N.S.W., opening their gifts on Christmas morning. The beautiful tree, which revolves and plays Christmas carols, was decorated by Mrs. J. Saunders, of Coogee, N.S.W. This picture is by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

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The Weekly Round

• A special staff read and judged every one of the more than 15,000 hints received in our Mink Coat Economy Hint Contest, the winner of which is announced on page 10.

SOME readers were so anxious to win the £2000 prize coat that they sent as many as 50 entries each.

Many hints, especially for making or altering furniture, or other homecraft, were too specialised, requiring individual skill, to qualify as winners.

Some are so good, however, that we have decided to award further prizes under sectional headings. (See announcement page 10.)

The prizewinning hint, as you will read, is a simple one which anyone can use.

CHARLES EINSTEIN, author of our new two-part serial, "No Time At All," which begins on page 24 of this issue, is no relation to his famous scientist namesake, the late Albert Einstein.

Once a newspaperman, Charles Einstein has made the central character of his book a newspaperman who announces the disappearance of a commercial aircraft, providing the basis for a story of suspense, romance, comedy, and tragedy.

EVER since Victorian writer Phyllis Rose won the Readers' Choice prize in our 1957 Short Story Contest, readers have asked for more stories by her.

We are pleased to publish her latest story, "The Puppy," on page 23 of this issue.

Miss Rose won our 1957 prize with "Tail Of A Wallaby," a delightful story of migrant children.

OUR pattern for making a Hawaiian mun-mun (pronounced moo-moo, as for cow) on pages 32 and 33 has fired off a series of comments in the office.

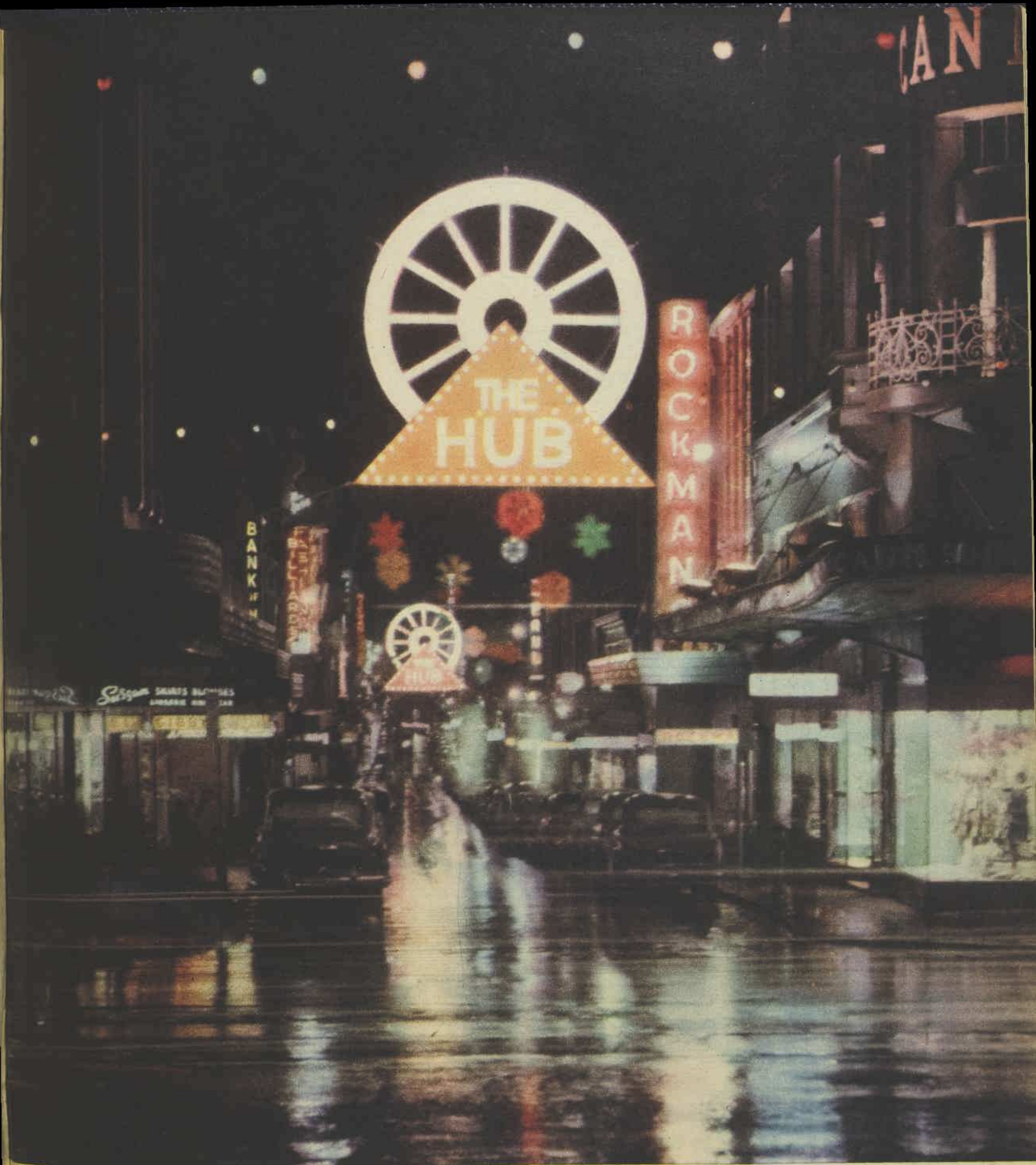
We are happy to report that the majority proclaimed it "different" — in approving tones.

That includes the men, who commented:

- "Wow."
- "Mun - mun? Mmmmmmm."
- "Takes a bit of getting used to—but I li-i-i-ike it."

NEXT WEEK

• In next week's issue we announce the result of our Christmas Customs Contest, for which readers have told of charming and varied ways in which they observe Christmas in their homes. Entries have come from Old and New Australians and several from New Zealand.



Rainbows in the Christmas lights

● The City of Melbourne is gay at present with fairy lights and novel decorations. In this picture reflections in the rain transform Little Collins Street into a fairyland. Called The Hub, this section of the street between Swanston Street and Elizabeth Street is one of the most gaily decorated sections of Melbourne. The city's festive look is due to the City Development Association, whose aim is to make Melbourne the best decorated city in the Commonwealth at Christmas-time. For five years the Association, financed by retailers in the decorated areas, has made Melbourne colorful by day and glittering at night. Volunteer display men from retail stores plan the decorations. Picture by Laurie Kimber, staff photographer.



● CHRISTMAS? IT'S JUST A DREAM NOW.



● HEY THERE! HOW ABOUT A LIFT HOME TO MY PLACE?

OUR CHRISTMAS CAMERA-AT-LARGE

● Staff photographer Ron Berg took his candid camera through the Christmas shopper crowded stores and markets for these glimpses of the seasonal crush.



● WELL . . .

● H'MM. MAYBE HE PULLED SANTA'S BEARD!



I WANT A DOLL AND I WANT A REAL CHINA TEASET AND I WANT . . .



● WHO'D NOTICE FLATTIES IN THESE CROWDS!



● THAT'D BE NICE FOR CHARLIE, WOULDN'T IT?— BUT LOOK AT THE PRICE!



● SOMETHING TELLS ME THIS DAME AIN'T FOOLING!



● HERE, I'LL CATCH ONE FOR YOUR STOCKING, TOO.



MAKE HER HAPPY



**GIVE DOUBLE HAPPINESS —
GIVE HILTON**

The season's cleverest gift idea costs you not a penny more. It's a beautiful Christmas pack, plus a greeting card, plus 2 pairs of glorious Hilton stockings — all in one. You can choose from three designs. Each means double happiness for some lucky girl, . . . and so much extra wear per pair, as every Hilton stocking is now made with the marvellous new Hilton-Todd process.

Give lasting happiness! Give a Hilton 2-pair gift pack this Christmas.

HILTON GIFT SUGGESTIONS

Lovely 'go with' colours of Waterlily, Opalee, Beige Beauty and Fair Lady.

Elation, 15 Denier	12/11 pair
Waltz Dream Twin Thread	11/9 pair
Waltz Dream Stretch	14/11 pair
Fabulous, 12 denier	14/11 pair
Seamless, 15 denier	12/11 pair

Prices vary in some States

7236

WITH HILTON STOCKINGS



FREE IN THIS 2-PAIR GIFT PACK — AT NO EXTRA COST

(IT'S A CHRISTMAS CARD AND GIFT PACK — ALL IN ONE)

Borgnine (UNLIKE MARTY IN THE FILM) is urbane



Here to play Roo in movie version of "Doll"

● Anyone who expects Ernest Borgnine to be like the shambling, bulky figure of "Marty," whom he portrayed in his famous Academy Award film, is bound to be surprised by him.

BORGNINE, in Australia to play Roo in the film version of "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll," is quite unlike Marty—the simple butcher whose shyness made him lonely.

Not only does this real Mr. Ernest Borgnine look much younger and handsomer, but he's able to drop a French word or placename into the conversation with the ease of any diplomat.

He gives you the impression that he'd take a girl to dinner in style.

His accent is not specially American, and he has the new-style actor's international voice.

He has an engaging habit of leaning forward and saying (if speaking to a lady) "Ma'am?" instead of "What?" or "I beg your pardon."

Six feet tall

Urbane, well-tailored, an able conversationist with a taste for grand opera and the finer things of life, six-foot Borgnine is a couple of stone lighter than he was a few years ago.

He puts this down to what he calls "backing away from the table."

But in Hollywood it's generally considered that the emotional upheaval of the recent break-up of his marriage to Rhonda, a former Navy nurse, is responsible.

Clearly he has taken something of an emotional knocking about over the collapse of his marriage.

He spoke with obvious feeling of his sympathy for

Deborah Kerr "in her recent tribulations," saying that he could understand her feelings very well. (Deborah Kerr's marriage to Tony Bartley has recently broken up.)

Of his much-publicised romance with Mexican actress Katy Jurado he said: "Mrs. Borgnine and I had our troubles before I met Miss Jurado during the filming of 'The Badlanders.'"

"The thing that threw us together was the columnist's suggestions that our love scenes in the picture had broken up my marriage."

"Now I do take her out, and, in fact, went down to Mexico (with two friends so that it would be proper) to say goodbye to her before coming to Australia."

Asked if they had plans to marry, Borgnine answered: "We are very good friends. But I won't be free to marry for a year."

He brought with him in a taped cardboard box, and surrounded by protecting cotton-wool, a tiny decorated Christmas tree—Katy's farewell gift.

From his recently dissolved marriage he has one daughter, Nancy (6), who is with her mother in Los Angeles.

Katy Jurado (pronounced Hoo-rah-do) has two children.

Borgnine, who will celebrate his 42nd birthday in Sydney on January 24, grew up in rural Connecticut (where his father still lives).

He keeps up a tie with his country boyhood by dabbling in fat cattle as a sideline.

"I do all right, too," he said. "And I'm certainly going to

try to see how you do things here."

Other things he has promised himself in Australia are to try out the golf courses, see the tennis (if it can be managed), swim, get a good record of native animals on color film, and meet Gregory Peck with a whisky and soda at Mascot when Peck passes through on his way to Melbourne to take part in "On the Beach."

Borgnine intends to branch into independent film producing soon. With his closest friend and business associate, Sam Weiler, he has formed Medusa Productions.

Mr. and Mrs. Weiler came to Australia with him. "It's a 25th-wedding-anniversary

By AINSLIE BAKER

trip for them and I want them to have a good time," he said.

Medusa Productions already has the rights to two film stories.

One, a psychological Western, "Recoil," was written by John Michael Hayes, who wrote "Rear Window."

The other, "The Promoters," is a story of a man who rocketed a questionable patent medicine to success.

Borgnine will star in both.

Comedy talent

"But the property we're really looking for is a comedy," Sam Weiler said. "This man here's a great comedian."

It took what the two of them called "an afternoon of lovely golf" to bring out Borgnine's latent comic talents.

"Everyone was in a good mood, and we got to fooling round," Borgnine explained. "I'd always been interested in all kinds of music, and I got to conducting different kinds of imaginary orchestras."

FILM STAR Ernest Borgnine relaxes in Sydney before beginning work in "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll." He calls himself "the laziest man on earth."

Though he enjoys seeing film people, Borgnine's circle in Hollywood is made up of non-professionals.

"I suppose you could say my best friends, apart from the Weilers, are a manufacturer, a doctor, and a couple of other business and professional people," he said.

His Italian-born mother was responsible for his becoming an actor instead of an air-conditioning expert.

One day when he came home from the factory looking unhappy she said: "Now, why don't you try acting? You're always fooling round. Now go and do it for money."

He went to a dramatic school, and then worked with a repertory company.

"It was called The Barter Playhouse," Borgnine said. "It was depression time, and this bunch of hungry actors had started up, with the former audience paying for seats with foodstuffs. A ham was worth a season ticket."

"If the actors started get-

ting fat, the manager knew we were doing well."

Borgnine has been criticised for invariably saying nice things about fellow film actors.

He says he doesn't knock other players because it's bad for the profession as a whole.

He names Bergman and Deborah Kerr as the two actresses who will "never go out of style."

Of actors he comments: "Brando — pretty much of a genius, with his best work to come. Kirk Douglas — an intense perfectionist."

Borgnine thinks that his service with the U.S. Navy will stand him in good stead for playing the character of Roo, the cane-cutter.

"I certainly had it tough those years," he says.

If in the film he is seen wearing a large ruby signet ring on his left hand, it will be the same ring that he has always either worn or carried in all his films.

"It's a kind of good-luck ring that I've had for the past 25 years," he told me.

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK: "Pin a Rose on Me"

● In our next issue we publish the first of four instalments of "Pin a Rose on Me," a charming story by Josephine Blumenfeld, based on her everyday life as a London housewife.

TOLD in amusing episodes, the book makes ordinary living seem like gay adventure.

Like the heroine in her book, Josephine Blumenfeld lives in a small Georgian house in Kensington, London, has three grown-up children, grandchildren, and owns a Pekingese dog.

She told our London correspondent how she came to write "Pin a Rose on Me."

"A friend wrote asking me, 'What have you been doing lately?'" she said.

"I wrote and told her. Then I thought, 'Why don't I do this conscientiously?'"

Now the author hopes her conscientious recording will buy the house in which she lives.

"I've had notice to buy the house or move," she said.

Josephine Blumenfeld has had four volumes of short stories published.

The daughter of R. D. Blumenfeld, who for 35 years was editor of the London "Sunday Express," she said: "All our family write."

She is the widow of Alan Bott, who founded the Book Society and was chairman of the Reprint Society and Pan Books.

Her brother, Sir John Elliot (he changed his name long ago to make his way in journalism without trading on his father's reputation), is a writer, and chairman of London Transport.

VICTORIA GAZETTES

A FLOWER



STURT'S DESERT PEA (*Clianthus formosus*) is the people's choice for South Australia's flower. The first specimens were gathered in 1699 by William Dampier on the arid north-west coast of the continent. Explorer Charles Sturt collected it near Broken Hill in 1844. Its vivid flowers may reach four inches in length.



ABOVE: Fluffy blossom of the Tasmanian Blue Gum (*Eucalyptus globulus*), which many Tasmanian naturalists consider the most appropriate emblem for Tasmania.

BELOW: Waratah, aboriginal name for *Telopea speciosissima*, spectacular and brilliant bloom which is the unofficial flower of the State of New South Wales.



BY declaring Pink Heath (opposite page) its official floral emblem, Victoria has led the way for other Australian States to declare their official flowers.

Pictured on this page are the flowers generally accepted as emblems of other States.

The Commonwealth has no gazetted emblem, but most people regard Golden Wattle as the national flower.

The Waratah always figures as the New South Wales flower, and the Red-and-green Kangaroo Paw belongs to Western Australia. The Sturt Pea is the favorite for South Australia, and the Tasmanian Blue Gum for Tasmania.

Queensland has no State flower. An introduced plant, the Poinsettia, is the unofficial emblem for Brisbane.



ABOVE: Red-and-green Kangaroo Paw (*Anigozanthos manglesii*) is the unofficial State flower of Western Australia. Visitors admire them in King's Park, Perth.

BELOW: Poinsettia, the scarlet-flowered shrub introduced from Central America, emblem of Brisbane. Its blazing color enlivens gardens in the winter.





PINK HEATH

VICTORIA'S official flower, *Epacris impressa*, the pink variety of common heath. It was used as decoration on the lid of the gold rose bowl presented to the Queen during her visit to Victoria in 1954; it was also incorporated in the design of the invitation cards to the State reception in honor of Her Majesty. A slender shrub, it blooms from June to September, can be seen growing in sandy areas near Melbourne, and occurs widely throughout Victoria. Melbourne girl Claire Taylor took this photograph in the Grampian Mountains.

I was embarrassed
... me with dingy dentures!
... yet I clean them every day



but do you clean them properly?

**False teeth
need**

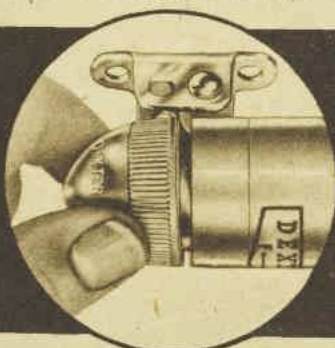
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MOTHER OF FOUR

● A country doctor's wife has won the prize — a £2000 Dior-designed mink coat — in our Economy Hint Contest. She is Mrs. R. S. J. (Marie) Simpson, of Galatea Street, Charleville, Queensland.

HERE IS HER HINT:

"My husband and I bought an ordinary accountant's journal and day by day, while our memory was fresh, entered in it the nature and cost of every purchase. Each week the journal was reviewed and we attempted an honest assessment of which purchases were justified and which were not.

100-WORD EXPLANATION: The greatest drains on the household money are the small, tempting, inessential items. This plan reduces these to a minimum by showing you the devastating effect these apparently minor outlays have on the family purse. We have used this plan twice: (1) As newlyweds, when a saving of £100 in 12 months contributed substantially to our first holiday; and (2) over the past 12 months in preparation for my husband's postgraduate medical trip to England.

We consider this 'economy plan' has been a major factor in making it possible for myself and our four young children to sail for England."

WE chose this hint as the prize-winner because it is simple — anyone can do it. And it does save money, as Mrs. Simpson has proved. But it saves money without depriving the family of necessities.

Though there were several budgeting hints, this one stood out for straightforward practicability. It is a well-balanced, watertight hint — just what we wanted.

Mrs. Simpson had already left on her journey to England before the final result was decided, but we caught her at Melbourne to take her measurements as a possible winner of the mink coat.

"Beautiful"

The final decision was made in time for a Sydney furrier to make the coat, and we expressed it to Mrs. Simpson at Fremantle before the Strathaird, in which she and her children are travelling, had sailed.

A quiet person, her reaction when she saw the beautiful, rich brown-black fur beneath its blue paper tissue wrapping was to say softly: "It is very beautiful."

The color offset her lovely creamy skin.

Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. McGurk, who had travelled with her as far as Fremantle, were delighted to have seen the coat before their daughter sailed on to England. Mr. McGurk impulsively and warmly embraced the prize-winner.

"Congratulations, my dear," he said, his eyes sparkling.

Choosing the single prize-winner was a most difficult task.

A special staff had already had the mammoth job of reading every single one of the 15,897 hints which were received before the closing date, October 29.

They sorted the hints received into subject groups — sewing and dressmaking, household, furniture and furnishings, budgeting, cooking, beauty, gardening, and toys.

The best hints from these divisions were put into a group of semi-finalists.

An editorial conference de-

cided the finalists and the first prize winner.

There were more dressmaking and sewing hints received than any others. And, of these, several good money-savers occurred over and over again.

Four in particular stand out: How to make a warm blanket by stitching discarded woolies to a piece of calico and covering with a piece of floral cretonne; how to prolong the life of a sheet by cutting it down the middle when it wears thin and sewing the selvedge edges together, hemming the new sides; how to get more wear out of a cardigan or jumper by reversing the sleeves when the elbows are worn; and many variations on how to make children's clothing out of adults' discarded clothes.

The next largest group received were household, including laundry, hints.

Then came furniture and furnishings. It amazed us how clever people are at converting old furniture into modern pieces, and at using inexpensive materials like hessian and calico to tasteful effect. One of the most popular furnishing hints was making rugs out of used clothing. There were many suggestions for using old-fashioned large damask tablecloths for curtains or bedspreads, by leaving them white or dyeing them, and some of the effects achieved sounded delightful.

Many sent hints for making

loose covers, making roller blinds or renovating old ones, making table tops or wall mirrors from gilt picture frames picked up at auction sales.

Budgeting hints formed another large group. There were some excellent money-saving tips, such as having a special "saving day" once a week, following the bargain lines advertised, or just keeping away from the shops.

One piece of self-delusion intrigued us. A reader pretended she had a debt to pay and put that imagined amount away to save.

Food and cooking hints were many and varied. Several suggested the obvious saving of buying meat in bulk, dozens gave ways for making butter go further, and dozens more told how to provide substitutes for eggs. We were interested in a Queensland entrant's idea of making coffee out of wheat — she sent a sample, which smells just like coffee, but we haven't tasted it.

Sometimes the postman looked like Santa Claus when he arrived with the Hints mail. One reader sent in a huge box of skilfully made samples to illustrate her hints for Christmas toys and decorations. These ideas are to be published later.

Some readers sent in neatly bound books, beautifully set out, to illustrate their ideas.

Not all the hints were or-

thodox money-savers. We especially liked this one from a man:

"I have had only one good money-saving idea in my life, though that aspect of it wasn't noticed at the time. In any case it was incidental to something much more important. I asked a young woman to marry me — and she said yes.

By nature, I'm a spender, and she likes nice things, too, but we've saved and planned, and often envied others; now we have children, house, car, and quiet comfort.

We've had our share of worries, for she has never been strong. Twice she was gravely ill, but now, after nearly thirty years together, she's well, praise be. But we've got into the habit of saving for what we want.

She doesn't need a mink coat, bless her; but I'd rather like to see her face if she got one. I nominate my wife."

Economy cat

We are wondering whether this man's wife was satisfied with his economy idea. He wrote:

"My wife has always wanted Siamese cats and dachshund dogs, both expensive breeds. Starting from a tortoiseshell cat, by selective breeding, I have now established a long-haired, silky-furred cat with which she will have to be satisfied."

And here's a wonderful human "economy":

"Take two small, active boys, their mother who must work, and mix with a grandmother who loves, scolds, and moulds these scamps in Mumma's absence. Nanna is a wonderful cook ... is good-hearted, and the soul of integrity. May courage rub off on her charges. This small lady is an economy hint worth thousands in current labor charges, and priceless in terms of human values."

There were so many first-class entries that we decided to award further prizes under sectional headings. Each section will have a first prize winner, to receive £5. For every hint published we will pay £1. Photographs and diagrams will accompany how-to-make hints. These hints will be published in later issues.

FURTHER MINK CONTEST PRIZES

● Because there were so many first-class hints received we have decided to publish many of them under sectional headings, such as Cooking, Household, Do-it-yourself, Budgeting, Sewing, and Toys.

Each section will have a first prize winner who will receive £5.

For every hint published we will pay £1.

Photographs and diagrams will accompany How-to-make hints. These hints will be published in later issues.

WINS £2000 MINK COAT



HAPPY WINNER Mrs. R. S. J. (Marie) Simpson with her four children (l. to r.), Margaret, 3, Paula, 4, Carmel, 5, and Stephan John in his mother's arms, photographed on board ship in Melbourne on their way to England.

● Mrs. Simpson, a tall brunette with a fresh complexion, could scarcely believe the news that she had won the mink coat contest.

IN Perth, where we caught her before she sailed for England with her four children in the Strathaird, she said:

"The news is wonderful. I am delighted to have the coat.

"It gets very hot in Charleville, but there are two months in winter when it is so cold that I put the children into snow boots, so that a mink coat will be much appreciated."

Before her marriage, Mrs. Simpson, who is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. McGurk, of Brisbane, was a private secretary with a retail firm.

She was married at 20, and has four children, Carmel, 5, Paula, 4, Margaret, 3, and Stephan John, 20 months.

Mrs. Simpson feels that the strict economy she has applied at two different periods in her life has been richly rewarded.

Said she: "We consider that the 'economy plan' described in my hint has been largely responsible for me and our four young children being able to join my husband in England."

He is doing a post-graduate course in London, and the whole family expects to be overseas about 18 months.

Mrs. Simpson explained that the journal, with every purchase noted down, acts as a second conscience.

"When you know your partner is trying to save, you don't want to enter some unnecessary or foolish item if he is doing without," she said.

"It is amazing how the little things mount up. I don't stint on good, healthful food and necessary clothing. Also we entertain, but it is planned entertaining."

Neither Mrs. Simpson nor her husband smokes.

"Another economy we made was never to buy the children small toys," she said.

"Small, cheap toys get broken so quickly, and the children lose interest in them. We buy them good, big toys which will last, like bikes, paddling-pools, well-made dolls, and we find this saves a lot of money which would otherwise be frittered away."

Mrs. Simpson has found it pays her to get someone in to do the heavy cleaning once a week, so she can do all the cooking and baking herself.

"This saves buying any baked items, and also gives me time to do dressmaking. That was another thing I decided to do to save money after my marriage. I bought a paper pattern and taught myself to sew."

Mrs. Simpson now makes most of her own dresses, and the children's clothes. The patterned-cotton blouson suit she was wearing when we photographed her was one she had made herself.

She finds that by saving on the children's clothes and her own more simple dresses she is able to buy good coats for the children, and a good suit for herself whenever she needs it.

Mr. and Mrs. McGurk travelled as far as Perth in the Strathaird with their daughter to help her settle in on the ship with the children.

In London Mrs. Simpson hopes to find a house to live in, but on arrival will stay at Ormond Hotel, Bellside Grove, Hampstead, until they find somewhere suitable, preferably in the country.



The prizewinner's mink coat worn by a model.

The Angel of Mercy now has own family

● Sydney's Angel of Mercy, after 30 years in the Salvation Army, has found a new way to carry on her life's work — caring for destitute and unwanted children.

By
ANNE BRADLEY,
staff reporter

BEFORE she retired from the Army, Myrtle Townsend — now a serene and white-haired 52 — earned the official rank of major.

But to the magistrates, police, doctors and ambulance men — and the children she helped — she was ranked as an angel.

During her years in the Army she found good homes for hundreds of children abandoned by their parents.

Now, with only her own Army pension of £3 a week plus an invalid pension and child endowment payments, she has established a home in which she herself can give a mother's love to children who never had it.

The house, which belongs to a Canberra war-widow who does not want her name made public, is an old country farmhouse six miles from Nowra, on the south coast of N.S.W., and its name, "Inasmuch,"

NOW able to look into the future with confidence, five-year-old Mitchell stands on the fence beside the gateway into his new home.

much," comes from the text of St. Matthew 25; 40:

And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

During her years in the Army, Major Townsend has rescued many children who came from the most appalling circumstances imaginable.

Many of them were the children of prostitutes, drug addicts, and drunkards.

One small boy, a happy five-year-old today, was found by the Vice Squad when he was two months old, lying on an anthill in Cook Park, Mascot.

He was filthy, starving, and the ants were eating him alive.

Another bright and alert five-year-old needs speech therapy today to correct a defect caused by his mother and her de facto husband leaving him tied up outside their humpy and forgetting him for hours on end.

A cute little brown-eyed girl, just one year old, had her feet burnt to the bone when she wandered into the ashes of a campfire while her mother slept off a metho bout.

The small daughter of a drug addict was found to be suffering from polio. Without treatment she had lost the use of her legs and is now mentally retarded because of her mother's neglect.

Happy life

In her work the Major has seen far more than her fair share of misery and suffering.

The worst criminals, to her mind, are those parents who lack even the basic instinct to feed and protect their young.

Major Townsend now has nine children at "Inasmuch," but will soon have three more when they are well enough to leave hospital.

In spite of her small income, she has created a happy family life at "Inasmuch," where the children breathe fresh air, eat good food, and learn to live without shame.

Above all, she has created an atmosphere of love.

The children have been given into her custody by the courts, or have been entrusted

to her by the parents.

"When we came to 'Inasmuch' two years ago we didn't know a soul," the Major told me. "But now the children and I have many friends in Nowra, Jervis Bay, and Sydney, who visit and help us in countless ways."

"The local police have been wonderful, and so has Sergeant Percy Penfold, from Mascot, whom I've known for more than 10 years now."

"I just can't say enough in praise of all my policemen friends."

Special "Uncles"

"And we have two special 'uncles' — Mr. H. G. ('Uncle Henry') Seach, of Punchbowl, and Mr. Albert ('Uncle Albert') Dibley, of Gerringong."

"They kept bees at 'Inasmuch' when we arrived, and I don't know what we would have done without them."

The helpers have put in drains, fences, electricity, tanks, fixed the plumbing, painted the house, and planted crops of beans and peas.

Many women from Nowra and Jervis Bay, and wives of Navy men stationed there, come each week to help with the washing and ironing.

Last July representatives of 15 local public bodies, and many citizens, formed the "Inasmuch" Auxiliary to help Major Townsend run the home by raising funds and providing practical help.

"The women are wonderful to us," the Major said. "They do the mending and altering, and they've baked cakes and biscuits for us for special occasions."

Christmas this year will be a very special occasion.

All the children are looking forward to being outfitted with shoes and socks — a yearly Christmas gift from the management of the Bomaderry hotel — and will spend a week as the guests of Captain V. A. T. Smith, D.F.C., and the Naval establishment, Albatross.

"They're going to spend each day with a different family there," the Major said, "and then they're coming back home to 'Inasmuch' for Christmas Day."

"It will be a very different Christmas to our first one here."

"We had just arrived with almost nothing, and I didn't know how I was going to make Christmas Day a happy one."

"We put the young ones to bed, and the older girls and I sat down and prayed that the Lord would provide."

"He did, of course. On Christmas morning we found a huge box of groceries on the doorstep. To this day we don't know who left it."

Major Townsend said that "Inasmuch" had become a real home to the children.

"They are starting to take a pride in it, knowing that it's theirs," she said. "They're keeping their rooms tidy and helping me all they can."

"At last they feel they belong somewhere."

Dogs, cats, hens, chickens, and a turkey are all part of the "Inasmuch" household. Sellwood, a pedigreed Pomeranian, came to "Inasmuch" with the family, but the favorite with all the children is Trixie, a fat black-and-white dog of fox-terrier extraction.

Pray together

The Major, whose personal faith and courage have enabled her to tackle such a tremendous job, confessed that sometimes she had been discouraged.

"Sometimes, when the children have fought bitterly among themselves and I've seen all the unpleasant sides of their characters, I get dismayed."

"But we all pray together night and morning, and if we've quarrelled we pray about that, too, and the next day all is well again."

"And then they show me all the sunniest and nicest traits, and the ones that have fought most bitterly will defend one another against other children at school."

"Over the years many people have told me that what I'm doing is a waste of time, but they couldn't be more wrong."

"These children are our citizens of tomorrow and we have the making of them."

"Someone has to care."



LEONIE, the baby of the "Inasmuch" family, gives the Major a hug.

ROOM TO PLAY, fresh air, sunshine, good food, and plenty of love is Major Townsend's recipe for raising healthy and happy "citizens of tomorrow."





THE "INASMUCH" FAMILY: From left, Kerry (4), Leonie (3), David (5), Mitchell (5), Patricia (7), with Selwood, Ann (8), Shirley (6), Fay (10), with a neighbor's dog, Lorraine (11), holding Trixie, and Major Townsend.

CROPS of peas and beans were planted by friends, and the children keep a close watch to see how they're growing. Inspectors are, from left, Ann, Patricia, Fay, Shirley. Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.



WASHING DAY isn't so bad when there are willing helpers. Fay (left) and Lorraine collect the dry sheets for Shirley.

"LIZZIE," the home's 1928 model car, holds all the children when the Major takes them for outings.



This Christmas your friends
are telling Santa



M-m-m make mine Mac.Robertson's

— and is it any wonder! Just look at this fabulous array of gifts for every taste.



OLD GOLD...
Australia's favourite
box of dark chocolates.
In 3 sizes... 6/-, 12/-, 24/-.



NOVEL CENTRES... a wide
variety of milk chocolates and
candies in every gay box. 6/-, 12/- boxes.



GOLDEN GLORY...
a beautiful box of wonderful dark
chocolates. 25/-, and in 11/- box.



JOLLY JOKERS... tasty
toffee assortment. Novel plastic
case turns three ways to make over
100 different comic figures. 8/-.



CLEMATIS... decorative
tin containing foil and "cellophane"
wrapped dark and milk chocolates. 27/6.



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with colourfully wrapped soft and
firm centred milk chocolates. 17/-.



Prices may be slightly higher in certain distant
country areas.



REGAL... bright
assortment
of chocolates
and toffees in a
"crystal" casket.
23/6.



PARK LANE... True luxury! A red velvet rose
surrounded by fragrant dark chocolates. 24/-.



THE NEW ARRIVALS... appealing golden cocker
puppies decorate this toffee tin. 11/-.



HIBISCUS attractively
packed assortment of
chocolates and toffees. 13/6.

Christmas SOCIAL SCENE



YOUNG HOSTESSES (from left) Janet Alston, of Cunedah, Roslyn Edwards, of Warren, Rosemary Walker, of Longreach, Qld., Robyn Kirk, of Muswellbrook, Meg Low, of Forbes, Marion Bembick, of Morriset, Patricia Robinson, of St. Ives, Barbara Logan, of Neutral Bay, Jenny Keane, of Dubbo, and Helen Low, of Forbes, wait to receive their one hundred and fifty guests at a leaving-school dance they gave at Girraween, Killara.

JUST can't believe that Christmas can be so close without any slackening of the party round — looks like a party every night from now on. And I still haven't addressed any Christmas cards or started on my shopping list.

It will be mainly young folk from the North Shore at the dance to be given at Avondale Golf Club on Wednesday night, December 17. The five pretty hostesses are Nola Morgan, Gillian Kerr, Christine Mackenzie, Cynthia Butterworth, and Christine Livie.

Then on Saturday you'll dance "from eight till you flake" at the informal dance given by the Eastern Suburbs Torchbearers for Legacy Younger Set at "Quarang," Woollahra. Among the dancers will be Suellen Wharton, Helen Bathgate, Paul Noble, and Rickie Donaldson.

Then on Boxing Night I'll see you down at the Pacific Club, Palm Beach, for the annual party. With perhaps a quick dip in the surf before breakfast.

REMEMBER that clever lass Vyra Smith, who graduated with first-class honors and distinction in Agricultural Science? She married another honors graduate, Rolf Beilharz, of Northbridge, and when they return from their honeymoon they'll be living at North Rocks. Vyra is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clive C. Smith, of St. Ives.



JUST ENGAGED. Lovely Margo McKendry (left) discussed her wedding plans over lunch with Kathy Murrell at Romano's. Margo has just announced her engagement to Allan Sawyer, the only son of Mrs. Wallace Sawyer, of "Eringoarrak," Wagga, and the late Mr. Sawyer. They will be married at St. Mark's, Darling Point, early next year, and Allan's sister, "Muffie," will be bridesmaid. Margo is the only daughter of Mrs. Angus Ross Lawson, of Double Bay, and Mr. C. R. McKendry, of Middle Cove.



WAR HERO'S SWORD. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Vasey cut their wedding cake with the military sword which belonged to Rob's father, the late Major-General C. A. Vasey. The bride was formerly Mary Carson, and after the wedding in Glen Innes the reception was held at "The Downs," the home of her parents, the Jock Carsons. Rob's mother, Mrs. J. M. Vasey, came up from Melbourne for the wedding.

AT LEFT: Pam Patteson with David Sheedy and Lyn Vogt (right) at an end-of-school days party given by twelve young hostesses at the Pickwick Club. Pam wore a short dress of dark green satin, and Lyn chose guipure lace and organza.



DUNTRON GRADUATE. Lieutenant D. R. Walton, of Auckland, New Zealand, talking to Gloria Boyle, of Canberra, after the graduation parade at R.M.C., Duntroun.

AFTER a few days at Leura, Lesley and Dick Pockley left on board Polynesie for a honeymoon trip to Noumea — they'll be back in Sydney early in January and will live at Double Bay. Mrs. Pockley was formerly Mrs. Lesley Brash.

MUST remember to take a streamer apiece for Anne Nevill, Mary Conlon, and Peter Mansell when I go down to Pyrmont on Sunday to wave farewell. With literally dozens of Sydney's bright young things, they're sailing on board Strathnaver for a holiday in England and Europe.

PRETTY wedding in Canberra recently when Helen Hyles and Hugh Hamilton were married at St. John's Church — Helen wore a superbly cut dress of white satin and lace, and her bridesmaids, Sydney lasses Sue Hart and Judy Dean, wore graceful dresses in palest green. Helen and Hugh are third generation Australians — she is the only daughter of the W. R. Hyles, of "Woodlands," Bungendore, and Hugh the third son of the H. M. Hamiltons, of "Allawah," Illabo. *Anna*



COUNTRY WEDDING. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Blenkin, who were married recently in Tuncurry. The bride was formerly Judy Barclay, daughter of Mrs. H. Barclay, of Tuncurry. Harold is the son of the C. H. Blenkins, of Wingham.



EIGHT QUADS—WITH TWO NEW INTERESTS



THE SARA QUADS learn water-wise ways with kicking-boards in the baths at Watson's Bay. They are, from left, Mark, Phillip, Judy, and Alison. Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.

SWIMMING COACH Alf Vockler watches as the quads practise their overarm movements beside the baths at Watson's Bay. From the left the quads are Alison, Phillip, Mark, and Judy.

● Excitedly waiting to celebrate eight merry young Christmases are the eight-year-old Sara quads, of Punchbowl, N.S.W., and the three-year-old Lucke quads, of North Gooburrum, near Bundaberg, Qld.

SINCE last Christmas the Saras have a brand-new interest in life — for they've been learning to swim, and they really love it.

In fact, in the words of their coach, Alf Vockler, of Watson's Bay, N.S.W., they've "taken to the water like ducks." The quads have been

learning for about two months now, and have made such good progress that they'll be taking part in the swimming-club races during the Christmas vacation.

Till now they've been practising at the baths every Saturday and Sunday, and in the holidays will be there every day.

"The two girls were a bit faster off the mark than the boys," said Mr. Vockler. "They couldn't have been better learners if they'd had web-feet."

The quads aren't the only Saras interested in swimming.

Their big brother, Geoff, who is now 11



THE LUCKE
QUADS group
 round an "Agnes
 Lucke" rose tree in
 the Langbecker
 Nursery, Bundaberg,
 Qld. The quads
 are, from left,
 Eric, Kevin, Jenni-
 fer, and Veronica.

years old, has been having advanced coaching from Mr. Vockler.

And their father, Mr. Percy Sara, has a special interest in the whole project.

Together with Mr. Vockler and Mr. Bill Jenkins, another instructor at Watson's Bay, he was formerly a surf champion and Bondi lifesaver.

THE Luckes also have a new and special interest.

They've been keeping a daily vigil over the rose trees recently planted along the front fence of their home in North Gooburrum, and every bloom has aroused great excitement among the quads. The roses are bi-colored, with cerise-pink inside each petal

and a whitish pink on the outside.

But the thing that makes them so special in the Lucke household is that the variety has been called "Agnes Lucke" in honor of the quads' mother.

Rose-lovers will be interested to know that the variety has medium to large blooms of lasting quality and moderate fragrance, and grows to a height of about four feet.

Such details don't, of course, mean a thing in the lives of the three-year-old quads. But one thing they are sure of — and that is that the "Agnes Lucke" rose is the nicest flower they've ever seen.

"AGNES LUCKE," a cerise-pink rose, is included among varieties with such famous names as "The Queen Elizabeth" rose and the "Grace di Monaco." Pictures were taken by Lionel Keen.



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Gentle Bon Ami is also available in a convenient cake form.



BE SAFE! USE BON AMI
—"it hasn't scratched yet!"

Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

IT is a great pity that more country people could not be made aware of the value of small items of local history and of aboriginal relics and stories. As time goes by it is becoming increasingly difficult to get authentic information on the original settlement of country areas or to find individuals who knew the aborigines or early settlers of any given district. Certain towns and organisations have made efforts to record local history, but a more widespread consciousness of the need would be of great value in the years to come.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Mary Hill, Mt. Gambier, S.A.

RECENTLY I had my first baby, a girl, and while in hospital I received over 100 cards from my friends. These cards are most attractive, as well as expensive, and I am sure most people just put them away and eventually throw them out — a terrible waste. When I went home I purchased a good-sized drawing book and spent a very pleasant afternoon pasting in all the pictures from the cards. Now my daughter, when she is old enough, will have her very own baby book to amuse her, and we all know how children love pictures of babies.

10/6 to Mrs. B. J. Hollings, Middle Cove, N.S.W.

I DO think the unnecessary exposure of nude female figures in frock salons could be avoided by draping them until they can be dressed. I usually take my little grandchildren to school, and the other morning I was most embarrassed to hear the remarks of some of the children as we passed the shops. It is not a matter of "boni soit qui mal y pense," but taking the good advice to "avoid the very appearance of evil."

10/6 to "Grandmother" (name supplied), Seven Hills, N.S.W.

I WAS listening to Dr. Cunningham Dax on the radio recently and was alarmed to hear of the increase of mental patients over recent years. I wonder if we women are partly to blame because of our lack of neighborliness and thought for our fellow men. Many people could be lifted out of their first depression, perhaps, if we held out more of a friendly hand, even to people we meet in the street or on the bus. One minister said this increase of mental sickness could be more of a dread to the world than the atom-bomb.

10/6 to Miss Margaret Hewitt, Mayston, Vic.

THE recent Federal elections brought the usual percentage of informal votes. To eliminate this waste, which must worry every political party, the seeds of intelligent, thoughtful voting need to be sown now in the rising generation while these children are still at school. Voting for form captains, sports captains, and prefects should give every child a good idea of procedure, and pride in the exercising of a free choice. Probably future politicians would welcome the chance to give a "policy" speech or two.

10/6 to Mrs. Leila Watson, Bendigo, Vic.

IF dentists who specialise in children as patients installed small TV sets in their waiting-rooms they would find the children more relaxed when called into the surgery. It would help mothers relax also.

10/6 to Mrs. M. Scott, Fairy Meadow, N.S.W.

I HEARD a woman complaining about her carpet-sweeper and electric floor-polisher and I wondered if she realised how well off she is. My mind went back to when a canvas cooler served as a fridge and elbow grease was our floor-polisher. There were only tubs for washing and we had to fill and empty them by bucket. Radio to keep us company was unknown. During depression years many of us lost our homes. We went with our menfolk and lived in tents in the bush. We taught our children reading and writing and arithmetic, for there were no schools. Think on these things, all you young moderns, and perhaps you will realise what our lives were and know how well off you are in comparison.

10/6 to Mrs. A. Finnis, Carlisle, W.A.

Gift parcels

IN reply to Dawn Beaumont (19/11/58), who doesn't like disclosing the price paid for gifts on parcels going overseas. Until a few years ago I also faced this problem, as I have several overseas pen-friends. Now I just put "gift only" on the Customs declaration slip and the post office has never knocked one back yet.

10/6 to Mrs. M. Elliott, Hamilton, Vic.

Family affairs

OVER long weekends or extended holiday periods, when large purchases of bread are necessary, stale bread often becomes a bugbear by the time back to school or work day comes with its cut lunches and family grouches. I successfully solved this problem by wrapping the extra loaves and storing them in the refrigerator. Then when the loaves have to be used I place them, unwrapped, into a hotish oven and allow to heat thoroughly. Accumulated moisture steams through the entire loaf, resulting in beautifully fresh, crunchy crusted bread and no complaints.

£1/1/- to Mrs. H. Wheeler, Maryborough, Qld.

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Ross Campbell writes...

WE were talking to the McGoons about Christmas poultry. "I get ours from the Cock-a-Doodle Poultry Farm," said Cec McGoon. "They're very reasonable."

I asked the address of the Cock-a-Doodle outfit and he told me.

"They sell their birds on a kill-it-yourself basis," he said.

"Oh, lord," I replied. "I've never killed a fowl."

"It's the easiest thing in the world," said Cec. He gave a short talk on the technique of chookicide.

"It's no good," I told him. "I like to have my chooks dead on arrival."

I am one of those chicken-hearted people who dislike killing poultry.

"Anyhow, the children would make a fuss," I said. "Look what happened with Fred's duck."

My cousin Fred fattened a duck named Clara for Christmas. There was so much weeping and wailing when the time came that Clara was relieved.

My wife said: "I believe the Took-Took Fowl Co. has good ready-killed birds."

CHOOSING CHOOKS

"Trouble is they get their roasters and boilers mixed up," said Cec.

"How's that?" I said. "I thought roasters were very snobbish and wouldn't go near boilers."

"Don't you believe it. Roasters



often fall in love with boilers, and boilers with roasters," he said.

After further discussion we decided to get a deep-frozen bird at the grocer's.

The cheapest way to obtain a Christmas fowl, of course, is to win it in a raffle.

I used to go in for these raffles until I was put off by what happened to the Potlucks.

The R.S.L. club raffled a turkey last year — a magnificent bird.

They had it hanging in the bar and it was much admired.

News came that Perc Potluck had won it. His wife, Elva, rang a dozen relations and invited them to the big feed.

But when the turkey was delivered Elva began to have doubts.

"I think they might have kept it hanging in the bar too long," she said.

She didn't want to condemn it without a second opinion. So she asked Trixie Smith, from over the road, what she thought.

Trixie peered into the interior of the bird. Then she fell down in a dead faint.

That was the end of the Potlucks' turkey.

My advice regarding your Christmas chook is, first let someone else kill it.

Above all, insist that it has personal freshness.

When it is cooked, eat as much as you can decently get. And a Merry Christmas.

OPEN BEFORE CHRISTMAS

By JOHN D. MacDONALD

Helen sneaked a look at Ben, who was holding one of the plain wrapped parcels rather dubiously.



THREE weeks before Christmas Benjamin West made a policy decision, not without argument from the other Wests. He was wearing his favorite and disreputable Sunday afternoon costume of baggy grey slacks and the wool shirt with the big green and black checks. He sat in the living-room chair, looking as if he had been dropped there casually from some great height. Helen, his pretty and durable and intuitive wife, had been aware of the intensity of his long silence and it had made her uneasy. She had looked where he was looking — out the picture window at a soggy, grey snowfall, at the other trim homes in the Riverbanks section — and found no clue.

George was following his twelve-year-old Sunday routine, cutting, fitting, and shaping balsa on the work-table in his bedroom, emerging astench with aeroplane glue to catch an occasional television programme.

Kathy was down the street doing fifteen-year-old homework with a girl-friend with, no doubt, the usual full quota of telephone interruptions.

When Kathy came home, snow melting on her dark hair, Ben demanded a gathering of the clan in the living-room without television. Helen, Kathy, and George were understandably a bit nervously alert. There had been other policy meetings.

"Understand me, now," Ben said rather sententiously. "I am not saying Bah, nor am I saying Humbug."

"What is a humbug, anyway, Dad?" George asked.

"Later, boy. I don't want my own family to think that I am deficient in Christmas spirit. I still have it, but it's a fight. I mean that down at the shop we have to dream up campaigns and copy to make people buy more, spend more at Christmas-time. All the ceremony and everything

was just fine when you kids were little, but if we all think it over calmly and carefully I think you will see that I am right when I say it is time for us to get off the old-fashioned-type Christmas kick."

"Just what do you mean, dear?" Helen asked.

He made an inclusive gesture. "You know. A big monster of a tree. Tree trimming. Wrapping everything. Turkey dinner."

"What do we cut down to?"

"I don't see why we can't have a nice little table tree. Maybe a steak dinner. And why wrap all the stuff we buy one another? Two sheets of fancy paper for two bits and a lot of work and then — whoo-om. Take George. He can get through the ribbons and down to the meat in three milliseconds. And no red bow on Twombly. It makes that cat act degraded and humiliated. I expect him to break out into a nervous giggle."

Kathy spoke languidly. "But would this be fair actually to George? After all."

"Oh, blip!" said George.

"We are," Kathy said to George, "of different generations, in a manner of speaking."

"You're running those generations through here pretty fast, dear," Helen said. She turned towards her son. "Does she have a point? Would you feel wrong about Christmas if this one were — different?"

"Not so long as I get the bike."

"And that," his father said, "is a practical attitude, but eminently selfish, George boy. But it puts your vote on my side. Up to this point we need one more for a majority."

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A Partridge in a Pear Tree

Everyone was included in Candy's
Christmas goodwill campaign

By ELIZABETH
DUNN

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

BILL'S voice was hoarse, but he managed to croak, "What do you want for Christmas, dear?"

"A mink stole," Candy replied without hesitation.

"Stolen, please," Bill corrected sharply. "Watch your grammar." He blew his nose despairingly and shuddered deeply into his bathrobe. "Don't you want anything else?"

Candy sucked the top of her fountain pen, considered deeply, and said, "A little bottle of Voodoo."

"Ah?"

"Perfume. Very seductive."

"Ah!"

"A little tiny bit of a bottle."

"Ah," said Bill in a tone of quiet satisfaction.

"It costs," Candy murmured gently, "twenty-two dollars an ounce."

There was a pause. Bill said, "They give you a refund on the empties? Arishooo! One thing I can let you have is the Common Cold. Ought you to be sitting here?"

"Don't you know about germs?" Candy said in surprise. "There are two kinds: round and square. Sarah and I have round ones. You and David have square ones. So I never get your colds, I just get Sarah's. And Sarah never gets David's colds, but he always gets yours. This is known as Stewart's Law . . . What do you want for Christmas, darling?"

"Just a simple pine box," Bill croaked. "Don't bother to have it lined."

Candy tried to grin at him, and — to her astonishment — failed: Christmas without Bill, any Christmas, ever . . . No. Childish or not, it was impossible to joke about it.

Outside, the sky was a sulky grey; in here, the fire danced in the grate, the books were bright in the tall shelves, the Chippendale chest shone darkly between the windows. Light struck through the chintz curtains in a golden-brown glow and the telltale gleam of one of David's soda bottles shone furtively from under the sofa. What do people do at Christmas-time when they haven't a home and a family?

"Which reminds me," she said aloud. "Tiny Timakolovski promised to hide David's bicycle in his garage till Christmas Eve."

Bill peered feebly through the window. "Good — but where is Tiny? The Rotary lunch must be over by now. He was coming to tell me the plans for the Christmas parade —" He broke off with a blood-curdling groan. "Speaking of round germs, here comes Georgie Paraday. Run and tell her I've just sunk into a refreshing coma, will you?"

"Now, darling, poor Georgie's not that bad," Candy told him.

Bill waved his arms. "Go on, woman! Tiny will be here any minute!"

"What of it? Georgie doesn't bother him a bit!"

Bill gripped the arms of his chair. "But he bothers Georgie! Listen: Tiny wants to float a loan at the bank — for the factory. It's very important to him, Candy. In fact, it's vital. And you know Gus Paraday. If Georgie says no —"

"Oh, darling, really?" Candy protested. "After all, it's Gus who is the president of the bank!"

"People will believe anything," said Bill, and the doorbell rang.

Mrs. Augustus Paraday, looking pink and indestructible, brought into the living-room a blast of chilly air and a large covered bowl.

"Jellied apples!" she barked at Bill. "If you don't like them, eat them, anyway — good for a cold. Oh, you're addressing Christmas cards, are you? Well, don't expect one from us." She sat down solidly. "Gus and I decided last year that Christmas cards mean nothing any more. It's disgusting — the whole season is so commercialised that all the real meaning has —"

Behind her, the door opened slowly. Tiny Timakolovski loomed there, his long, angular face carved into a benign grin. "Hah! Good day, once and for all! Candy, my dear, and Mrs. Paraday! You are feeling rud- today in your health, I hope? Yes? Good." He shut the door behind him.

Georgie Paraday's mouth was compressed into a button of disapproval; her round eyes bulged with hostility. Oh, dear, Candy thought ruefully, if only Tiny wouldn't always act so like himself.

Surprisingly, Tiny broke into a waltz; deftly he circled the furniture, accompanying himself in a rich, carrying bass. "Dadahdeda dum dum-dum, dum-dum dadahdeda dum — What are you thinking has happened to me?"

"You've finally gone round the bend," Bill suggested. "Stop wheeling like a gull — you're making a draught. Arrrrrshoooo!"

Tiny dropped on to the sofa, his small blue eyes brilliant. "You know this Christmas parade? We have just decided at Rotary that this year it will be on Christmas Eve, from the top of Queenstown to the toe. Boom-boom-boom-boom-boom! Marines, horses, nurses, Boy Scouts floating — beautiful girls sitting on tops — balloons — the Mayor — everything. So you think I go in this parade? The most important of all! Come now — I give you gas!"

"I don't want to guess," Bill objected. "You're carrying the Mayor aloft on the palm of your hand."

Tiny surveyed them triumphantly. "In this parade — me, I am going to be Old Nick! In a red suit!"

"Santa Claus?" Candy cried. "Oh, Tiny, how wonderful!" Georgie Paraday made an equivocal sound in her throat. "Dear me," she said. "The chairman of City Council usually —"

"Mr. Chairmans has displaced vertebra," Tiny told her. "Impossible to ride on fire engine. I say to him, 'Me, I am displaced all over, from Poland.' But they say 'No!' Gus Paraday, too, says 'No, Tiny,' he says, 'you are now American. Almost. You will ride on fire engine!'"

Georgie's chin disappeared into her plump neck. "Well, that's very nice, I'm sure." She cleared her throat. "I was just saying that Mr. Paraday and I feel that Christmas has entirely lost its meaning. Just a — a festival for shopkeepers."

Tiny looked at her over the flame of a lighted match. Then he lit his cigarette, and said through the smoke, "What you think this meaning is, Mrs. Paraday?"

Georgie's short laugh expressed incredulity rather than mirth. "Goodness, Mr. Timakolovski, we all know the meaning of Christmas, don't we?"

Secrets and the scent of pine needles, Candy thought swiftly. That's what it means. Hurry and excitement and a special look in people's faces. Perhaps if the Paradays had ever had any children — But it isn't entirely children —

"Arish—" Bill began. Behind him the door flew open and David thumped into the room. His hair stood out spikily,

his face was plastered with mud, his socks hung round his ankles. "Shooo!" said Bill.

David glanced around him. "Hi," he said inclusively. "David, will you say 'How do you do?'" Candy cooed threateningly. Let us hope they can't smell him as vividly as I can, Candy thought.

"I did say it!" David was impatiently surprised. "Say, Pop, kin I have twenty cents?"

Bill commanded his son to greet their guests instantly. David, sighing, presented Mrs. Paraday with his right hand as though he were offering her a small, long-dead animal. Mrs. Paraday accepted it in much the same spirit. Oh, dear, she does smell him, Candy thought. David then hurled himself upon Tiny, pure love shining through the filth on his face.

"Say — is it true you're going to be Santa Claus in the parade?" he demanded. "Gee! That's neat!"

("Don't say 'Gee,'" Candy muttered fiercely.)

"You gonna have a long white beard? You gonna ride on the hookanladder? Gee, I wish I could ride with you! Say —"

"No!" said Bill.

Georgie Paraday leaned forward, her tone glutinously tactful. "What do you want the real Santa Claus to bring you, Davey, dear?"

David seared her with a glance. "Aw, there's no real Santa Claus. Gee, only little kids like Sarah think there's a real —"

"If you don't stop saying 'Gee' —" Candy began.

"O.K. All right," David corrected himself wearily. And then, as one who throws salt over his shoulder, he added, "A bicycle. Well, I gotta go now. Be seeing you."

"Goodbye, Mrs. Paraday!" roared Candy.

"I said it!" David roared back. "Say, Pop, kin I have twenty cents?"

"You may not, I am penniless," said Bill. "Now, get going!"

A grin split the mud on David's face. "Ha! So you musta bought the bike!" Just before the door shut behind him a muted "Gee" floated back into the room.

Candy sighed deeply. "I'm sorry. Apparently we have a child who isn't human."

"But this is a ten-year-old boy!" Tiny expostulated. "He should be human, too?"

Bill said comfortably, "He's just going through the monster phase. Read any child psychologist."

Candy shook her head. "I've read them all — lock, Spock, and barrel. Our son is an enemy of society and loathes his mother."

"Why not? You're a female," said Bill reasonably.

Georgie Paraday departed without comment. Tiny watched her progress down the path.

"Her bite is worse than her bark, no?" he remarked cordially. "But I must tell you I have problem; is my costume for the parade."

"Now don't get ideas above your station," Bill said. "That costume has been good enough for twenty-five Santa Clauses in succession and it's plenty good enough for you."

"But —" said Tiny.

"I know it's thin. You can wear sweaters under it" said Bill.

"But —"

"When the kids see your long white beard they won't notice anything else," said Bill.

"I think perhaps they will," said Tiny mildly.

Candy waved Bill to silence. "What's the matter with it?"

Tiny looked up at her with the eyes of a child. "I cannot get into it," he said simply.

Each time Tiny came for a fitting for his
Santa Claus costume, he stayed to talk for
a while to Candy and Sarah.



"Get a bigger one," said Bill. "Ashoooo!"

Tiny threw out his huge hands in despair. "How?"

Candy smiled at him. "I'll make it for you. You can get the material and I'll measure you — right now."

"Candy!" Bill moaned. "Christmas is barely two weeks away. You haven't time!"

Candy laughed brightly. "Darling, don't be silly! There's plenty of time!"

"It does something to women," Bill said despairingly. "She thinks she's in triplicate. Rushes round all day like a beheaded hen, creeps round all night rattling paper. And then on Christmas Day she's exhausted. What's the matter with them, anyway?"

"Hold your arm out straight, Tiny," Candy ordered.

The living-room door opened once more, and Sarah stumped in, her cap over one eye. The other eye, large, black, and sparkling, fell upon Tiny, and she hurled herself at him, a small fat wave dashing itself upon a very large light-house.

"I love you," she announced firmly. "You're going to be Sandy Claws." Over her shoulder she reassured her mother: "David says not the real Sandy Claws. Juss in the p'rade."

Tiny held her aloft. "And I loff you! What you want Santa to bring you?"

"A scarpet weeper," said Sarah promptly, and added, "to clean the rugs with. A li'l one juss big enough for me."

Candy was measuring Tiny's shoulders. "I am thanking

God," he observed gruffly, his back turned, "I have this family. Candy, you are finished soon?"

He means it, she thought. We're the only family he's got in the world. Dear Tiny! I'll make him the most beautiful, Santa Claus suit.

"Don't forget you're coming back here after the parade," she reminded him. "You have to help us trim the tree, you know."

Tiny agreed with enthusiasm, put Sarah down, and remarked as he departed that many cooks made light soup.

Candy stood in the middle of the living-room floor with her mouth open . . . Many cooks— Suppose Georgie and Gus Paraday came to trim the Christmas tree, too? Suppose Georgie were to see Tiny at his jovial best, the children adoring him, a favored friend of the family? Surely even Georgie Paraday would be infected with Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Men? And in particular, goodwill to Mr. Timakolovski, who was Santa Claus for the Queenstown children, who had no country of his own — and who badly needed help from the bank . . .

"What are you thinking about?" Bill asked suspiciously.

Candy hesitated. Some profound instinct, deeper than reason, told her to use discretion.

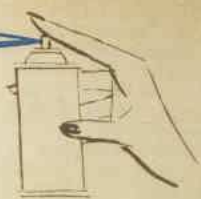
"It's a secret," she said smugly. "You'll see."

Bill's expression mingled apprehension with a powerful

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29'9



BASK AND LE GAY ARE BRIGHT NEW TREASURES IN THE PRESSURE ★ PAK COLLECTION

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 24, 1958

The puppy

A short story complete on this page

By PHYLLIS ROSE

EVEN Flame, my red setter, disapproves. He sits on the rug looking down his aristocratic nose, occasionally turning to me with a bewildered expression in his red-brown eyes as if to say: "You are perfect, of course, as far as I'm concerned, but, really, this latest whim is hard to understand. I don't know what to make of it."

And if Flame does not condone it, I shudder to think what the neighbors will say. For them it will be further proof of my suspected weakness. Yet, what could I do? How would you yourself have acted in my place? Would you have had the strength of character to turn her away, to refuse the peerless gift offered, despite the fact that to you its value was doubtful? I wonder.

There she lies now, curled up on my bed in a most proprietary manner, and though she pretends to be asleep a moment ago I caught her peeping at me beneath the unruly hair that constantly falls across her forehead. The expression in her eyes was positively smug; she has got me where she wants me, and well she knows it. I am a self-made martyr, an object lesson on the dangers of polite hypocrisy.

To describe the events which led to my downfall it is necessary to go back in time to an afternoon three months ago, a Saturday afternoon. That was when I first saw them, that ragged, and, I suspect, pagan trio; those despoilers of my comfort and my peace of mind. Three boys, coming in assorted ages and sizes. Gorgi was eldest and tallest, Con came next, half a head shorter, and Sof was the little one, three years younger than Con.

Each had in common with the others, besides the ties of blood, bare feet—tough as rhinoceros hide, scratched brown legs, and large, dark, lustrous eyes, almost black. Not a dull, flat black but a gleaming glistening darkness, in which pupils and iris almost merged. I think it was those eyes, the three pairs of them, that can be blamed chiefly for my subsequent downfall. I always was a sucker for dark eyes with a depth to them.

They walked along the dusty path that we who live along it dignify with the title "road," bare feet making tracks in the dust along with the lizard tracks, the snake tracks, and the scratchy little birds'-feet tracks. Gorgi was in the lead, Con followed him, then Sof. To complete the graduation of size in the little procession, Sof, in turn, was followed by a shaggy, nondescript dog. They walked silently and purposefully, even the dog, until they saw me. Then they all four stopped and regarded me with a grave dignity rather than curiosity.

"Hello," I said. I was picking loganberries, and I held up a juicy specimen. "Like some?"

That did it. The gravity and the dignity collapsed, and in a moment, the garden was full of dozens of

dark-eyed little boys and half a dozen scampering puppies. Or so it seemed to me.

"Eat as many as you like," I invited them, and they did. Then they grinned at me with red tongues and teeth, and Sof, the little one, was stained with juice from his nose to his chin.

I asked the inevitable question. "How do you like Australia?" But the answers were emphatic enough.

"Goodoh!" from Gorgi. "Beaut!" Con agreed.

Sof grinned widely in accordance with these sentiments and then hid behind Gorgi when he caught me smiling at him.

"How long have you been here now?"

"One year and half of one year," Gorgi answered.

"And where are you off to today?" He pointed towards the sandhill. "Up there, looking for rabbits."

I saw no evidence of traps or ferrets, so asked: "And how do you catch them if you see any?"

Gorgi and Con exchanged glances. They seemed embarrassed.

"We set the dog on them. He chases them." Then hastily, in excuse, "He's not very good for catching them yet. We save up for a ferret, then we get 'em!"

I inspected the dog, which on hearing itself mentioned had jumped on Gorgi and was now worrying at his already torn trousers, growling in mock fierceness. He cuffed it, ordering it to sit down, but it continued jumping at him until he spoke sharply.

"He's a good dog," Gorgi said apologetically.

"Just a pup," Con added. Sof grinned shyly, nodding his agreement.

I said, "Yes, I can see that."

Privately I thought it really was a most peculiar-looking animal, apparently the result of a misalliance between a Great Dane and a greyhound, with somewhere a touch of English sheepdog to account for the long hair about its head and neck. The paws were enormous, and it would probably grow to be a very large dog, but with its skinny body, long snout, and the very long, thin tail that wagged like a whip at the rear I thought perhaps the best adjective to describe it would be "unique."

The pride of all three boys was obvious enough, though. They regarded it with loving satisfaction, and feeling that more was expected of me I said: "It's a very fine dog, indeed. I only wish it were mine."

Their grins broadened. "You like him, eh?" Con asked.

"Oh, yes," I replied with mock enthusiasm to please them. "Love him. He's a beauty."

And then I noticed a fact that had until then escaped me, deceived as I had been by their use of the masculine pronoun. "He" was "she."

So I should have to be very tactful and very hard-hearted when it matured and started whelping

The boys would doubtless be hawking puppies around the district at regular intervals then.

Flame had inspected the newcomer with cautious sniffs, and since retired disdainfully to his kennel, so I was sure he would not appreciate a puppy with which to share my affections.

I saw them often after that. They roamed the countryside at their own sweet will and knew almost every inch of it. Apparently they were well able to take care of themselves, too, as was testified by Gorgi's score of two dead snakes.

When they eventually achieved their ferret they often passed with the horrid, predatory creature in a bag. They thought it beautiful and could not understand my revulsion when they showed it to me. They caught rabbits, too, or the ferret did, and I was sometimes presented with one, already skinned and cleaned.

They told me the names of various birds to which I referred vaguely as "water-fowl," and I am sure they were contemptuous, though tolerantly so, of my ignorance.

They arrived one afternoon when I had visitors, and would have gone again immediately if I had not called them inside for cake. They came shyly and stood shifting from one bare foot to the other, little Sof's eyes darting about like two big, black opals.

My visitor had a son, Gorgi's age, a privileged child even by today's standards, but a nice kid, not terribly spoiled. I sent him outside with the other boys to see them off, but a moment later he came dashing back into the room.

He said breathlessly, eyes beseeching: "Mum, can I go rabbiting? Up on the sandhill?"

She raised her eyebrows. "With the little Greek boys? No, darling, not today."

Jack's face dropped about two feet. "But, Mum—" She cut him short. "Too snaky, darling, or the sand might collapse on you or something. Sand is terribly dangerous. Anyway, you'd get your good clothes filthy."

Jack joined me at the window and we stood watching the trio as they padded in single file towards the sandhill, the indescribable bitch following, long tail wagging in excited anticipation of the fun to come. I ruffled Jack's hair. I imagine he would have exchanged many of his so-called advantages for the one

The boys yelled themselves hoarse, but still the pup refused to play with them.

thing they had that he did not just then— independence.

A month later I heard via the local grapevine, which is more efficient than any newspaper, that the Greek family had finally given up the struggle to grow salable vegetables on the barren patch of land they had bought and were going to a big property where the parents would milk cows for wages. I was regretful, since it meant I would be losing my young friends, and I now looked forward to their visits. However, they came once more to say goodbye.

As soon as I saw them it was obvious this was no ordinary visit. They were all three very excited and kept exchanging glances charged with a private meaning. Sof, though as excited as the elder two, looked also as if he might at any moment cry. I was flattered. I had not imagined he was so fond of me.

They told me about the farm to which they were going and the house they would live in, and then Gorgi stooped and caught the bitch by the scruff of her neck, dragging her towards me.

She had grown considerably in three months. He panted with his exertions, but his eyes sparkled.

"Here," he said, "for you."

I swallowed. "For me? But you can't give your dog away! I couldn't possibly take it, not even as a parting gift. I'm very touched, but really—you're too kind."

Con explained eagerly. "Yes, yes, he is yours. We are not allowed to take a dog with us because for worrying the cows."

"Yes," Gorgi added magnanimously, "you say you wish you have him. Well now you have got him!"

He tumbled the big, ungainly pup

into my arms, and while it licked my face and writhed nervously they stood back and watched the touching spectacle, each wearing an identical, delighted grin. Their pride and satisfaction were obvious and immense. They had found a good home for their beloved dog and at the same time repaid my friendship by granting me a dear wish.

I was a coward. I could not bring myself to extinguish the lamps that glowed behind those dark eyes; to turn their memories of me to recollection of disillusionment and insincerity. So I mumbled my thanks and I am sure they thought it was because my heart was so full of gratitude and happiness that the words would not come fluently.

Now they have gone and here am I, sitting on the end of my bed while that—that animal occupies the centre of it. I have spent a brooding, solitary hour searching for the answer to my dilemma, and had almost resigned myself to my punishment when inspiration came.

A letter from Elaine, Jack's mother, lay on the dressing-table, and as my preoccupied glance skimmed over it a message was flashed from eye to brain.

She writes "... for Jack's birthday. He has so many toys and I am at a total loss ..."

Well, so she may be, but there will be no difficulty about my choice of a birthday gift for him this year. Those luminous, doggy eyes are so ready to adore, Jack himself so eager for a playmate, and Elaine never could deny him anything in the way of possessions.

A mongrel it may be, but as Burns might have written, "A dog's a dog, for a' that."

(Copyright)



NO TIME AT ALL



Beginning a two-part serial by **CHARLES EINSTEIN**

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

TO millions of Americans who would hear about her in the next few hours, she would be described erroneously as a Super Constellation and as a DC-7, and by one enthusiastic radio announcer in Des Moines, Iowa, even as a DC-7 Constellation. She would be described as a giant four-motored airliner, and purists would take the time to point out that aeroplanes have engines, not motors.

To her crew she was known in unlovely language as the Everyinch, because, flying the Miami-New York run in late summer, she tended to light passenger bookings, and so this one ship of the line had had all but twenty passenger seats ripped out and the rear fuselage turned over to cargo — thus the airline sought to make every inch pay.

But most generally she was known as Coastal 214.

Coastal was the name of the airline and 214 the number of the flight, north-bound from Miami to New York non-stop, away from the ramp one minute late, at 7.31 p.m., held at the runway while two big babies, a National 6B and an Eastern Connie, came down in the lowering murk and thin twilight rain that advertised the Caribbean touch of the season's first hurricane.

At 7.36, Coastal 214 was airborne with flight plan filed for instrument procedure above the clouds at 17,000 feet. Contact was made with Air Traffic Control according to routine shortly after 1000 feet. At 7.49, already in cloud, the plane passed over West Palm Beach and was now over the Atlantic Ocean. Because her route lay off the eastern coast of the United States, the Everyinch was favored with an additional safety factor. No fewer than half a dozen radar screens, including the military, watched her. Her next radio check was scheduled for 8.04 p.m., into ATC at Jacksonville, which also was equipped with radar.

But Coastal 214 did not report.

The first realization that the plane was in trouble — the first inkling for those on the ground, at any rate — brought with it a delicate but meaningful shift in terminology. Nobody again tonight would refer to the Everyinch as "she."

Air Traffic Control Jacksonville, with jurisdiction for this leg, had Oscar Meggs on the control desk. He looked at the clock on the wall, then at the watch on his wrist, then at the flight plan before him. He was a leathery-faced young man, impatient in character, which in its way made him good at his job. Ed Benson, older and heavier and with more patience, walked from the radar cubicle at the end of the room and picked up an idle headset, holding it momen-

tarily to one ear. "Static, static, and then static. Ee-ya, it goes. Squeeee."

"Cut it out," Meggs said to him. "Oh, it'll get worse," Benson said. "Wait till your hurricane starts up the coast. Even if she stays out to sea, what do you have for four hundred miles around? Ee-ya. Squeeee. We had a place in Daytona Beach, here, eighteen, twenty years ago. That's when the hurricanes were still belting Florida for the main fall. We had one baby come in . . ."

"He's late," Meggs cut in: the word "he."

"Who's late?"

"Coastal 214."

"What time is it now?" Benson said, and looked at the clock. "Eight-oh-eight. When's he due?"

"Oh-four," Meggs said, and shook his head. He did not like to talk while wearing a headset. Now he reached for the table microphone and switched on the room amplifier so he could work for a time without headphones.

"Well, he's there," Benson said easily. He, too, was good at his work. "He's on the screen inside."

"I'm going to ask him," Meggs said.

"Really? What for? He's not that late."

"Five minutes now. Going on six."

"Maybe he's got some lightning around him. Doesn't want to talk right now."

"Weather didn't say any lightning out there."

"You know Weather. They're lucky they know a hurricane's coming."

Meggs looked at the older man for a minute. Then he said into the microphone, his voice Southern and polite, masking any tension or even any impatience he might be feeling. "Coastal 214, this is Jacksonville. Will you report, please?"

Static crumpled the air. The two men waited. Then, seeming to be inside the static, but clearly understandable withal, a voice said, "Jacksonville, this is Coastal . . ."

Meggs shoulders lowered, then raised at the next words: ". . . 73, off at oh-seven, climbing to ten thousand en route for New Orleans over Lake City, Perry, Port St. Joe, and the Gulf. I should be in clouds before two thousand."

Meggs nodded and leaned to his microphone. "You check again at eight-thirty, 73. Barometer two-nine-point-five-oh. You hear that all right?"

"Loud and clear, 73."

"73, Jacksonville. You hear us call Coastal 214 — two-one-four — just before now?"

"We weren't over to you from the airport till just when we called in," 73 said.

"Now, Coastal 214, you hear me now?" Meggs said.

"This is 73. I heard that all right," the voice in the air said, after a crackling pause. "Can't you get him?"

"Not just now, but we've got him on our screen," Meggs said calmly. "I believe he may be reporting any minute now. He may have let the time slide by a little. Maybe he's encountered turbulence. Maybe a little electricity."

"What's today?" 73 said. "Tuesday? Wow, that 214's the Everyinch. He's the one carries live goats. Ain't nothing ever going to happen to him."

"All right," Meggs said into the microphone. He looked over at Benson. "You sure you got him?"

Benson had gone back to the radar screen, and now he stared at it as though he wished he could remove it from its moorings and hold it up the way doctors scrutinise X-rays. "Now, don't tell me that's not a plane," he said, and fingered a small, irregular blob almost accusingly. "I've seen clouds and I've seen planes, and that's a plane."

"Is it him? You've got more than 'one plane'."

"Over here?" Benson jabbed with his finger. "Who else would it be?"

The amplifier said, "Special 188. Jacksonville, this is Special 188."

Special 188 was a chartered Army plane, also flying Miami to New York. It had taken off minutes after the Coastal Flight.

Meggs said into the microphone, "Jacksonville to 188. Barometer twenty-nine-point-five-oh. What's your altitude?" He was looking at 188's flight plan.

One-eighty-eight gave him his compass heading, air speed, and altitude. Meggs said, "All right." Then: "Wait a minute." He called in to Benson, "You should have that 188 there, too."

"Moving up on him and a little to his right," Benson said. "Yuh. Two of them."

Meggs decided to order a change. He said into the microphone, "One-eighty-eight, continue to climb to eighteen thousand feet. One-eight. Do you read that?"

"I'm over clouds now," 188 said.

"Climb steadily to eighteen thousand regardless," Meggs said.

"One-eighty-eight."

"Your next check is eight-fifty."

"Thank you and good night for now."

Meggs set the microphone down, then picked it up again and said, "Coastal 214, we are trying to identify you. This is Jacksonville."

In the static, a voice said, "Coastal 73. How long is he . . ."

"Will you stay off for now, 73, please?" Meggs said. His voice retained the same

measure of control as before. "Coastal 214, this is Jacksonville."

"Give me that flight plan," Benson said, coming over to the shelf-desk where Meggs was at work. "Let me check it with Miami." He vanished into an adjacent room. A moment later he stuck his head through the door. He looked at the clock, then said: "No. That's confirmed."

"Look at that screen for me again, will you?" Meggs said. "I'm going to keep trying him. Coastal 214, this is Jacksonville . . ."

Benson peered at the screen. "That's got to be a plane."

"Is it him?"

"Sure it's him. Right over here from this other one. What are we supposed to have here? Two planes. What have we got? Two planes."

"You're sure?"

"Sure I'm sure. He's right where he's supposed to be. Besides" — Benson moistened his lips — "if it isn't him, who is it?"

"I don't know," Meggs said. "I don't know." It occurred to him quite suddenly that in four years at this job he had never once run into this situation before. "What do we do?"

"Let me take a headset," Benson said, "and try some different wave-lengths." He did so. After three minutes or so he took off the headset and said, "He may be keeping silence."

"For extreme thunderheads or something like that," Meggs said. "And we don't know of any out there. And besides, if he hit that kind of unexpected weather he would've let us know it. Now, wouldn't he?"

"You'd think so," Benson said. "But you heard what his friend said. He's flying goats. Maybe he thinks it don't count."

"Maybe he can hear us, but we can't hear him," Meggs said.

Benson nodded. "It's just possible. Try him again."

Meggs spread his palms. "Coastal 214, this is Jacksonville. Can you hear me? Coastal 214 . . ."

For a handful of minutes more they stayed that way, Meggs at the microphone and the older man, his face a deep red against the open-throated blue gingham shirt he wore, peering at the radar screen. Then Benson turned his head. "Tell him what I tell you. Coastal 214, this is Jacksonville . . ."

Meggs said into his microphone, "Coastal 214, this is Jacksonville."

"We do not hear you, but if you can hear us . . ."

"We do not hear you, but if you can hear us . . ."



"Is it Trace's plane?" Ben Gammon asked Emmy after she had put down the phone and turned to him.

"... we are trying to establish a radar fix. Make a right turn."

"... we are trying to establish a radar fix. Make a right turn." Meggs took his hand away from the microphone and said to Benson, "What about that other plane? The special?"

"Don't worry about it," Benson said. "He's got to be up above him. Now. Right turn at ninety degrees and continue on that heading."

"Ninety degrees right turn," Meggs said into the microphone, "and continue on that heading." He had obeyed Benson's instructions down even to inflection of words.

"Now let's watch him," Benson said; and Meggs leaned back, trying to see the screen from there.

"What's happening?" the younger man said.

"Far as I can tell, nothing," Benson said. "Give him a chance, now. Repeat the thing

and tell him we'll give him a minute or two. He may be in the middle of something."

Meggs relayed the word again.

For two minutes Benson stared at the screen. At last he looked up and said, "If it's him, his radio's out."

"If it's him?" Meggs said quickly. "A minute ago you said you were positive it was him."

"Of course it's him," Benson said. "But his radio's out, that's all."

"I don't believe it," Meggs said. "He wouldn't be up there."

"What?"

"He's not that far out of Miami. If something like that happened, he would have turned around and gone back. First thing."

"And land where?"

"Miami." He began to think about it.

"Or ..."

"Yeah," Benson said. "Or."

"Well, he's got instruments," Meggs said.

"Even if he doesn't have radio contact. Hey, I just thought of something."

"What's that?"

"You suppose the trouble could be here? Something wrong with our set?"

A voice in the static said, "Jacksonville, Coastal 73."

"This is Jacksonville," Meggs said automatically into the microphone.

"Raise him yet?"

"Not yet."

"Oh-oh," 73 said, then gave his checkpoint report.

"Well," Benson said. He nodded dourly at Meggs. "You still think our radio is no good?"

"Well, I have never heard of anything like this," Meggs said. "Your radio goes out—all nine of them, or however many he's

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Continuing . . . No Time At All

from page 25

got—and your instruments are fine, your plane is still flying.

"Who told you that?"
"The plane's still flying? You did. Off the radar. You said

Benson put up a hand. "Who told you his instruments were working?"

Meggs blinked. "His radio and electrical systems both out? Together?"

"The only case of that kind I know of," Benson said, "was that plane from Boston to New York. Not too long ago. Winter of '55-'56. And that's exactly what happened to him."

Meggs thought for a moment. "Boston to New York is one thing. Anyway, that guy could get down under the clouds and see. I remember it."

"This guy can, too."

They were talking about it as if it were an accomplished truth.

"But he's got a much longer flight," Meggs said.

"And that much bigger a fuel load to make a landing that much tougher if he didn't stay up for a while to burn it off."

"He could jettison some fuel," Meggs said. He laughed hoarsely. "If his electricity and his radios are both off, he can get rid of gasoline in perfect safety."

"Yup," Benson said. "Then what does he use to fly with if he can't locate a field?"

They were guessing now. They were trying to think. They were helpless, and it occurred to both of them at the same time that it would be wholly in order at this point to let others in on their helplessness.

"Let's get on the teletype," Benson said. "We'll have to tell Miami and New York."

"And Washington," Meggs said.

Aside from the ATC communication network, operated under the CAA, Coastal Airlines had its own teletype system, of course. So far tonight its action had been sporadic, as it always was at the New York end. Coastal flew only into LaGuardia, and there only for Miami service, a matter that held occasional fascination for a young man named Willard Trace. Trace was, at the age of twenty-three, in charge of the Operations Office for Coastal at the New York airport.

And as of this moment, one of the things that fascinated him most was that while the Miami-New York service was only a small part of the Coastal scheduling (its main service was concentrated in the Miami-Cincinnati-Dallas triangle), the line's head offices were here in New York. It made no sense.

And to be chief of the LaGuardia Operations Office for the airline at the age of twenty-three was hardly the honor such a title betokened. There was nothing to do but watch the teletype and make sure the weather advices were ready for the flight crews; to clock flights and their crews; to invoice gasoline and catered flight-meal consumption; to clock flights and their crews in and out; and—for the most part, and this was the truth of it—run errands. Freight and Ticketing had their own offices. All Willard Trace had to do was to sit around, alone, in Operations.

He was, finally, estimably suited to his job that required little or no talent. In fact, it was his older brother, Mike Trace, who had got him the job to begin with. Mike was ten years older than Willard, and Mike was a pilot for Coastal. Tonight he was flying 214, the Everyinch, up from Miami.

The teletype had had only

two messages that dealt with 214 so far. One of them timed off at 7:40 p.m. said:

NY 214 OFF at 36. MF 740P XLDDDD

"MF" stood for Miami, Florida, and here designated the sender of the message.

Then, at 8:07:

NY CARGO 214 HAS CRATED DOG. DO NOT (REPEAT NOT) TAKE FROM CRATE. DOG BITES. MF 807P RLHHH.

Cargo would get that message in its own office at LaGuardia, and there would be the usual serio-comic nodding of heads among the freight personnel, because the Everyinch would inevitably show up with at least four crated dogs, and no one would know which the biter was. The theory of most freight handlers was that out of every group of four crated dogs the second smallest dog would be the one that bit.

The teletype was on its best behaviour tonight; especially with the weather as it was all the way up the coast.

Ceiling at LaGuardia now was nearly 2000 feet, with a light rain, but it was going to get worse. Just as the weather was going to get worse. Weather. Sunspots. Willard Trace said to himself. People were always talking about what sunspots did to radio reception. They ought to tee a teletype circuit gone blooley.

TWO bells sounded on the teletype, cutting the silence now, and Willard Trace put aside his copy of "Flaming Detective" and went to the machine at once. Two bells usually signified a message that required an answer, though the same signal could be applied to any message that for any reason stood out from the strictly routine.

As he neared the teletype Willard Trace looked at the clock on the wall. He would compare it to the time-off on the message, just to see how clocks in different offices along the line compared.

The clock said 8:39. Trace watched the message as the keys sprang to and spelled it out.

NY THIS MF. FYI ATC JAX SEZ 214 27 (REPEAT 27) MINS. OVERDUE REPORTING.

Willard Trace felt his throat come up, growing tighter and larger. His first thought, in truth, was that he was being told about a plane in trouble and was expected to do something about it. He had never experienced anything like this before.

His second thought, and only his second, was that his brother was flying Coastal 214.

But a third thought came along, almost instantly, to cushion and lessen the second—that third thought was that 214 was all right; the teletype machine was not stopping; there was more to it; the machine pulsed a few times and started on another word, so it would turn out that 214, having been twenty-seven minutes overdue, had at that point finally reported.

The message continued:

THERE AND UNABLE CONTACT RADIOWISE. BUT

"(But what?)" Trace asked himself.

BELIEVE CAN IDENTIFY RADARWISE AND RADAR HERE SAYS ALSO BELIEVE SAME. APPEARS

Again the teletype paused and pulsed. Willard Trace swallowed.

The message took up again: BE ON COURSE. POSSIBLY MAINTAINING RADIO SILENCE SOME REASON PROBABLY WEATHER. MF 841P DLLLL

Willard Trace looked around the room. He looked at the clock on the wall: 8:41. The clocks were doing fine.

Automatically he pressed the lever on the teletype to the "Send" position and typed out:

MF JJ / / / / KK NY 84

He looked at the clock. Now what was he supposed to do?

Ordinarily he could call the Operations Officer in Manhattan, but it was night-time now. The Operations Officers had a home phone number. He was, Trace knew, a vice-president of the airline. What was his name? Trace never had had reason to need this name before. The name . . . was it Kent? Where was the book giving the home numbers?

Willard Trace looked around the room, and his eyes did not tell him where the number would be. He grasped the telephone—something to do—and dialled.

A voice answered, "Harrison. Coastal Cargo."

"Trace in Operations," Willard Trace said. "Did you see the message?"

"What message?"

"On the teletype. Just came in." Trace wetted his lips.

"Two bells."

"What does it say?"

Willard Trace paused for a moment before replying. Then he said, "Plane in trouble."

"What kind of trouble?"

"Plane," Trace said dimly.

"One of ours?" the voice named Harrison said. It was another needless question.

"Wait a minute," Harrison was gone for a moment, then returned. "Well?"

"What do you think?"

"I don't know. Probably what it says. Weather."

"It doesn't sound that way to me."

"There's a hurricane coming this way, buster."

"It doesn't sound that way to me," Willard Trace said.

"Oh!" Harrison said. "Who are you?"

"What do you mean, who am I?"

"You sound so positive," Harrison said.

"Listen . . ." Trace said. His voice had taken on a tinge of the dramatic.

Harrison said, "I'm listening."

Trace waited for a moment. Then he said, "You know who's flying that plane?"

"No."

"My brother."

"Oh," Harrison said.

"Yes," Willard Trace said.

"What are we going to do?"

"Well, I don't know what we can do," Harrison said. "Do you?"

"I thought maybe I ought to phone the Operations Officer," Trace said. "I never had a wreck." It was a pardonable first person he used.

"Neither did I," Harrison said.

"Well, I thought I'd phone the Operations Officer," Trace said again. "Maybe he'd know what to do."

"Yuh," Harrison said. Then he thought of something. "Say. You're the Operations Officer."

"No," Willard said. "I'm in charge of the Operations Office at one airport."

"It's confusing," Harrison said. "Well, who is the Operations Officer?"

"I don't know," Trace said. "I thought it was Kent."

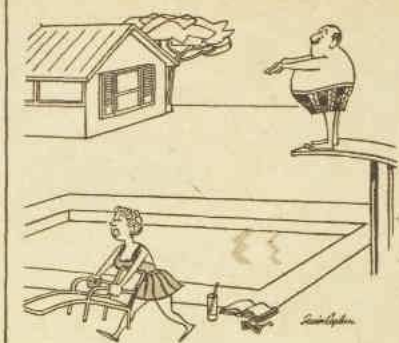
"Kent? He's vice-president."

"But the Operations Officer," Trace said.

"Well, I don't know," Harrison said. "All we handle at this end is coffins and lobsters. What can I tell you?"

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FATHER



"Hold it a minute."

MOTHER



ELISABETH MACINTYRE.
"What are we doing for Christmas? Do you want to know what plans we have made — or what we'll actually be DOING?"

It seems to me

FASHIONS in ghosts change. In Wales a beautiful blonde is reported to haunt an ancient inn.

The blonde dates from the 17th century, according to a spiritualist who keeps an eye on her, but the description sounds as if she conforms to the contemporary line.

Old-style ghosts were mostly covered up with long sheets, a modest fashion which kept a firm division between this world and the other.

Soon ghosts will wear bikinis. That wouldn't surprise me at all after a TV film I saw recently. Three Americans living underground in the Antarctic snows encountered a lady who arrived in a space-ship from another planet.

This dame was blond and was dressed something like an advertisement for brassieres, with a thigh-length skirt and a chiffon drape that blew all over the place in the Antarctic blizzard.

Evidently the story-writers felt they had to make up somehow for the fact that she was a pretty ruthless type of an advanced intellect.

I suppose there is no reason why a lady from Mars should look like a TV aerial, but I couldn't accept this creature.

She was a sort of sourpuss Sabrina. Anyhow, being the villainess, she met the fate she deserved.

THE Christmas spirit always takes a while to infect me, but if anything could make me feel jingle-bells early it would be the Melbourne lights (see p. 3).

Sydney could well take a hint from Melbourne, which lately shows an organised civic pride worth copying.

IN London members of the Rabbit Advisory Council are said to be planning a campaign against the lovable rabbits in books.

They want children to stop thinking of nice rabbits like Brer Rabbit and Alice's White Rabbit, plan to portray the creatures as mean and evil, thus helping farmers in their battle to "keep the pest under control."

At first thought this could seem a harmless bit of nonsense. But it isn't. It is dangerous nonsense.

It is a small example of the deadly uses of propaganda, and the way it can be manipulated to confuse minds.

Children, unfortunately, have to grow up into adults who find it expedient to exterminate enemies, whether mice, rabbits, or people.

Mice are actually pretty creatures, but you can't have them running round a house.

People of other countries are not necessarily worse than those of your own, though in wartime it is convenient to believe them to be so.

The sparks of pity that human beings retain, whether for mice or men, are the saving grace of humanity.

LAATEST title in a long list of extraordinary titles for LP records — "Music for Expectant Mothers."



Dorothy Drann

EVER since the inauguration of the home-unit system there has been argument on whether the investment is as satisfactory as the ownership of a separate home.

On the financial aspect I have no opinion, being totally unqualified to pronounce on such matters.

But I have often thought there could be some risk of disagreement in the democratic or joint-tenant ownership of a building.

Friend of mine who owns a home unit tells a tale which illustrates one of the contentious points.

One day she found a questionnaire in the letterbox. The hall needed repainting. What colors would the tenants like?

"You'd better fill it in," said her husband.

"I couldn't be bothered," she said, throwing the paper away.

A few weeks later, after a holiday, she arrived home with her husband and reeled back. "Look at those vile colors!" she said.

Her husband pointed out that she could have had her say.

"I don't care," she replied. "I liked things better when I could blame the landlord."

NEXT winter, according to the fashion news, the "gorilla look" will be the rage.

It's achieved by woollens containing mohair, giving a rough and shaggy effect.

The title for the new look seems to have been coined in America, where evidently people don't feel so bad about being called a big gorilla as they do here.

For Australia I think a nicer name would be the Prickly Bear Look.

THE Russians are equipping a submarine with television cameras and searchlights, according to a report from Moscow.

Such excitement on the seabed when the TV cameras came!

They say that Georgie Groper will never be the same.

And as for Gertie Garfish, who struck a graceful pose,

The watching whiting giggled: "Such airs! And what a nose!"

The ones who made the programme talked of nothing else for days.

Of make-up, camera angles, while exchanging words of praise.

The viewers, like all viewers, were inclined to criticise;

They pulled the show to pieces, gazed with cold, appraising eyes;

And when little Mollie Mullet archly tossed her fishy head,

"Oh, doesn't SHE look awful," the other mullet said.

THEY CENSORED A CHRISTMAS CRACKER

If a British confectioner named Tom Smith had not visited France in 1847, there might be no Christmas crackers today.

It was his first visit to the gay city, and he was enchanted by the Parisian custom of exchanging *bon-bons* on Christmas morning.

These consisted of sweetmeats wrapped in brightly colored paper twists, which families circulated among themselves and friends.

Tom Smith noticed the pleasure with which these *bon-bons* were received, and when he returned to London he decided to introduce the custom there.

Almond centre

His first venture was a copy of the French *bon-bon*—packed with sugared almonds. It was only mildly successful.

The next year Tom Smith decided to include good-luck messages and affectionately worded verses with the sugared almonds.

Sales soared, and it seemed that the Christmas *bon-bon*—not yet a cracker—had come to stay.

As sales increased so did ideas. Tom Smith became more ambitious and decided that instead of sweetmeats he would fill his *bon-bons* with tiny toys, imitation jewellery, novelties, paper caps, and the slips of paper bearing a motto or sentiment.

All that was needed now was the bang. And the idea for that came to Tom Smith one near-Christmas evening.

Sitting by his log fire idly watching the flames, he was struck by the fact that Yule logs were similar in shape to *bon-bons*.

Idea sparked

At that moment the logs began to crack sharply and shoot out sparks.

What a splendid idea, thought Tom Smith, if his *bon-bons* could be made to crack like that.

Research and experiment began, and by the following Christmas Smith had perfected the "detonator." This is the technical term used by the cracker trade for the little cardboard strip that makes the bang as a cracker is pulled.

By the year 1898 Tom Smith's firm was selling

more than 13 million Christmas crackers a year.

The advent of the cracker was not without its critics. No one objected to the bang, but it was the Mrs. Grundys of that Victorian era who set Tom Smith a problem.

One of his boxes of crackers was illustrated by the picture of a beautiful girl dressed in a ballet skirt.

In those days legs were almost unmentionable, let alone displayed, and a friend of Tom Smith's frowned at the picture. "You'll have to lower that skirt, Mr. Smith. Buyers will object to it."

On another occasion a poster designed by Smith to advertise his crackers fell foul of the censorious Victorians.

The poster showed Cupid emerging from a big box of crackers. "It won't do," said the critics. "Your Cupid isn't decent. He's too nude."

And that wasn't all. One series of crackers contained a motto that Tom Smith himself had approved. Yet hundreds of customers wrote and complained that the words had a double meaning.

Smith studied the offending motto, and could see nothing wrong with it. But in deference to public opinion he withdrew the controversial cracker.

Pin-up sales

Today, of course, people are more broadminded. Ask cracker manufacturers. Most will certify that cracker-boxes featuring a pretty pin-up girl sell more quickly than others.

The father and mother of all Christmas crackers was 30ft. in height, and contained a tiny spiral staircase running up to the shelves upon which the gifts were arranged.

Yet another famous cracker was only four inches long—but of pure gold, and it took six months to make.

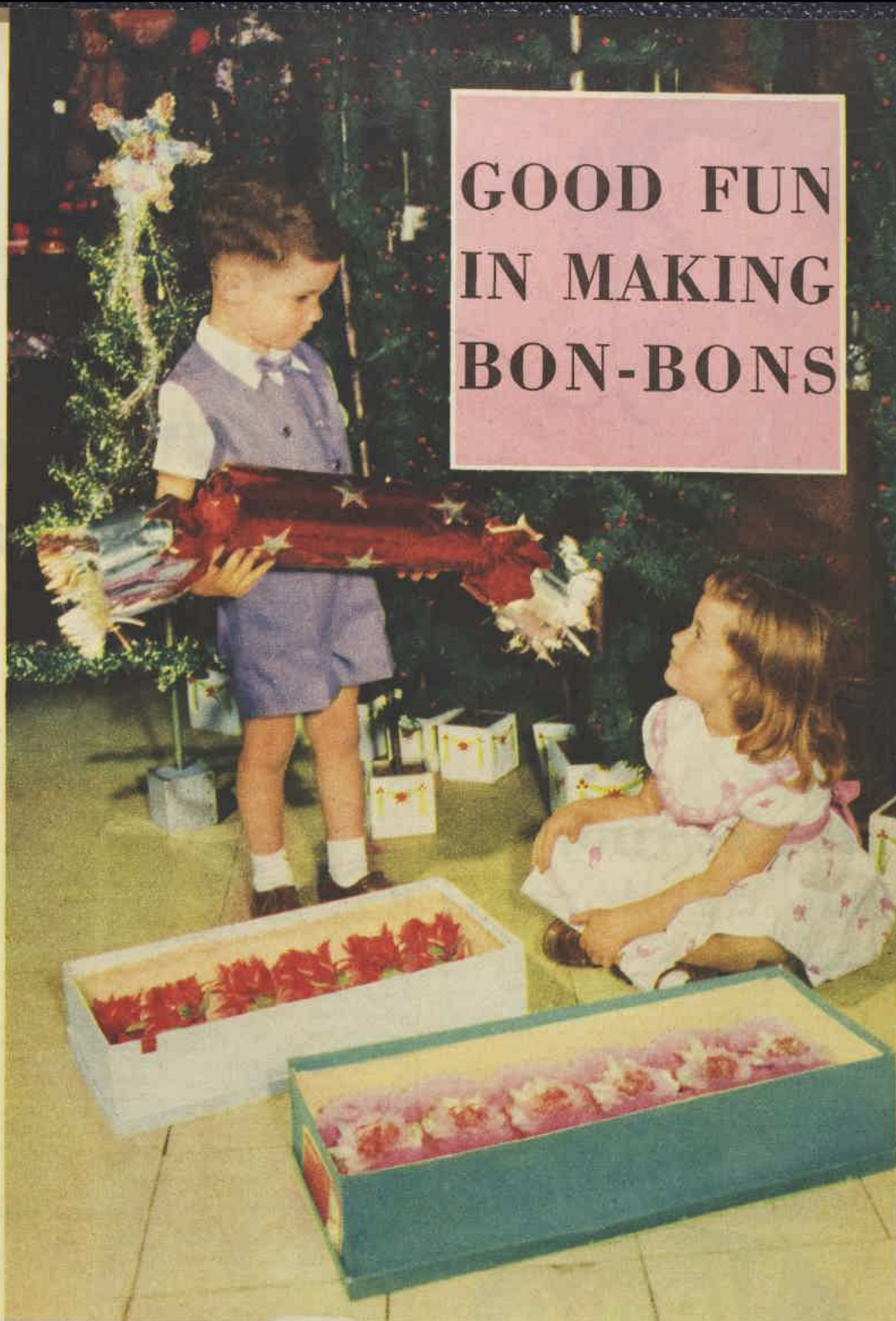
Shaped like a sheaf of wheat, it contained a pearl ring. The cost was £500.

A cracker!

Perhaps the finest box of crackers was produced 60 years ago. It was a silver box containing six crackers made of figured satin and valuable lace.

Their centres consisted of tiny caskets with door and key complete. Each casket contained a valuable ring or brooch, and the crackers were a millionaire's gift to six bridesmaids at his Christmas wedding.

GOOD FUN IN MAKING BON-BONS



ROLL thin cardboard into cylinder; fill with trinkets. Roll fancy paper round cylinder; glue edges. Make sure both ends of paper are the same length. Twist ends to make bon-bon shape. Right: Trim with gold or silver paper, stars, holly, cut-outs, or tinsel.

DEBBIE AND TOMMY wide-eyed with wonder in the bon-bon department of a Sydney store. Tommy's big red bon-bon is a make-it-yourself one—how-to-make directions are on this page. Debbie admires boxes of the latest fancy bon-bons imported from England.



BON-BONS can be filled with intriguing surprises—stuffy yellow chicken, brown comb, and gold container, a string of colored bells that will tinkle when the cracker is pulled open, whistles, toy pipe, miniature black horse, yellow trumpet, watch, and balloons. Include lace handkerchiefs for girls, toys for boys.



NOW! an exciting talc deodorant!

New Vemo, the miracle deodorant that comes in soft, easy-to-use talc form, is so very effective and takes only seconds to apply. Yet, because of its uniquely blended formula, it clings gently to your skin—protectively—all day, keeping you fresh, so very fresh, from early morn right through date-time. Just think! No more uncertainty or embarrassment on clammy, humid days. For safe, effective Vemo is so very sure—yet won't harm your most fragile clothes. With only a whispered perfume, Vemo is perfect for HIM, too.

SENSATIONALLY NEW

Vemo
THE COMPLETE
DEODORANT POWDER



New Plastic
Spray Pack.
Powder Blue
or Pastel Pink.
4/11



Regular-size tin.
3/6

PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON

DOUBLE EXPOSURE

Christmas with Prince at the Fort

● Early in June, 1931, Wallis Simpson was to be presented at Court. We were then warm friends; I shared in her excitement and helped dress her for the occasion.

SHE wore a large cross of aquamarines that I believe she had bought in China. I lent her the same train and feathers I had worn when I was presented. She could not wear my dress, however, because she is not my size; I am taller.

Some years later word got around about my association with the train and feathers.

At the time of the abdication in 1936, Gloria and I had a dress shop on Fifty-sixth Street, between Madison and Fifth, in New York. One day a short, pudgy man came into the place and asked to see me. I was out at the time; Gloria saw him for me.

"Well, Mrs. Vanderbilt," he said as he lumbered into the office, "it's this way. We are told that Lady Furness has the train that Wally wore at the Coronation. We want to buy it."

Gloria looked at him icily. "I was not aware," she said, "that Mrs. Simpson ever attended a coronation. You must mean a presentation."

The visitor stood corrected. "Whatever it was," he said, "we want to buy the outfit."

"What makes you think it's for sale?" Gloria asked.

"Well," the visitor continued, "it's big money I'm offering the lady."

Gloria looked at him in amazement. "I'm sorry," she said. "I'm sure Lady Furness has no intention of selling it. But I am curious, just the same. Why should you want to buy it? Surely you don't expect to be presented."

"Well, Mrs. Vanderbilt, it's this way," he said. "We have bought the house that Wally was born in, in Baltimore, you know. We're turning it into a museum."

"We have lifesize wax figures, beautiful wax figures, Mrs. Vanderbilt—the King and Queen Mary are seated on their thrones. In front of them is the figure of Wally. She is making a deep curtsy to them."

"That's why we want the train. You see, we want everything authentic; everything just as it was."

"I'm sorry," Gloria said, smiling. "I understand your interest, but you're wasting your time and mine. The train is not for sale."

The man shuffled sadly to the office door, then, turning, said in a pathetic voice, "Please, Mrs. Vanderbilt, think how the shrine is going to suffer."

That was too much for Gloria. "Shrine? Shrine, indeed!" she shouted. "Now, look here. I'm a very religious woman. I only put God and His saints in shrines, and, believe me, Mrs. Simpson is neither. Good afternoon!" The man bolted out of the office.

Changed customs

Perhaps the most striking innovation I introduced into the Prince's way of life concerned the keeping of Christmas.

It had been his custom to give presents to the members of his staff at the Fort and at York House.

But I felt there was something lacking, something rather perfunctory and impersonal, in the way it was done.

The selection of presents, too, was, to say the least, unimaginative: an autographed picture, perhaps, for a senior servitor, cufflinks for footmen and chauffeurs, money for the rest, and nothing at all for the wives and children!

This I determined to change. I went to the Prince and offered to get something personal for each and every one of the staff and families, and not to exceed the expense of previous years.

The Prince admitted he had not been too happy with the old system but had not been able to think of anything better. He enthusiastically fell in with my scheme, and we agreed to make a real occasion of the presentation and have a party for the group from both establishments.

I soon realised I had got

myself in for something. A quick tally showed I had committed myself to making some hundred individual purchases, and on a budget that impressed me as being scarcely princely.

For weeks I haunted the department stores and shops of all kinds seeking out the best buys, always being careful to avoid duplicating the same thing for the same person from one year to the next.

One day in 1932 while I was so engaged I found myself in Harrod's. I looked at my watch and suddenly realised I was already fifteen minutes late for an engagement I had to meet the Prince at York House for cocktails.

Now if there is anything the Prince hates it is to be kept waiting, and I knew I was in for some stormy weather.

As I dashed towards the door I passed a bargain table piled high with tiny little teddy-bears in green and pink. They were two for a shilling.

They were so absurd the thought flashed through my mind I might make a joke out of offering a pair of them as a peace offering. A two-shilling piece happened to be uppermost in my purse, and I popped it into the hand of the nearest salesclerk, scooped up four bears, and fled.

When I was ushered into his presence, the marks of his irritation were all too plain. I quickly held out the little creatures and said they would speak for me.

A smile slowly dissolved the stormclouds from his face; then he chuckled. "I will take a pink one and a green one, and you the same. Whenever we go on a trip away from each other I'll give you my green one and you give me your pink one, and thus we'll always have something of each other."

PART FOUR

GLORIA VANDERBILT and Thelma Lady Furness this week bring their twin autobiography, "Double Exposure," to a close. In earlier instalments Gloria told how Reggie Vanderbilt left their baby, Gloria, 2,500,000 dollars and of the long court battle she fought with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Gertrude Whitney, over the child's custody. Thelma told how her marriage to Viscount Furness began to break up soon after the birth of their son, Tony, how she fell in love with the Prince of Wales, now the Duke of Windsor, and how Mrs. Wallis Simpson became one of her best friends. Thelma now continues her story:

And the exchange of the bears became a ritual of each departure; and in his letters from abroad he rarely failed to say, "My bears send their love to your bears."

Faded now almost to a neutral grey but with traces of pink and green still showing, I still have my bears. I wonder if he has his.

The two or three weekends before Christmas at the Fort were package-wrapping time. After dinner each evening all the guests became an informal task force. Shears, paper, ribbon, string were issued to each and the production line started rolling.

On the first of these occasions the Prince got down on the floor with his paper and ribbon and manfully struggled through three or four parcels.

The results were hardly reassuring: the corners sagged ominously, and the ribbons apparently were tied with some sort of knot he had to use in securing hawes during his nava! days.

I tactfully suggested he could be of the greatest help if he would cut the paper for the rest of us, and this became his special task from then on.

Prince delighted

I can still see the group sprawled on the floor: Prince George flourishing rolls of ribbon but mostly kibitzing Molly Dalkeith, who could tie rings around him; Wallis Simpson, keeping up an animated chatter from one corner, while Ernest, her husband, stolidly ground out package after package with astonishing skill.

I also suggested to the Prince that I could not feel Christmas was Christmas without a tree. He was delighted at this and remarked, "Why

Thelma, Duke decide to end marriage

didn't I think of this years ago?"

Finally, a few days before Christmas, we would have a dinner party at York House and afterwards all the guests would trim the tree and place the presents about its base in the corner of the big Reception Room opposite the great folding doors.

As the grand finale the Prince would mount a ladder and place a tremendous star on the top.

The presentation itself was impressive. The Prince stood beside the tree and then the great doors were thrown open and in order of seniority the whole staff flocked in. As their names were called, each stepped forward to receive his or her present, the men bowing stiffly from the waist, the women curtsying.

Royal visitors

Prince George was not the only member of the Royal Family who was a regular visitor to the Fort and formed part of what, for lack of a better term, might be called the Prince's circle.

The Duke of York — Bertie as he was called by the family — and his lovely Duchess, Elizabeth, now the Queen Mother, were often there. They lived nearby at Royal Lodge.

The Duke was more retiring than the Prince, less effervescent. He was content to live the quiet life of an English country gentleman and found his greatest delight in the bosom of his family.

But he had his lighter side, too. I remember one time when the Prince had just received a new shipment of records which were unusual for the time in that they were made of plastic.

The Duke inspected them critically and finally said: "Come on, David, let's see if they are really unbreakable as the label says."

Thereupon the Prince and the Duke repaired to the Terrace and started scaling them up in the air like discs and watching them crash down on the flagstones.

The Duke soon learned to throw them in such a way that they would soar back again like boomerangs. While the brothers roared with laughter, the Duke had us ducking and dodging like rabbits.

Unfortunately the records didn't break, and the game went on until we all fled inside.

They followed us in and continued their sport in the drawing-room until one of the Prince's most treasured lamps was bowled over by a direct hit and only by the greatest good fortune survived unscathed. The Prince then called a halt.

But the scene I like most to remember is one winter weekend when Virginia Water, the lovely little pond below the Fort in Windsor Great Park, froze over for almost the first time within living memory.

The Prince, his two brothers, the Duchess of York, Mrs. Ralph Stobart, and I were walking along the edge

of the frozen water when one of them suggested we all go skating.

The Duchess and I were appalled at the prospect, as neither of us had ever been on skates before. Neither her exalted station nor my piteous pleas did any good; we were given no quarter.

Skates were brought down from the house, our feet were unceremoniously inserted in the boots by the laughing Princes, and we were led on to the ice.

At the last minute the Duke took pity on us. From somewhere he produced two kitchen chairs for us to cling to. Hanging on to these sturdy if inelegant supports, the Duchess and I were soon able to navigate around the pond safely if not gracefully.

She found the sight of the two of us thus equipped terribly funny and we were both soon off in gales of laughter.

All her charm, good humor, and character were so evident then as always. I was not the least surprised that she turned out to be such a tower of strength to her husband and the country after he ascended the Throne.

I remember thinking at the time that if I ever had to live in a bungalow in a small town, this is the woman I would most like to have as a next-door neighbor to gossip with while hanging out the wash in our backyards.

Early in December Duke left for Africa on a second safari. I was to join him after Christmas; I wanted to spend the holidays with our son Tony—and of course the Prince's scheduled semi-official visit to South America had something to do with the timing of my trip.

The Prince and I met in Paris, where we were to separate—he to go to Spain to board ship for South America, I to go to Naples en route to Mombasa. I helped him write a speech in Spanish for delivery in Argentina.

But suddenly I came down with appendicitis. The Prince insisted that I return to England and consult Sir Crisp English, the famous surgeon. It was not until I promised that I would that he stopped fretting.

The next morning the Prince left for Spain. I hated to see him go, knowing that it would be months before I would hear of him again.

Consequently, I was even more thrilled than I ordinarily would have been when, that night, I heard his voice on the telephone; he was calling from Santander, where his train had been delayed by an accident.

I cabled Duke about my illness, saying that I was going back to London to see my doctor and that, if possible, I would join him later.

I was greatly surprised to get the following cable in answer:

"Hope you feel better. If you feel journey too much say so, I will understand it is all impossible. I know my feelings but am now not certain of yours. Think it over. All I can say my one wish and

desire is that you come. If you do I will try to do everything possible for your happiness. Hope Tony well. Dearest love, Duke."

I didn't understand anything any more. What was the cause of this sudden change of heart? I was too ill to think.

For the next few days I remained in bed in Paris; then I went back to London and consulted Sir Crisp English.

He advised me that I had what is called a "rumbling appendix." The condition is temporarily upsetting but not dangerous, and he assured me that I could certainly go to Africa without an operation.

Two weeks later I cabled Duke that I was on my way.

A few days before I left I had a sweet letter from the Prince, postmarked Cuba. He damned the Fate that separated us, and told me that his bears sent their love to mine. He couldn't go ashore. President Machado was in the process of being removed by revolutionaries. A bullet intended for him might hit the Prince. Only the thought that every day brought us nearer together again kept him alive — or so he said!

The eighteen days on the ship, on my way to Mombasa, gave me ample time for thought. Duke's cable had upset me. What did he mean, "I know my feelings?" I thought that he had led me to understand only too well what his feelings were, and they had no direct relation to this cable.

After my arrival we stayed some two weeks in Nairobi. And for a time Duke was solicitous and attentive; but it wasn't long before he reverted to his old mannerisms and resumed his habitual shouting and swearing.

When Rattray, our white hunter, Duke, and I left on safari I was terribly confused.

Too far apart

One night as I went to my tent I realised that this experiment of Duke's had only aggravated our situation. I had come back to what? I realised then that the damage our marriage had suffered was far too great to mend. My husband asleep in the tent next to mine, less than twenty feet away, was a thousand miles away in feeling, in understanding.

But who was I to blame him for his infidelities? Why take it as a fault that he was vulnerable to beauty and passion? Wasn't I to blame, too? Wasn't I just as vulnerable?

When the dawn came I got up. Duke was already stirring. I slipped on my dressing-gown. Perhaps, I thought, we could still talk things out.

But as I sauntered towards his tent I could hear him exploding one oath after another at the bath boy. Instinctively I turned back towards my tent. It's no use, I said to myself; it's too late — we have drifted too far apart.

On our return to 21 Grosvenor Square I realised that Duke and I could not go on the way we were. Living in the same house under the cir-



WITH THELMA: From left, the Prince of Wales, Thelma, Mrs. Ralph Stobart, and Prince George at Fort Belvedere.

cumstances had become impossible and Duke and I agreed to separate.

At dinner that night at York House I told the Prince I was leaving Duke. As he took me in his arms I felt that he, too, realised and understood that the strain we had both been under the past few months had been unbearable and that sooner or later something had to happen. Well, it happened.

This decision of mine was not made on the spur of the moment; ever since our half-hearted attempt in Africa to try to pick up the frail threads of what remained of our marriage I had thought of nothing else.

My friends implored me not to be hasty. But nothing they said could change my mind. I knew my life with Duke was over.

As I leaned my head back on the sofa, the Prince's arms around me, I closed my eyes. What of the future, I thought to myself — what was in store for us?

As every woman dreams of an idyllic existence with the man she loves and all that goes with it, so did I; but in my heart of hearts I realised that it was just that — just dreams. As far as I was concerned the obstacles in our path were insurmountable.

King George was still alive, but I knew the day would come when the Prince would have to take his place on the Throne and all of the responsibilities that went with it.

England as well as the British Empire worshipped him. He had endeared himself not only to his own people but to the world.

England looked forward, I am sure, as another generation when Edward VII came to the throne at Queen Victoria's death, to a new era — an era of a young and progressive King — a King who had travelled the world over in their interests.

I wondered what was going through his mind as I sat silently with my own thoughts. He startled me out of my reverie as holding me a little closer he said, "Oh, my darling, I am sure you have made the right decision. I am so very, very happy," and at that moment all thoughts of the future went out of my head and I felt secure in his love.



WITH WALLIS: A weekend a few months later, also at Fort Belvedere, the Prince of Wales with Mrs. Wallis Simpson.

Early in January, 1934, Gloria asked me to visit her. She was planning to go to California.

I had not been to California for years, and we both had many friends there it would be pleasant to see again. I decided I would join her in New York—then go west with her.

I spent the weekend of January 12 at the Fort. As I remember, the guests with us were "G." Trotter, the Prince of Wales's aide-de-camp; the Duke of Kent (Prince George); the Duchess of Buccleuch; and the Lawson Johnsons.

"Will miss you"

That Saturday the Prince went off to play golf. I had promised to pick him up. Later, on the way back from the links, I decided to broach the matter of my trip to America.

"Darling," I said, "I've just had a letter from Gloria asking me to come over for a short visit. I would very much like to go. Would you mind very much?"

The Prince seemed sur-

prised. "Oh, darling," he asked, "how long would you be gone?"

I felt rather guilty. "Just five or six weeks," I answered, trying to make "weeks" sound as insignificant as "days."

His face took on a look of resignation, as if to imply that although this was not to his liking he would say nothing that might interfere with my pleasure.

"Of course, dear. Do what you want." And then he added, "But I will miss you; I will miss you very much."

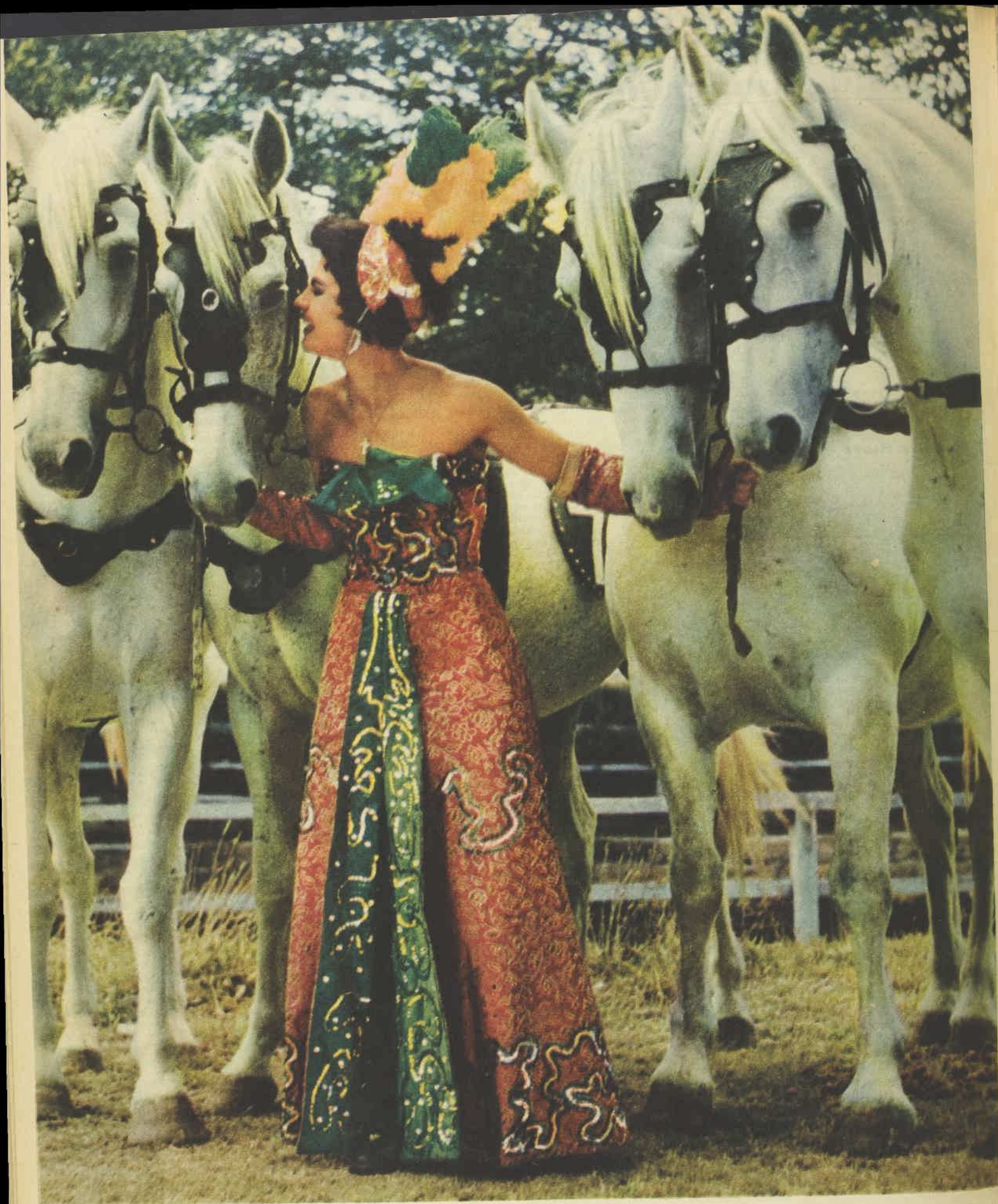
I was uneasy. It was obvious that the Prince was not too happy about my leaving. I wondered if it was right to go. Little did I know!

Meanwhile, back in London, I busied myself preparing for the trip.

Three or four days before I was to sail I had lunch with Wallis Simpson. I told her of my plans, and in my exuberance I offered myself for all the usual yeoman's services.

Was there anything I could do for her in America? Were there any messages I could

Continued on page 44



THE AUSTRALIAN YEAR

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● This year, children in Melbourne, Tasmania, and New South Wales country towns will enjoy the traditional Christmas treat of London children — a visit to the circus. They will be able to sit around the sawdust circle to watch the animals, the feats of skill, the flying trapezes, and the clowns. Mr. H. Lloyd-Jones took this picture of pretty horseback rider Ursula Kuehne and her horses. Ursula's father is Wirth's Circus horse trainer.

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

"ABOUT four months ago I had a boy-friend I liked very much, but through my own fault we broke off the friendship. I think he liked me and it was only because I was a bit too proud that I didn't want to admit my feelings about him. Soon it will be his birthday and I wonder if it would be wrong to send him a card. I'd prefer to send a humorous one. What do you think?" "Wondering," Vic.

I see no reason why you shouldn't send a birthday card. You say it was your own fault the friendship was broken off. If this is so, and if the boy really liked you, your card will probably be the nicest birthday present he receives.

But choose the card carefully. A sentimental card could easily inspire him to run a four-minute mile — and not in your direction. While a humorous card would be best, make sure its humor couldn't be mistaken for fun-poking. Many of the comic cards available just now are most amusing, but could easily hurt your friend's feelings if he is as sensitive as your letter makes him sound.

And a final word of warning. If you don't receive a fairly prompt reply after you've sent the card, forget him, but smartly. His silence will certainly mean he's pushed you right out of his thoughts and plans.

"WE are a group of girls aged 15 and 16 and we want to know if we are old enough to go to the pictures with boys. Three of the group have been doing so without their parents' consent. Should they now ask permission? Also, one of the boys walks his girl to work each morning, and the town talks. Do you think they should continue doing this? Don't you think teenagers of today should have some freedom?" "Worried Teenagers," N.S.W.

Age is relative to circumstances. Some girls of 15 and 16 are still young schoolgirls. Others are handling their new life as business girls in quite a grown-up manner.

I don't know which category you girls belong to. In either case, while I think you're too young to dream of "going steady," I see

no harm in an odd date to the movies — provided your parents approve of the boys.

The three who are dating without their parents' knowledge are extremely foolish. Parents are trusting if they're put in the picture. If they find out by chance they're quite justified in imposing restrictions.

In most cases parents should not object. But if they think you're too young, don't be temperamental or think you're badly done by. They have your interests at heart and you have many years of dates ahead, even if your "leave pass" is withheld a while.

As for the town talking about the girl who is walked to work in the mornings, what rot! I'm sure the town, however small, must have more interesting items of gossip. Are you sure the town is talking? Or are the rest of you jealous of this harmless attention being shown your friend by a boy with an obvious "crush"?

"COULD you please tell me where I could have my nose straightened? I'm getting an inferiority complex because my nose is bumpy. I'd also like some idea of the cost." "Miserable," W.A.

I've received many letters with similar requests, and frankly I'm amazed to find such a large number of people are really worried about the shape of their noses.

Those interested in cosmetic surgery should ask their own doctors to recommend them to a cosmetic surgeon or a skin specialist, or, if they have no family doctor, phone or write to the B.M.A. in their own capital city and they will supply the names of surgeons and specialists.

The cost of cosmetic surgery varies greatly with each case, but the approximate fee for an extensive nose reconstruction is between £70 and £100.

For people whose noses are ugly or disfigured, this surgery can certainly open a magic door to new self-confidence and a new life. But I wonder how many teenagers talk tragically about their "terrible" noses just because they're not classically formed or cutely angled like that of their favorite movie star.



A word from Debbie . . .

• If you've left the task of decorating your home till the last busy days before Christmas, why not turn this chore into an excuse for a party?

Find two friends whose homes also need decorating, and then plan a progressive party for Christmas Eve. At each of the three homes you visit, you arrange a decoration. Decide what time you'll be where, get the decoration programme set, organise simple food, invite the crowd.

By limiting the number of houses to three, you'll still have time for dancing and chatting between decorating. This is most important, because your male friends won't be as excited about the decorations as you girls will.

You'll probably have most of your decorations stored away from last year, and if you buy wisely, you can add to them quite inexpensively.

And here's an idea for an unusual decoration you can make yourself. Paint sea-shells and sprinkle them with silver or colored glitter. They look most festive.



*****DISC DIGEST*****

THERE'S a new and exciting vocalism in the scene in the form of sepi songstress Dakota Staton, who has made a double debut with two LP albums, "The Late, Late Show" and "In the Night."

The first went off like a bomb in America early this year. George Shearing said that "to hear her sing for the first time is to joyously discover one of the finest jazz singers of our day." That probably explains why his quintet provides Dakota's backing for the other disc. It adds up to a terrific combination. Shearing has seldom recorded with a vocalist, so this is a fine tribute to the 27-year-old singer. Dakota is heard in six of the 12 tracks on "In the Night" (T.1003), as she sings "Blues in My Heart," "I Hear Music," "Confessin' the Blues," "The Thrill Is Gone," "I'd Love to Make Love to You," and the title song.

Staton reminds me very much of Dinah Washington. At times she doesn't sound quite at ease. Maybe she is trying just a little too hard to impress on us her style, but for the most part she is really a great entertainer. For "Late, Late Show" she fronts Van Alexander's Orchestra, in which you'll hear pianist Hank Jones and Jonah Jones on trumpet. Among her offerings this time are "Summer-time," "A Foggy Day," "My Funny Valentine," "You Showed Me the Way," and the appealing "What Do You See in Her?" Disc number is T.876.

— BERNARD FLETCHER.

New ARRID Roll-on

NEW LOTION DEODORANT WITH LANOLIN

—in the bottle with the ball on top

Rolls away perspiration odour—while it soothes your skin



Doesn't dry your skin! ARRID has developed a wonderful water-soluble lanolin and combined it with the effectiveness of the leading deodorant. So soothing! Actually good for your skin!



New Roll-on applicator. ARRID lotion deodorant comes in the bottle with the ball on top. Rolls protection into all the pores—rolls away perspiration and odour as no other deodorant can!



So easy to use! Just tip and roll on ARRID protection! Never sticky! Never drips! Never touches finger tips. Already preferred by millions



Saves clothes from stains. So safe! Approved by the American Institute of Laundry. Roll on daily. ARRID with lanolin keeps underarms soft and dry—without drying your skin.

7'6

Available at all cosmetic counters.

Roll on ARRID daily — TO BE SAFE... TO BE SURE

MAKE A

Muu-muu

By DAVID

In Hawaii everyone wears a muu-muu. Women in muu-muus at the shops, home." For cool, casual comfort the right idea. So ... make

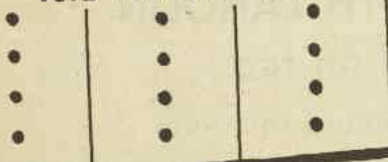
PLEAT — fold to meet opposite pleat at centre

CENTRE OF SLEEVE — PLACE ON FOLD



Three $\frac{1}{2}$ " pleats fold towards centre

SLEEVE



READ THIS FIRST

MATERIALS REQUIRED: $3\frac{1}{2}$ -4yds. (depending on height of wearer) of printed cotton material ... the brighter the print the more Hawaiian the muu-muu will look.

The sketch at right shows the muu-muu in simplified detail. It is the same back and front. There are six released pleats at the neckline of the back and front pieces and two on each sleeve. The raglan-styled set-in sleeves have six $\frac{1}{2}$ in. pleats at the arm-edge and are caught by band-cuffs. The yoke is faced with matching material.

Ideally, a muu-muu is worn just above ankle-length—with a pair of thonged sandals—but it can be shortened to normal dress-length. (This would require $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. less material.)



ARMHOLE

ARMHOLE

DOT LINES

CUT the pattern shown, pin lengthen the front indicated by the should reach ankle.

There is no seam $\frac{1}{2}$ in. at all seams.

Fold material in

Place the (ext tern on the leng as shown on pat front and one fo is reversible; th Remember seam

The pattern sh the sleeve. Place indicated) on a two sleeves. Rem allowance right

Place yoke-an material (as indi for the yoke' (fr the facings to m

Putting right seam back and side seams. Nea to prevent fray

SIDE SEAM

PASTE EXTRA PAPER ON PATTERN

Muu

SHOULDER

● The muu-muu is for everybody from 32 to 38in. bust. It isn't designed to be a form-fitting sheath. (Note: Don't cut out the pattern before you have finished reading the features on pages 31 and 34.)

NECKLINE

JAMES

Go to Honolulu, and you'll see
the beach at Waikiki, and "at
the hot weather, the Hawaiians have
yourself a muu-muu for the summer.

**YOKE AND
FACING
(Back and front)**

CENTRE — PLACE ON FOLD

FRONT AND BACK

INDICATE THE INSIDE PLEAT FOLDS; UNBROKEN LINES ARE THE OUTSIDE PLEAT EDGE.
FOLD EACH PLEAT AWAY FROM CENTRE BACK AND FRONT.

DIRECTIONS

Machine seam of sleeve at underarm. Neaten and press open.

Pin, and then machine sleeve into armhole, matching the side seam with sleeve seam. Neaten the armhole seam by overcasting edges together. Press seam towards sleeve.

Dot lines along top of back, front, and sleeves indicate the outside pleat folds. Unbroken lines are the outside pleat edges. Each pleat is folded away from the centre of back and front.

Fold and pin in place the six pleats on the back, the six at front, and the two on each sleeve in directions indicated. Machine in place.

Machine the yoke pieces together at shoulder seams. Neaten and press.

Pin, and then machine outer edge of yoke to the pleated edge of back, front, and sleeve piece. Shoulder seams of yoke match the exact centre of each sleeve (i.e., where the two sleeve pleats meet).

Machine shoulder seams of yoke-facing. Neaten and press. With right sides of yoke

and facing matching, pin and then machine round neck edge to join yoke to facing. Clip seam at neckline curve so that it will "sit" correctly.

Turn right side out. Turn edge of facing under $\frac{1}{2}$ in., and hem neatly in place on machine-stitching line where yoke is joined to main part of muu-muu.

Cut two straight bands of material 3in. wide x 15in. long. These are the bands to edge the sleeves.

Pleat arm-edge of each sleeve into the six $\frac{1}{2}$ in. pleats, as indicated. Pin, and then machine in place.

Machine bands' 3in. edges together on wrong side of material. Neaten seam and press open. Turn right side out.

With right sides of sleeve and band together and seams of both matching at underarm, sew band to sleeve, leaving $\frac{1}{2}$ in. at edge.

Turn band over on to right side. Hem band in place on the first sleeve-band sewing-line (this makes a $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. band). Repeat at other sleeve.

Put muu-muu on and adjust the length. It should reach to about 1in. above ankle-length, but it can be cut to dress length.

Put up hem by hand sewing.



CENTRE — PLACE ON FOLD

RE. EXTEND SIDE SEAM AND CENTRE FOLD IN DIRECTION OF ARROWS TO ANKLE-LENGTH.

DRESS SENSE

by Betty Keep



DS339

DS340

DS339. — Wedding gown in sizes 30 to 36in. bust requires 16yds. 18in. embroidered nylon for dress and 3yds. 36in. material for slip. Price 6/6.
DS340. — Flower-girl's dress in sizes 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 4½ to 6yds. 36in. nylon and 6½ to 11yds. 54in. net. Price 4/9. Patterns from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers to Box 6348, Wellington.

● Requests for bridal fashions are again in the majority in this week's fashion mail. I have chosen the designs at left for a bride-to-be who would like an all-white summer wedding.

HERE is her letter and my reply:

"I am seeking your assistance for styles and paper patterns for a wedding gown and flower-girl's frock. I also would like to know if it is correct for the flower-girl to dress in white and if an ankle-length bridal gown without a train is permissible at a formal wedding. The materials are embroidered nylon for the bride and sprigged nylon combined with net for the flower-girl. I am fair, and always wear pretty, feminine dresses. The wedding is at the beginning of February."

An all-white wedding is a charming idea, especially in summer, and a bridal gown minus a train can look quite formal. The tiered-skirt bridal dress I have chosen, with its pretty, covered top, will look very attractive and feminine in your material. The flower-girl's dress combines

sprigged nylon and net. I hope you will like both dresses sufficiently well to copy. Near the illustration are further details and how to order.

"WOULD you please help me with some hints on how to look slimmer? I am 43 years of age and my measurements are 44-31-46; also my legs are big. I don't want to wear clothes that make me look too old."

I consider clothes are a matter of figure proportions, rather than age. With your measurements, simple tailored designs will be the most flattering.

The following items will help towards a slim trim look:

Wear a straight (it must be easy fitted) gored or pleated skirt, but avoid skirt fullness (meaning gathers). Front openings (coat-dress) break the width of a figure. Fancy shoes call attention to too-heavy legs; a simple, well-fitted court shoe is best. A loose jacket will hide heaviness through the middle.

Sleeves below the elbow, narrow revers, or collar on a V-neckline, and dull surface fabrics are other items to remember.

"AS a constant reader of your column, would you tell me if it is correct to wear short gloves with a ballerina dance frock?"

Wrist-length gloves are still worn in the evening, but below elbow-length are newer.

"MY coloring is rather mousy, and I never seem to know which shade is most flattering. Would you help me with this problem?"

What is your most attractive feature—hair, complexion, or eyes? Whatever it is, choose colors to make that feature more noticeable. For example, if your eyes are blue, then greys, clear blues, yellow, and navy will be flattering. If your complexion is creamy, wear browns and reds.

These days you can change your hair color to the shade of your choice. There are lots of do-it-yourself preparations that wash out after a few shampoos. You might experiment.

"WOULD you please advise me if you think a brunette should wear beige?"

A creamy (not a stone) beige is very flattering to dark hair and eyes.

Continuing . . . No Time At All

from page 26

"It's Kent," Willard Trace said.

"Okay," Harrison said. "Call him and tell him."

"I'm looking for his number."

"Well," Harrison said, "you'll find it there sooner'n we'll find it here."

"Could it be weather?"

"Dunno. What's the weather been down there?"

"Florida?"

"Uh-huh. Miami."

"Somebody said raining."

"Well, there you are," Harrison said, as if that proved something.

"I think it's raining, anyway."

"It's a hurricane coming that way, isn't it?"

"I could check the weather advisory."

"Uh-huh. Anyway, they can see him on radar."

"They think they can."

"Your brother Mike's a good pilot," Harrison said. "Ain't nothing going to happen to him."

"I wonder about Emmy," Trace said.

"Who's that?"

"Mike's girl," Trace said.

"How is she going to take something like this?"

"Stop it, will you?" Harrison said over the phone. "Snap off it, kid. You talk like he's already . . . what are you talking that way for?"

"It's all right," Willard said.

"Ain't your brother married?" Harrison said. "What's this, his girl?"

"He used to be married," Willard Trace said.

"Oh," Harrison said.

"He's not any more," Trace said. Then he said again, "It's all right." Already the great and peaceful wounds of martyrdom had begun to settle on him. Lost flyer's brother. Clung to his post. "I'll stay here."

"Where would you go if you didn't?" Harrison asked.

"You don't understand," Trace said. "You just don't understand. If you had a brother who . . ."

"All right, kid, all right, all right," Harrison said. He mused for a moment. "We'll keep in touch. Okay?"

"Sure," Trace said.

Willard Trace looked around the room. Slowly he set the telephone receiver back in place upon its cradle. He thought for a moment. Then a smile came to his face—the sad, set smile of certain doom.

Yet it was a brave smile.

He knew what he had to do. He dialled Emmy's number.

"No," Ben Gammon, the newspaperman, said. "I'm not going to quote you poetry. You think because I can't fly an aeroplane I have to be able to quote poetry. There's something psychiatric in all of that. Those who can, do. Those who can't, quote."

Emmy Verdon came out of the cubby-hole that served as a kitchen in her Manhattan apartment. She was a tall girl, black-haired, and she had the face of a country girl, the cheeks perhaps too full to make it a perfect face.

She said, "I thought all college men knew poetry."

"I'm not exactly a college man," Ben Gammon said.

"No?"

"Not exactly, no."

"You have a diploma, don't you?"

"My mother has it."

"Well?"

"It's Ph.B. from the University of Chicago."

"Isn't that a degree?"

"To a degree," Gammon said, and nodded solemnly. "Most people wouldn't know the difference. But you spotted it at once."

"I did?"

"Yes," he said. "You asked me to quote poetry, and I told you I didn't know any poetry."

"Well," she said. "All right." She turned and went back to the kitchen. "I just thought you might know some," she called through the open door.

"Some Swinburne, maybe."

"Algernon Charles?"

"Algernon Charles," she said.

"1837-1909," he said.

"What's that?"

"1837-1909. His dates. He lived to be seventy-two."

"Is that so surprising?"

"Sure it is. What was the life expectancy in those days? Thirty-three years."

EMMY called from the kitchen, "No. That was in Rome. The Roman Empire. Way back when."

"You doubt my word," he said, loudly and comfortably, lying on the couch. "The lady doubts the man's word."

"Not at all," she said. "How can you say I doubt your word? Did I say anything when you said his dates were whatever they were?"

"No, come to think of it, you didn't. You trust me implicitly. Do you trust your flyboy the same?"

"Listen," Emmy said, coming to the door of the kitchen, "stop talking about my flyboy."

"But you're his girl," Ben said.

"If I were," Emmy said, "you wouldn't be here eating my meat loaf and lying on my couch."

"He's away," Gammon said. "That's the thing of it. While the Coastal Airline Pilot's Away the Mouse Will . . ."

"He's not away," she said. "If you're interested — and you seem to be — he's flying in tonight."

"He asked you to marry him," Gammon said.

"I didn't say yes."

"Not yet, you didn't. You will."

"Really?"

"Yuh. Really." He crossed his feet, lying there on the couch. "It appeals to your sense of danger. Peril. Pilot in the uncharted skies."

Emmy went back to the dishes. "You're very sure, aren't you?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then why did you bother to come tonight?" Her voice was light, but the question was the question none the less.

"You invited me."

"Doesn't that mean anything?"

"With most people, yes," Gammon said. "With me, no."

"And why?"

"Because"—Gammon's hand felt for a cigarette on the coffee-table—"I'm never sure when pretty ladies invite me. I mean, sure of what's behind it all. Sometimes I think I make things so tough for everybody that what really happens is I invite myself. I'm that kind. Obnoxious. Real obnoxious. Like your flyboy's brother who keeps calling up when the flyboy's out of town. Just to check up on you. What's his name?"

"Willard," Emmy said.

"And Willard is a good name for this," Gammon said. "Well. As I say. Obnoxious. It's easier to invite me than to not invite me. You know?"

"No," she said. "I don't know."

"The meat loaf was spectacular."

"Thank you."

"You cook so good for the flyboy?"

"Shut up," Emmy said. She had known Mike Trace, the pilot, for more than a year now; Ben Gammon she had known for only two months or so, and perhaps the most notable facet in this triangle — if triangle it truthfully was — was Emmy Verdon's curiosity. At the age of twenty-four she had the woman's wisdom that said that love was not, to put it into a phrase, like the movies. Love was a process of becoming accustomed. The words in the songs, the flashes in the night, the distant drums on the distant shores . . . all these, she supposed, were possible. At least they served as an estimable excuse. But after these many months she was used to Mike Trace, and fonder of him for it. Perhaps Gammon was right when he said she would marry him. And yet, ridiculously enough, unless you stopped to think it all the way through, Gammon's being right could be what would stop her.

She was curious; curious now about Gammon. In the purer sense of the word, she did not particularly like him, but that was a deceptive way to put it, because it was not that simple. It was easy to say you loved someone but did not like him — almost too easy — but if a situation like that was true it deserved a closer inspection and a deeper explanation.

Emmy did not like Gammon for his tongue, and from time to time she found herself disliking him for his insight; the one was sharper than the other. He was thirty-two, a year younger than Mike Trace. He had never been married; Trace had, briefly, in the past of five or six or seven years ago. Ben did not carry in his job, as a reporter for a wire service, the dramatic responsibility that Mike Trace carried on his

shoulders as a ranking captain of the line for an air carrier.

And yet, with all of this, it was not safe for Emmy to say to herself that Mike Trace was a more mature individual than Ben Gammon, even though by every yardstick he should be so. Nor even could she—herself, alone—vow that Trace was more exciting as a man, though by all odds he was the more handsome of the two. Gammon was lean and pale of face, with deep-set eyes.

Now, lying there on the couch after supper while she did the dishes, he called, "That way you never get forgotten."

"What?" she called. "What way?"

"Having a brother Willard who calls you every night."

"Sometimes he skips a night."

"How old is he?"

"Willard? Twenty-three. He's ten years younger than Mike."

"What does he do for kicks?"

"Why do you always keep prying?" Emmy said. "Does it say that's what you have to do? Does it say it on your Press card?"

"No," Gammon said. "Seems to me Willard prides more than I do."

"That's the way it seems to you."

"He calls every night. That's more than I do."

"You call every once in a while," she said.

"Not as much as Willard. How loyal. How faithful. How touching. How utterly decent."

"It's the way you say."

Emmy said. "He doesn't want me to be forgotten."

"Do you whine and cry?" Gammon said.

"What?"

"Do you whine and cry? When you're forgotten?"

To page 36

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 24, 1958



She'll fall in love with Gardenia

If ever there was a fragrance every woman loves it's Gardenia. Potter & Moore interprets it in Skin Perfume, cloud-soft Talc and luxurious Soaps in a series of clever gift combinations. You'll love the new boxes — there are so many, you can choose a different one for every name on your list. So make your choice today. From 9/6 to 35/-.

... BEAUTIFULLY PRESENTED BY

Potter & Moore

IN THIS YEAR'S NEWEST
MOST GLAMOROUS GIFT BOXES



from page 34

She looked at him. "What does that mean?"

"Does do," he said.

"They do?"

"Yes. Poetry. See, I do remember poetry. You're right. University of Chicago. You've got me tagged, Edwin Arlington Robinson. Only quote I know."

Emmy said, "Go ahead. Tell me the lines." "Lots of lines," he said. "And I know them by heart. You want to hear them?"

"I said to:

"Okay. It goes:

A dog, when he's forgotten, whines and cries,
Or looks and let you know. Sometimes a woman

Will only smile and ask you to keep warm
When the wind blows. You do not see her face

When you are gone, or guess what's in her mind
Or covered in her feelings, which are real

Beyond their reputation. It's a pity,
And a great shame, and a malevolent

Extravagance, that you should find that out
So often only when calamity Comes down upon you like a broken house

To bring the news."

He broke off and was silent, and Emmy, standing in the doorway of the kitchen, said, "It's something, isn't it? It's really something. I never heard that before, Ben."

"Nor liable to hear it again, from me," he said.

"Ah, why not?" she said. Tell it to me again."

"No," he said. "We'll start with meat loaf and make it a straight household evening all the way through. You can vacuum, and I'll get the fights on the television." He yawned.

"You'll wind up with twelve more reasons to marry the fly-boy. Do you know how to work that television? How do we get the fights?"

"The fights don't go on till ten," Emmy said.

"What time is it now?"

She leaned back into the kitchen to look at the wall clock. "Not even ten to nine."

"Well," Gammon said. "An hour and ten minutes to kill. See now. Any ideas?"

"You could quote Edwin Arlington Robinson."

"For an hour and ten minutes?"

"Put your mind to it," Emmy said.

"I was putting my mind to something along somewhat different lines," Ben Gammon said. "But you're the right sort of girl."

"I am? What makes you say that?"

"You know what time the fights go on."

"Is ten o'clock right?"

"Ten o'clock's right."

"And what did you want to do till then?"

"Well, now," Gammon said. "If you would care to step closer over here for a mo we could . . ."

"The phone," Emmy said, and went past him to answer.

"That will be the flyboy's brother Willard," Ben Gammon said from the couch. "He spotted me on radar. Affirmative? Negative. Roger, wilco, and out."

Emmy said into the telephone, "Hello? Oh, hello, Willard."

"A pencil?" Emmy said into the phone. "Wait a minute, Willard." She waved at Gammon and made a writing motion in the air. Gammon opened his palms in a gesture that asked her what newspaperman ever carried a pencil.

"Can't you tell it to me — I mean just tell it to me over the phone, Willard?" Emmy said. Then she shook her head in concert with his answer.

"No, you want me to write it

down. You sound funny, Willard. Wait a minute." She set down the phone and found a pencil and some paper. "All right, Willard. Read me the message and I'll write it down."

She wrote as he talked, and when he was through she said in a low voice, "Thank you," and slowly set the receiver back down in place. For a moment she stood there.

Gammon said from the couch, "What was it?"

She did not say anything.

Gammon got up from the couch and went over to her and read the message over her shoulder. She had taken it down in a clear script, and the abbreviations she had used were instantly understandable, so there was no question about what it said:

FROM MIAMI AIR
TRAF CONT FLIGHT 27
M OVRD BUT THINK
SEE RADAR — NO REPORT

The dramatist in Willard Trace had persuaded him to give her the message in this form.

GAMMON said to her now, "Trace's plane?"

She nodded. "But he said it was more than twenty-seven minutes by now. I mean, it was twenty-seven minutes when he heard about it."

"Do you know what kind of planes they fly?"

She shook her head. "It takes off from Miami at seven-thirty. Due in here at a quarter to twelve."

"Non-stop," Gammon said, and she nodded again. "It would have to be four engines, then," he said. He put his hand on her shoulder, and her own hand came up to rest upon his own.

It was a moment of communion and comfort between them. There was no mistaking it.

With his free hand Gammon took the telephone receiver off the hook, set it down so he could dial, then picked it up again and held it to his ear and, when the switchboard girl answered at the other end, said, "Give me the night desk. Fast."

At 8.57 p.m. Washington was sending on the newswire network of the Global Press Association, one of the largest of the wire services. Ben Gammon was only one of hundreds of reporters, correspondents, space-rate contacts, tip sources, and string men, all of whom supplied GPA with its news, but he was one of the best. A good reporter he was, and reliable when drunk, and this could be said of only a handful.

On the leased wire that served nearly a thousand newspapers and radio and television stations in the United States, the teletypes simultaneously told the news at their 60-word-a-minute pace:

BULLETIN
NEW YORK — COASTAL AIRLINES REPORTED TONIGHT THAT ONE OF ITS PLANES HAD FAILED TO MAKE SCHEDULED RADIO CONTACTS EN ROUTE NON-STOP FROM MIAMI TO NEW YORK.

THE FOUR-ENGINE CRAFT LEFT MIAMI AT 7.30 P.M. MIAMI TIME. A PRELIMINARY REPORT INDICATED THE PLANE, FLYING ONE OF THE MAIN AIR ROUTES IN THE U.S., STILL COULD BE SEEN BY

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

RADAR STATIONS ON THE GROUND.

IT WAS NOT IMMEDIATELY KNOWN HOW MANY PERSONS WERE ABOARD.

ALL EFFORTS SO FAR TO CONTACT THE PLANE BY RADIO HAVE FAILED.

In the New York headquarters of the Global Press Association the night editor and the rewrite man who had taken the bulletin from Gammon grinned at each other. It looked as if they had beaten the other wire services hollow on this one.

Marshall Kent, vice-president of Coastal Airlines in charge of Operation, was visiting tonight at the home of Felix Allerdycce, of Allerdycce & Watt, Advertising. The A & W agency had been after the Coastal account for four years, and tonight was as close to landing it as an ad agency could come without actually having signed contracts in hand. As a layman might view it, this was not particularly close. But Mr. Allerdycce, a handsome, hard-faced man in his fifties, was not a layman.

Mr. Allerdycce was in trouble, at least at one point of the compass, because he was not a particularly nice man. This gave him something of a vantage point, at least in dealing with other men; but this vantage was cancelled in this one case because Marshall Kent, of Coastal Airlines, was, if that was possible, even less of a nice man than Allerdycce. At best they were even going in, and it was, to Allerdycce, somewhat bewildering.

In his youth Allerdycce had earned money being a male model, posing with a towel around his neck and a tennis racquet and smiling at the girl in the bathing-suit or the girl in the new convertible, or at the three other guys, all wielding mashes and standing, one foot on clubhouse bench, in their underwear.

Perhaps the exigencies of this kind of work had exercised their influence on Allerdycce. It was essential, back in those days, to change clothes fast; and this factor may indeed have contributed to Allerdycce's present philosophy, which was that his success in advertising traced back essentially to the postulate that speed was the most essential part of the entire business. It was in its way an unusual method of looking at things, but for Felix Allerdycce it had paid off. If a client wanted a survey taken, Allerdycce could get him the results inside of five days, even if it took half his office staff four straight days of overtime to phony up the figures.

One result of this philosophy, aside from its successes (and legion they were), was the contempt it bred in Allerdycce for his life's work. It was only occasionally that he found himself truly enjoying his profession.

Tonight, though, was one of those times.

He had a mock-up of a series of ads to show to Kent, a new sales campaign for Coastal Airlines, and the ads were tied together with a new slogan. Allerdycce knew clients' weaknesses for slogans, but this one for Coastal was a different matter. It was more than a slogan. It was a small, shining, creative gem. Felix Allerdycce had, in point of actual fact, thought this one up himself.

"It came to me," he said to Kent now, "in a blinding flash." They were having coffee in the library of Allerdycce's home in Riverdale, New York. "You know what I mean. The way a headache

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Worth Reporting

THERE'S a marvellous English husband visiting Australia who thinks women shouldn't have to put up with the drudgery of housework.

"Why waste woman-power when you can use electricity instead?" says Mr. Sidney Roberts, who thinks that a washing-machine and a vacuum-cleaner are now "almost part of the marriage service."

As managing director of one of the world's largest manufacturers of home appliances, Mr. Roberts is visiting Australia with his wife.

"Modern appliances can take all the drudgery out of running a home," says Mr. Roberts, who is fair, moustached, and looks rather like Britain's Prime Minister Macmillan.

To prove his point, the Roberts' have just enlarged the kitchen of their home in the English village of Seer Green to fit in all the new equipment manufactured by his firm.

Mrs. Roberts, who is a tall, handsome, grey-haired mother of nine-year-old twin girls, has a kitchen with all the moderns, most women just dream about.

She started listing her mechanical help for us: "Dish-washer, large deep-freeze, refrigerator, washing-machine with tumbler dryer, a new separate rinse-and-dry spinner (now selling for £35 in Britain), infra-red grillers (steaks in two minutes), electric fry-pan, stove, toaster, coffee pot, iron . . ."

She stopped for breath and Mr. Roberts prompted her: "Don't forget the knife-grinder — and the electric shoe-polisher."

She took over again: "Of course, I've got vacuum-cleaners and all sorts of household polishers and dusters."

"I'm often given new gadgets to try out before they go on the market and I tell my husband what I think about them."

Said Mr. Roberts: "She's really my guinea-pig — and it's no good having a guinea-pig unless it squeaks."



"You can't depend on those weather forecasts — too often they're right."

High notes on the beach

HIGHBROW music and beach barbecues don't usually move in the same circles, but recently they got well mixed up at a Music Camp at the W.E.A. Hostel at Newport, on the Palm Beach peninsula north of Sydney.

Members of the Recorder Society of N.S.W. spent a weekend playing their recorders—small, wooden flute-type instruments which were popular in Elizabethan times—going surfing, and grilling steaks on the beach.

Housewives, students, secretaries, businessmen, and University lecturers are among the members of the society, which was formed two years ago.

On the first Monday of each month members meet for a part-music, part-discussion evening in their rooms in Sydney, and this was their second annual weekend camp at Newport.

★ ★ ★

WHAT teenagers consider high fashion today is sometimes old hat to their grandmothers. In *The Australian Women's Weekly* of September 24 "Debbie" suggested sewing tiny brass bells to a ruffy petticoat to set you tinkling on the dance floor.

Mrs. A. E. McKay, of Sydney, wrote to say that in 1900, when she was the equivalent of a teenager, Father Christmas gave her a linen petticoat which had three tiny silver bells sewn into the lace ruffles—and since then she has worn bells on all her petticoats.

Fish and chips a la limousine

WHARFIES and the locals were a little dazzled the other night when a sleek, chauffeur-driven black car stopped at a Woolloomooloo fish shop.

On the rear-window shelf was a bouquet of Talisman roses tied with yellow ribbon.

In the back seat were a man, almost hidden behind the newspaper he was reading, and a woman wearing a little violet-bow hat.

The chauffeur leaped out and held the door open. The woman disappeared into the shop. Five minutes later she reappeared with a large parcel of fried fish and a paper-bag full of chips.

Then the Lord Mayor of Sydney and the Lady Mayor-ess drove home to Randwick to feed their family of six children a nice fish-and-chip dinner.

Language rich and rare

JUST how good is your cockney? Since Eliza Doolittle started bawling "My Fair Lady" songs in rich cockney, the B.B.C. has become concerned that Londoners are forgetting some of the best old cockney expressions.

So they've produced a quiz on the colorful language of East London.

Cover the answers below till you've tried out your "little bit of luck":

What's the meaning of: 1. Send the handle after the hatchet; 2. Take his bark off; 3. Bedpresser; 4. Put the bee on; 5. Beetle-crusher; 6. I could take up the slack of my stomach and blow my nose on it; 7. Benjamin; 8. Bird lime; 9. Bought her with the blankets; 10. Do your dock.

The answers: 1. Take the plunge — make up your mind to act; 2. Take a man down a little; 3. Lazy person; 4. Ask for money; 5. Policeman's boot; 6. I'm hungry; 7. Overcoat; 8. Time (rhyming slang); 9. We are married; 10. Lose your head.

THE LAUGH WAS ON ME

● Here are this week's winners in The Laugh Was On Me. Each week we award £2/2/- each for the two best entries.

AT last I disposed of a very ugly china ornament I'd had given to me. I gave it to my father to use as one of the many prizes at his club social.

I breathed a sigh of relief and went off to the pictures. Unexpectedly I called in at the social on my way home. I joined in the last game, came first, and won — guess what?

Yes, the beastly thing is back in my possession again! £2/2/- to Mrs. L. des Landes, Napier, New Zealand.

Send your entries to *The Laugh Was On Me*, *The Australian Women's Weekly*, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

HEAVILY laden with parcels, I trudged along the road, thankful that I would soon be home.

As I passed a large house I saw a small boy trying desperately to ring a doorbell which was out of his reach.

Thinking I was doing my good deed for the day I carefully put down my parcels and rang it for him.

With sparkling eyes he looked up at me and said: "Now run."

£2/2/- to Miss Therese Augustus, Pymble, N.S.W.

comes on." Allerdycce laughed boyishly.

"Mine come on slowly," Kent said. He was a roundish, blunt, unsentimental type, highly excitable and apt to say the first thing that came into his head. "What I get actually is a neuralgia. It can be in the ear, or the jaw, or over the eye, or I can get a sensation of coldness in the entire area."

"While I was working on this presentation for you," Allerdycce said smoothly, manoeuvring the conversation back to advertising. "I had something of the same thing."

"Hyperinsulinism," Kent said, "is what I got."

"My doctor," Allerdycce said smoothly, "told me, 'It's the pressure of your job.' That's what he said to me. The minute whatever you're working on at the moment crystallises, that kind of pain goes away. That's what the doctor told me. And he was right. Wait till you see this . . ."

"Mine doesn't go away," Kent said.

"Mine was the same," Allerdycce said. "But the minute the idea came, to me it . . . Well, let me show you. Something like this can cure a man's ills."

He hoped devoutly that he was not spreading it on too thick; with a man like Kent you could never tell. The advertising business was a strange one. Allerdycce's favorite idea had been prompted by an advertisement in a magazine for the Pullman Company, showing a man getting off a train fresh and relaxed after a night's journey, and the slogan was: "The miles never show."

It struck Allerdycce immediately that the word "miles" also was a man's first name. He got up a presentation for a television show, to be sponsored by Pullman, which would feature an actor with the name of Miles Never. This then would become The Miles Never Show. But nothing came of it.

"Hyperinsulinism," Kent said now. "I had three teeth pulled before I found out it wasn't the teeth at all."

Another approach suggested itself to Allerdycce. "You know," he said, "there's a pill on the market now. Might fix you up." He smiled. "One of our clients."

"I've tried them all," Kent said.

"This one's brand new," Allerdycce said. He looked at his watch. "Five to nine. We've got a twenty-second commercial spot on Channel 6 coming up at nine o'clock. Let's turn it on and you can see it for yourself. See one of our ads in action, too." (The trouble with it was, for Allerdycce, that idea he'd had was so good he could never turn on television without hearing in his mind's ear a burst of fanfare and an announcer proclaiming, "The Miles Never Show . . . I brought to you by the Pullman Company.")

"I've seen your ads," Kent said now.

To Allerdycce, as he turned on the television set and adjusted it, the Coastal contract, what with one thing and another, seemed somehow to have receded somewhat in the last minute or two. He wished something would happen to provide a distraction so that the conversation could at this juncture be switched entirely.

His wish was rewarded. The door to the library opened and Jenner, the butler, stood there with a portable telephone.

"Excuse me, sir," Jenner said, "telephone for Mr. Kent. Shall I plug it in here?"

"Thank you, Jenner," Allerdycce said, and smiled. "Probably some other ad man, Marshall."

"I hope he's got pills, too," Marshall Kent said. "I'll try them all." He picked up the phone and said, "Yes?"

The voice of Willard Trace

Continuing . . . No Time At All

from page 36

at the other end said, "Mr. Kent, this is the Operations Office at LaGuardia."

"Whose Operations Office?" Kent asked.

"Yours," Trace said. "I called your home, sir, and they told me . . ."

"Well, what is it?"

"Our flight No. 214, sir," Trace said. "It's overdue reporting; must be near an hour now."

"What do you mean, overdue?"

"He hasn't reported."

"To who?"

"Whoever he's supposed to report to. Air Traffic Control."

"Is he down?"

"No, sir."

"What's your name again?"

"Trace."

"Don't keep any bad news from me, Trace."

"No, sir."

"How do you know he's not down?"

"They have a radar contact on him."

"Well, what does he say?"

"He says he can't contact him."

"Who says who can't contact who?"

"The radar."

"Well, what does the plane say, for heaven's sake?"

"He doesn't say anything, sir," Trace said. "That's what I'm trying to tell you. They just can't raise him by radio."

"Well, that makes no sense at all," Kent said. "Where is he from and where's he going?"

"Miami to New York. Non-stop."

"Well, what's the matter with that pilot?" Kent said. "What is he, asleep?"

"It's my brother, sir," Trace said.

"Your brother sleeps the same as the rest of us, doesn't he? What's his name?"

"Mike Trace."

"Who are you?"

"Willard Trace."

"Between the two of you you're doing fine tonight, aren't you?" Kent uttered a terrible laugh. "Fine and dandy, hey?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Well, a man doesn't fly without talking to somebody about it. It's against the rules. Don't you know that?"

"Yes, sir."

"It's not done, that's all. If he's crashed it's one thing. But if he's just cruising through the skies up there, it's something else."

"They think his radios are out," Willard Trace said.

"Well, send him a message to fix them," Kent said.

"Yes, sir," Trace said, "but . . ."

"And if he can't fix them, tell him to land some place. Where is he now?"

"How can we tell him anything," Willard Trace said plaintively, "if he can't . . ."

"I said where is he now?"

"Almost an hour and a half out of Miami."

"But you said he was an hour overdue reporting."

"Yes, sir."

"Then if he's in trouble it must have happened only a half hour after take-off."

"Even before that," Trace said.

"That's right," Kent said. "Likely so. It must have happened before he was due to report."

"Yes, sir."

"You're a smart fellow, Trace."

"Thank you, sir."

"You should be flying that plane and your brother should be sitting where you are."

"Yes, sir," Willard Trace said.

"Because if it happened that early, then he would have turned around and gone back. Wouldn't he?"

"I don't know."

"What do you mean, you don't know? He's your brother, isn't he?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what kind of a . . . wait a minute. Did you say Flight 214?"

"Yes, sir."

"Isn't that the one that's half passenger, half cargo?"

"Yes, sir," Trace said. "The Everyinch."

"The what?"

"The Everyinch. That's what they call it, sir."

"That's what who calls it?"

"The boys."

"Some of the boys are going to get straightened out pretty good before this night's over," Kent said. "Do you know what's in that cargo, Trace?"

"A dog," Willard Trace said.

"I'm not talking about a dog," Kent said. "Know what else?"

"No, sir."

"Fish," Kent said. "Fish, fish, fish. First shipment. A new exclusive contract. I wrote the contract myself. Went into

"They'll put it on half an hour from now," the advertising man said. "They subbed it out this time for a news bulletin."

"We're having trouble with a plane," Kent told him.

"That was the bulletin," Allerdycce said.

Ben Gammon had mixed Emmy a stiff drink, and she was sitting apart from him on the sofa, her legs pulled up under her and her hand holding the glass, white and tense.

"Think of it," he said. "Just think of it." She did not answer, and he went on: "Faced with an emergency, what does the great reporter forget to do?"

"I didn't think the great reporter forgot anything."

"He forgot to make a drink for himself." He looked at her. "All right?"

"I don't care," she said. "I'm sorry," he said. He stood up. "Can I take you some place?"

"Where?"

HIRE-PURCHASE ADMINISTRATOR

Position available for first-class experienced Hire-purchase Administrator.

Salary between £4000 and £6000 per annum, according to financial and hire-purchase background and experience.

Actual experience in administration of hire-purchase organisations essential. When applying please give full history, general background, and references.

All applications will be treated with the utmost confidence and should be addressed to:

The Secretary,
Australian Consolidated Press Ltd.,
Box 4088, G.P.O.,
SYDNEY.

effect today. Sixty New York restaurants and a Miami wholesaler. Florida seafood daily. Flown to New York by Coastal Airlines. Thousands of dollars. Long-term contract."

"Yes, sir," Trace said.

"So first crack out of the box, what do we do as the exclusive carrier?" Kent said.

"Apparently, what we do is this. We're figuring on putting the fish back in the ocean the hard way. That's what it looks like to me."

"He's in trouble, sir," Trace said. "He's got passengers."

"He would," Kent said. "Do you have this number here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Call me as soon as you hear something."

"I will," Trace said.

"And you know the most important thing of all?"

"No, sir."

"Don't talk it around. You understand? I don't want the papers hearing about it."

"No, sir."

"If he's up there, and on course, then there's nothing seriously wrong," Kent said. "Nobody has to know this happened."

"All right, sir," Willard Trace said.

Kent put down the phone and turned to Allerdycce, who was watching the television screen.

"It's always something," Kent said. "My headache's worse."

"I'm deeply sorry to hear it," Felix Allerdycce said. "I suppose I missed that commercial?"

"They didn't run it."

"I thought you said it was going to be on."

was back in the room with his drink by the time she was through.

"Willard?" he said.

She nodded.

"Any news?"

"No. They heard that a plane took off from Miami after Mike's plane and didn't report any weather that you'd have to . . . you know . . ."

"Keep radio silence for?"

"Yes, that's it." Something of a smile came to her face. "Willard's very upset. He said a man named Marshall Kent was very angry with him over the telephone."

"Who's Marshall Kent? A muck-a-muck with Coastal?"

"I guess so," Emmy said. "A vice-president or something."

"But they can still see the plane on radar?"

"He didn't say."

"Then they can," Gammon said. "If something had happened to change that, Willard would have told you. It occurred to him wryly that he was talking like an insurance agent. If the plane was no longer visible on radar screens, that meant it had crashed. But he could not, would not, bring himself to use that terminology."

Now he said, "How many people on the plane? Doe Willard know?"

"He didn't say."

"Let's find out," Gammon said, and he went to the phone and dialled his office and learned that Global Press had not yet been able to contact the public relations man for the airline; that Miami was trying there; but no word yet on a passenger list.

"It's a crazy airline," the man on the desk told Gammon over the phone. "Their head offices are here, but they actually do most of their flying over swamps someplace else."

An idea came to Gammon. He said to Emmy, "What was that? Marshall Kent?"

She nodded. "All right," Gammon said into the phone. "Get that airlines-railroad-steamship personnel thing you've got in the drawer there and see if they mention somebody named Kent—Marshall Kent—with Coastal."

"I've got it in front of me," the desk man at GPA said. "Kent . . . Coastal Airlines . . . Kent . . . who would . . . wait—here it is. Marshall Kent. Vice-President in charge of Operations."

"I'll call him for you," Gammon said. "Give me something to do."

Then he hung up the phone and called Kent's number, and the voice there, as it had for Willard Trace, gave him Felix Allerdycce's home phone. Gammon hung up and called the new number, told the butler who answered the phone who he was, and shortly had Kent on the phone.

"Gammon of Global Press," Ben said. "Are you the Mr. Kent of Coastal Airlines?"

"What's it to you if I am?" Kent said.

"Not a lot," Gammon said. "But you've announced this plane business, and we . . ."

"I," Kent broke in, "haven't announced anything, and when I find the guy who did, I'll break his . . ."

"Well," the newspaperman said, "tell me. Are they all nice fellows like you over at the hangar?"

"You'd better say what you want," Kent said. "And quick about it."

Gammon said, "Passenger list?"

"Passenger list?"

"You sound like you don't believe it."

"Listen," Kent said, "what makes you think I have a passenger list? You think I carry them around with me? You think I've got one in my pocket?"

"After tonight you'll probably have room in your pocket for that airline's passenger lists," Gammon said smoothly. "No, we can't raise your

P.R.O., and I thought perhaps you can tell me where I could get ahold of the list the quickest—here, or Miami, or where?"

"No," Kent said.

"And what title do you hold with the airline?"

"Why?"

"So we can credit the source when our next bulletin says the airline refused to say who was on board this aircraft, or how many people?"

"What do you mean, 'refused'?"

"That's our word for it," Gammon said.

"You newspapermen think you're entitled to anything, don't you? Anything and everything."

"The difference between anything and everything," Ben Gammon said, "is the core of a free press."

"And none of this," Kent said, "gets you any closer to a passenger list. Now, does it?"

"Why, no," Gammon said. "It doesn't. So we'll play it that way. Your way. We'll say Mr. Marshall Kent refused to allow us to get the passenger list and then refused to say what position he held with the airline. Notice the use of the word 'held' in the past tense. Mr. Kent. There. That way all your little secrets are intact."

"I get it," Kent said.

"And good luck on your next job," Gammon said.

There was a pause. Then Kent said, "Miami would be the place. Have your man there or your bureau or whatever it is call our airport number."

"Thank you," Gammon said. "Will your man down there need any okay to release it?"

"Give me five minutes to get them on the phone."

"You might tell them to give us all the information they have, while you're at it."

"The camel moves into the tent pretty fast, doesn't he? I thought all you wanted was a passenger list."

Gammon said gently, "You want the news to be accurate, don't you? You don't want us going and crossing you up. You don't want us picking up dribs and drabs here and there."

"I don't care what you do," Kent said.

"You've been kind," Gammon said. "I'll have Miami ring your boy in five minutes."

At 9:28 p.m. Global Press Association had the passenger list on its wires, and within two more minutes the other major wire services, caught up by now, had it, too.

This was the list:

TRACE, Michael R., 33, flight captain, Roslyn Heights, N.Y.

BELDING, Kenneth, 27, first officer, Donora, Pa.

GOLDSTONE, Marving, 42, flight engineer, Boston, Mass.

LOFTUS, Barbara Ruth, 20, stewardess, Anaheim, Calif.

WEBBER, Mrs. Albic, Tenafly, N.J.

WEBBER, Jane, 5, Tenafly, N.J.

SHERMAN, Mrs. K. L., New York City, N.Y.

DIAZ, Rafael, San Juan, Puerto Rico.

DIAZ, Mrs. R., San Juan, Puerto Rico.

DIAZ, Roberto, 7, San Juan, Puerto Rico.

DIAZ, Luis, 11, San Juan, Puerto Rico.

DIAZ, infant child, San Juan, Puerto Rico.

BLACK, John.

LAURIE, James, Brooklyn, N.Y.

LAURIE, Mrs. James, Brooklyn, N.Y.

JONAS, Herman, Miami, Fla.

There was something about the list that made it stand apart from lists so much like it that the wire services handled every time there was a plane

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A glamorous toilet setting
featuring **CONCEALED PLUMBING**

Brent

DE LUXE
CISTERN



THESE ARE THE REASONS WHY BRENT IS AUSTRALIA'S BEST SELLING CISTERN...

- ★ The Brent Cistern is finished in glossy enamel that is so easy to wipe clean . . . and comes in a range of glorious pastel shades. Brent takes up so little space and is easily installed in a new home or an older property.
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- ★ Brent's simple patented action assures many years of trouble-free service. The few (all metal) moving parts are controlled by an exclusive flush push button, operated by a light touch of the finger.
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 24, 1958

disaster. Something — it was easy to define, yet it defied simple analysis. One answer could have been the number of children, in ratio to the total number of passengers. Another could have been the grim absurdity of a giant four-engine plane taking off from Miami non-stop for New York with a full crew of four, a nearly filled passenger cabin, a jammed freight load, yet only, in actuality, twelve passengers.

Coastal Airlines in Miami explained the physical make-up of the Everyinch — only twenty seats, the rest cargo. That added to the unusual nature of the list, too.

But most of all it was the time element.

In all other cases the names of the passengers on the planes became known only after the planes crashed.

But as far as anyone knew at this particular moment Coastal 214 was still in the sky.

And one more factor — another part of the time element. The fact that a passenger list was available ahead of the actual disaster made it a born newspaper story. The fact that the passenger list was as short as it was made it feasible to read the names over radio and television.

And by sheer coincidence the first bulletin had reached radio and TV newrooms just before the 9.00 (Eastern Time) break; the second just before 9.30.

So for the second time Felix Allerdice, the ad man, saw his commercial spot for the neuralgia pill wiped out.

The other wire services had the story by now, but Global Press still had more information. GPA's bulletin lead, hitting TV and radio in time for the 9.30 programme break, said:

A FOUR-ENGINE COASTAL AIRLINES PLANE WITH FOUR CHILDREN AND TWELVE OTHERS ON BOARD IS NOW WELL OVER AN HOUR OVERDUE FOR A SCHEDULED RADIO CONTACT IN THE EARLY PART OF ITS NON-STOP FLIGHT FROM MIAMI TO NEW YORK. BUT THE AIRLINE SAYS THE PLANE IS NOT (REPEAT NOT) PRESUMED TO BE LOST. THIS HOPE APPARENTLY IS BASED ON EARLIER REPORTS THAT EVEN AFTER ATTEMPTS AT RADIO CONTACT HAD FAILED ENTIRELY THE HUGE CRAFT STILL WAS VISIBLE TO GROUND OBSERVERS VIA RADAR.

AT THE SAME TIME, A THEORY THAT THE FLIGHT, KNOWN AS COASTAL FLIGHT 214, MIGHT BE KEEPING RADIO SILENCE DUE TO STORM CONDITIONS — AN UNLIKELY BUT STILL POSSIBLE EXPLANATION — WAS DISCARDED WHEN ANOTHER PLANE, LEAVING MIAMI FOR NEW YORK MINUTES AFTER THE COASTAL FLIGHT, REPORTED NO SUCH TURBULENCE.

WHILE RAIN AND CLOUDED SKIES PREVAIL ALONG THE ENTIRE EASTERN SEABOARD, WEATHER CONDITIONS WERE NOT REPORTED AS RESEMBLING THOSE WHICH MIGHT DICTATE SUCH UNUSUAL CONDITIONS OF RADIO SILENCE.

DESPITE THE RAINS THAT ARE LASHING THE COAST IN ADVANCE OF THE SEASON'S FIRST HURRICANE, THE COASTAL PLANE'S SCHEDULED FLIGHT ALTITUDE WOULD HAVE TAKEN THE CRAFT ABOVE THE

Continuing . . . No Time At All

from page 37

CLOUDS IN THE AREA OFF THE NORTHERN FLORIDA COAST WHERE HIS RADIO REPORT TO THE CIVIL AERONAUTICS AUTHORITY'S AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL WAS TO BE MADE.

AN UNUSUAL NOTE WAS ADDED BY THE FACT THAT MOST OF THE PLANE'S CABIN SPACE IS RESERVED FOR CARGO, SAID TO RANGE FROM JEWELLERY TO BARKING DOGS.

A FAMILY OF FIVE — MR. AND MRS. RAFAEL DIAZ AND THEIR THREE CHILDREN, ALL OF PUERTO RICO — WERE LISTED AS BEING ABOARD THE PLANE.

ANOTHER CHILD WAS FIVE-YEAR-OLD JANE WEBBER, OF TENAFLY, NEW JERSEY, TRAVELLING WITH HER MOTHER, MRS. ALBIE WEBBER. ATTEMPTS WERE BEING MADE TO LEARN IF THEY WERE THE WIFE AND CHILD OF ALBIE WEBBER, WELTERWEIGHT BOXING CONTENDER SCHEDULED TO OPPOSE WOLF HAGAN AT ST. NICHOLAS ARENA TONIGHT IN A NATIONALLY TELE-vised TEN-ROUNDER.

THE PLANE WAS PILO-OTED BY MICHAEL R. TRACE, 33 YEARS OLD.

In the Global Press newsroom in New York, Harry Timmons, the lead night rewrite man, was pounding it out. It was surprising how much story could be made to flow from such terse and sparse data. The practice of the airlines in listing the ages of all children under twelve, for fare purposes at the ticket counters, told a tale all of its own. The briefest description of the cargo make-up of the Everyinch, from a Coastal Airlines man in Miami who was trying, as much as anything else, to justify the brevity of the passenger list, enabled Timmons to get off the line "from jewellery to barking dogs," which was a line he liked. He did not know about the fish, or he would have included them, too.

Timmons looked up from his typewriter and saw that Max Wild, the general manager of GPA, had come into the newsroom. Wild had been working late in his office and had heard the clanging of the bulletin bells on the teletype machine installed near his desk. Timmons saw that he had a copy of the bulletin matter.

"I heard we were ahead," Wild said. It was the first thing he said.

"Beat the others solid," Timmons said.

"Where'd we get it?"

"Ben Gammon."

"Where'd he get it?"

"Nobody's got around to asking him."

"You mean he just phoned it in unverified?"

Timmons shrugged. "It came from Gammon."

"Is he drunk?"

"How do I know?" Timmons said. "It's his day off."

"Oh, great," Max Wild said.

"Listen," Timmons said, "it checks out. As much as we know, anyway. The passenger list and all. The other services are carrying the same thing by now."

"I still don't like it," the general manager said. "We ought to lay down some kind of standard operating procedure on things like this."

"Come off it, Max," Timmons said. "You're not making a speech at the Waldorf. Gammon's a good newspaperman."

"I know it," the general manager said. "Well. Are we up to date? What are we doing?"

"Sports is checking the boxer to see if it's the same one," Timmons said. "I've got a phone number for where Gammon is, and he's got some kind of a pipeline to the airline up here, but by now Miami's feeding us stuff and they're getting in touch with the CAA down there."

Wild pursed his lips. "There's a story in here."

Harry Timmons uttered a short laugh. "There're a hundred stories in there. It's going to be a honey."

"You think he's still flying?"

"No."

"Then he's down."

"Yup."

"What about that business about seeing him on radar?"

Timmons shrugged. "Don't forget, we've got this way ahead of the usual time for one of these stories. Confusion — sure. That radar thing was more

Max Wild tapped the copy in his hand. "Getting back to what I said about there being a story in here. You passed right over it."

"What?" Timmons said, craning his neck to see.

"Where?"

"About this second plane that took off for New York right after the first one."

"What about it?"

"That Grand Canyon you were talking about," Wild said.

"Remember?"

Timmons said slowly, "Oh, oh, oh! Oh, yes!" He turned and shouted over to the desk man, "Gene, get Miami on the phone. We can get our signals straight on the story, and while you've got him ask him to check that second plane that took off after the first one."

He turned back to his typewriter and began to work again. Max Wild looked at him for a moment, watching him work, then turned and walked over to one of the sample teletype



"I understand the stewards are determined to keep things on the level here at any cost."

than an hour ago — maybe even longer than that. And besides, if you can't talk to a guy and he can't talk to you, how do you even know it's him? This always happens.

"First the report is the plane's overdue, with all the usual gismo that goes with it — maybe keeping radio silence because of weather and so forth; then it's overdue and presumed lost, but not till hours after the guy actually goes down. The difference here is we caught 'em with their press agents at half-mast. Gammon ought to get the Pulitzer Prize just for that."

"You're right," Wild said.

"He's got to be down."

"In the water, best as I can make it," Timmons said.

"But I don't know," Wild said, a little doubtfully. "I don't recall seeing the bit about having the plane on radar as part of the standard excuses. That's something new."

"New, because they've only recently been equipping more Air Traffic Control stations with radar," Timmons said pedantically. "After that crash over the Grand Canyon."

"But," Wild said, "it's like you said. How do they know it's him, and how long ago was the radar report?" He blinked. "Sixteen people on the plane. If he is down, it's not a real big one."

"Except for maybe that fighter having his wife and kid on it," Timmons said. "And another thing. Suppose he goes down and has to ditch. He's flying a commercial route over water. So he's got life-jackets — I think those planes have rafts, too. We're in on it from the start. Dramatic sea rescue."

"Why didn't you get that in the story?"

"Just about to do that," Timmons said blandly.

machines that were reproducing the GPA news report as it went out over the wires.

He did not notice the passage of time — but it could not have been long before he became aware that Harry Timmons was standing beside him.

"That was a good idea of yours," Timmons said.

"About a mid-air collision?"

The rewrite man nodded.

"Miami checked and said that second plane is one of those special flights. Chartered to fly Army servicemen and their families. You know."

"How many people aboard?"

"Miami isn't sure. They have a preliminary figure, but they're checking."

"What was the preliminary figure?"

"Ninety-one," Timmons said.

"There ought to be a song with that title," Arnold Keller said to himself. "My 'Girl Friend's Widowed Mother.'"

He was on his way, in his father's car, to visit the mother of Barbara Ruth Loftus, stewardess tonight on Coastal 214. Coastal 214 was a long way off — by now, had it been on uneventful course, it would be somewhere off the Carolina coast, and here was Arnold Keller, four miles from Anaheim, California, jammed up in suburban Los Angeles traffic.

But Barbara's mother had asked him out for the evening and it was wise to obey Barbara's mother. It made Arnold Keller feel more secure about Barbara: at least her mother liked him. With Barbara herself, Keller could never tell.

It would be a terrifying evening; this Keller knew beforehand. Barbara's mother would want to play Russian Bank — the only card game she knew — and Arnold hated it.

The mother was a nut, no doubt about it. She was always having visions and images and dreams, besides the diets and the Russian Bank. But she seemed to like Arnold Keller. At times he wondered whether she fretted over Barbara as much as he did. Right now — at this moment — he did not even know where Barbara was. He knew she was flying for Coastal and would be going into New York, but he did not know the actual details until, at 6.30 Pacific Time, the radio cut in with the Global Press data on the Everyinch, together with passenger list, and then Arnold Keller knew.

The news bulletin had scarcely gone off the air when he drove up in front of Mrs. Loftus' house. He entered the house not knowing what to say; what was worse, neither the radio nor the television was turned on, so the mother did not know, and he would have to tell her.

So Arnold Keller thought, but he was surprised.

"Arnold, oh, Arnold," Barbara's mother said to him at the door. "The most terrible thing has happened."

He nodded.

"I was lying there on the couch," she said. "I must have fallen asleep for a minute. Suddenly I saw it."

"Saw it?"

"Barbara's plane." She put a hand to her heart. "Falling. Plunging. Straight down into the sea."

Herb Lenz, the boxing writer for the Global Press Association, got the message from his Western Union telegraph operator at ringside at St. Nicholas Arena in New York, where Lenz was watching the next-to-last preliminary bout of the evening's boxing.

Lenz stared at the message. Then he said, "Always something," and eased himself out of the front row and down the ramp of the aisle to the dressing-room of Albie Webber, the fighter.

The evidence was there. The other wire services, and with them the newspapers themselves, had caught up on the story. Lenz saw four other local boxing writers grouped outside the dressing-room. Their way was blocked by the giant presence of an old-time heavyweight fighter, gone punchy early and lastingly in his career, Hatsky Gideon. He was everything the dumb, sense-deadened heavyweight boxer was expected to be. The local boxing club paid him fifty-seven dollars a week, because there were odd jobs like this that had to be done by someone, jobs that in fact suffered when pursued either with imagination or commonsense. Hatsky, patently and fortunately, had neither. He had been told to insulate the fighter within from the approach of anyone — anyone — and this he was doing.

"Hatsky," one of the sports writers was saying, "his wife and kid have crashed on a plane. Don't that mean nothing to you?"

Hatsky nodded heavily. "I know. You think I can't read what's in the papers?"

Another writer said, "Hatsky, look. That don't make any difference to what we're saying now."

"I got my orders," Hatsky said.

"Look," a third boxing writer said, "this man has just lost his wife and daughter on an aeroplane. Do you understand what I'm trying to tell you?"

"Yuh, I understand," Hatsky said in an uneducated growl. "What're you trying to do? Upset him?"

Herb Lenz looked at the other writers. "Do we know that it is his wife and kid? For sure?"

"Damn right we know it," one of the writers said.

"Has anybody talked to him?"

"How can you talk to him? Monstro here won't let you in."

"Then how do you know?"

"Look," the other writer said.

"It all checks out. Albie's from Tenafly. We know he's got a wife and a kid about the age of the one on the passenger list."

"And the kid's name is Jane," one of the other writers said. "So it checks."

"And they were in Miami seeing some of her people," one of the others said.

"And how many Albie Webbers of any kind are there?" another said.

"Especially from Tenafly?" still another.

"Well," Lenz said, "I guess that's it."

"Sure it's it," one of the writers said. "But try to sell the Whale here something like that."

"You want to upset him," Hatsky Gideon said. "All of you." He shook his head at the wonderment of it all, at the density of these writers. "Don't you understand? Any of you, don't you understand? This is an important fight. An unusual opportunity for this fighter. Why you want to wreck him like this?"

"Hatsky," Lenz said patiently, "did it ever occur to you that what we're telling you is the truth?"

Hatsky Gideon nodded heavily. "So it's true. If it's true, it'd wreck him all the same, wouldn't it?" He looked challengingly about.

Lenz said gently, "He's got to know, Hatsky."

"Not now, he don't," Hatsky said.

"What do you mean, not now?"

"He's got to fight, don't he? Right now I wouldn't tell him if it was my own mother."

Hatsky shook his head.

"Hatsky," Lenz said, "look at it this . . ."

"If it was true, he couldn't do nothing about it now."

Hatsky repeated thickly.

"The hell with it," Lenz said.

"The fighter doesn't know, but we do. It's all I'm going to need for now."

He turned and headed back for the arena, and after a moment's indecision the others flocked after him.

At ringside Lenz squirmed his way back into his seat, ran some copy paper into his typewriter, and wrote:

npr collect
gpa/ny
bulletin matter plane
less than ten minutes before the bout was due to start it was established that webber's wife and daughter were on the plane. however, a guard stationed outside the boxer's dressing-room refused to permit the news to reach him

lenz saint nick

Perhaps in the days before Brooklyn lost its only daily newspaper, the wedding of Jim Laurie and Lena Kramer would have commanded at least a paid notice, if nothing else; but nowadays nobody had thought of it, least of all the parents of the happy pair, who had their own troubles. At the wedding ten days ago, somebody had suggested that there was no reason for in-laws not to get to know one another right along with the newlyweds; and somebody else had raised a toast to the Tuesday Night Club, which was an old people's social institution in the neighborhood; and it had seemed the most natural thing in the world for the Lauries and the Kramers to decide on a Tuesday Night Club for themselves.

This was the second Tuesday night since the wedding — last

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Tuesday the Kramers, parents of the bride, had visited the Lauries; and this Tuesday the Lauries, parents of the groom, were visiting the Kramers.

And already each couple was looking for the opportunity to beg off the following Tuesday.

Mr. Laurie was a carpenter and Mr. Kramer was in the fur business, and they did not understand each other. The two men liked poker, but their wives did not. Last Tuesday night they had settled for an evening of television, and this Tuesday night, after some small amount of talk about it, they were settling for an evening of television. Mrs. Kramer made popcorn and there was a good deal of talk about the honeymoon (now about to end), though the jokes had not reached an equal level on both sides, so that while Mr. Laurie was laughing very hard Mr. Kramer did not laugh at all.

Between the jokes and some additional false ceremony about the popcorn, the four of them heard the announcement on TV

Continuing . . . No Time At All

[from page 39]

MENT. IS IT READY? WILL PHONE TOMORROW. HONEYMOON WONDERFUL.

"And it's signed" — she cleared her throat again as if she were about to introduce trumpeted spirits—"Lena and Jim."

"Let me see that," Mr. Kramer said, and took the telegram from her and read it over. Mr. Laurie, not quite so tall, raised himself on tiptoe so he could read it over Mr. Kramer's shoulder.

Mr. Kramer read it thoroughly, and then handed it to Mr. Laurie, who for some reason remained on tiptoe to read it through once more by himself. Then Mr. Laurie rocked to rest upon his heels and said, "What do you think?"

"Phone the 'Daily News,'" Mrs. Kramer said.

"Now just hold on to yourselves and wait a minute, everybody," Mr. Laurie said. "Don't get excited."

"What airline did it say?" Mrs. Laurie said.

"It didn't," Mr. Laurie said. "I don't mean the telegram. The television."

"I didn't hear," Mr. Kramer said pointedly.

"We got a telegram at home," Mr. Laurie said.

"I think it was the same telegram," Mrs. Laurie said, "except it was signed Jim and Lena instead of Lena and Jim."

THE real sense of true danger had not yet penetrated. It was too unlikely; the chances were too much against it. There was a half-hour mystery programme on the television now, and occasionally one of the four people in the room turned to stare hard at the screen, as if that would bring forth a bulletin that would say the plane was not from Miami at all.

"I think maybe they may have taken off from Miami Beach," Mr. Kramer said.

"They got no airport at Miami Beach," Mr. Laurie said.

"But they were staying at Miami Beach," Mr. Kramer said.

"They'd still leave from Miami."

"I kept telling them," Mr. Kramer said. "If I told them once I told them a hundred times. Don't take the same plane. When you fly some place together, go on separate planes. Isn't that what I said?"

"Don't go on the same plane," Mr. Laurie repeated a little bitterly. "It's a honeymoon. How can you tell them don't go on the same plane?"

"You're not worried about the children?" Mr. Kramer said challengingly.

"I'm—" "You're not worried about your own son? Never mind my daughter for a minute. But your own son?"

"I—" "Let him talk," Mrs. Kramer said to Mr. Kramer.

"What for?" Mrs. Laurie said. "All he's got is theories."

"I'm worried now, yes," Mr. Laurie said. "But I wasn't before. When they said they were going to fly, so they could have the most time in Florida together, what did I say? I said all right, fly. If I was worried, then I wouldn't have said, 'Take separate planes.' If I was worried, I would have said, 'Do me a favor, don't fly.' If they took separate planes, it would have doubled the number of planes something could have gone wrong with." His voice was heaving and almost broken. "That's all it would have done. It wouldn't have lessened the chances any of something going wrong with one plane."

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And here's the 2-minute way to make an economy mayonnaise: Pour $\frac{1}{2}$ tin Nestlé's sweetened condensed milk into a mixing bowl, add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Holbrook's vinegar and 1 teaspoon Keen's Mustard; mix thoroughly until mixture thickens; allow to stand a few minutes before serving.

Keen's Mustard makes the meal!

"Advertising, public relations, newspapermen," Kent said. "They're all the same."

"I've never been in the newspaper business in my life," Felix Allerdycy said.

Kent ignored him. "Some hotshot newspaperman got ahold of this. What's his name? Called me on the phone half-hour ago. Gammon." He thought for a moment. "Gammon. Now, tell me one thing. Who told him?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I don't know," Allerdycy said. "I don't know," Kent said in mirthless mimicry.

"Marshall," Felix Allerdycy said, "why are you mad at me?"

"Because," Kent said, "all you pimps are the same. Get something people will read or listen to. That's what you're in business for. Newspapermen, ad men, press agents. All the same."

"But," Allerdycy said, "people like you depend on people like us."

"That's right," Kent said heavily. "We do. And look where it gets us."

"But it wasn't a newspaperman who crashed your plane for you," Allerdycy said.

"You see?" Kent said to him. "You're even talking like one now."

"What do you mean?" "Who said the plane was crashed?"

"Well," Allerdycy said, "I assumed . . ."

"Eighty million people assuming the same thing by now," Kent said. "Freedom of the Press!"

Across the way from Albie

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born a liar and he'll die a liar."

Wolf Hagan looked at him, moistening his lips. "Why would he lie about something like that?"

"And if it was him, so what?" Happy Gallant said to the fighter. "Suppose it is his wife and kid. Take a one-in-a-thousand shot and suppose it is. What difference does it make? What is this business with you all of a sudden, stop the fight? What are you talking?"

"I got a wife and kid myself," the fighter said.

"I didn't say you didn't."

"They get killed on an aeroplane. What am I going to do?"

"I don't know. They ain't on an aeroplane."

"What I'm trying to say, I know how that other man feels," Hagan said. "I know what Albie Webber's going to do."

"All right, you tell me," Happy Gallant said to his fighter. "What's Albie Webber going to do?"

"He's going to do the only thing he can do, because he can't do anything else," Hagan said. "He can't do nothing about the plane; there's nothing he can do, so he's going to do the only thing he can."

"And what's that?" Hagan slid off the table and stood up, alone by himself. "He's going to get in that ring and take it out on me. He's going to kill me."

It was 9.57 p.m.

On an ordinary flight, Coastal 214 would be past the half-way mark on its journey to New York.

At this point, traditionally, reliable word would be at hand at LaGuardia as to a probable arrival time. Once in a while people meeting the plane would get to the airport as early as now. Having nothing else to do with their evening, they would kill time by wandering the observation platform, watching other planes take off and land.

By 9.45 the flight counter flanking the waiting-room in one of the two passenger-staging wings downstairs would have accurate word and would chalk up the plane's expected time of arrival.

At 9.57 Louis Reagan, on duty for Coastal behind the baggage counter, ducked out for a moment, and went into the Operations Office.

He was back at 9.59.

Coastal's operations into LaGuardia were limited to the point where the airline shared this particular passenger section with another carrier. Reagan could not tell whether the people waiting around outside the counter were concerned with Coastal 214 or with flights belonging to the other line.

He wanted to be inconspicuous about it, but there was no other way he could handle it.

He stepped swiftly to the whiteboard behind the counter. On the board were listed Coastal's four Miami inbound, and

the same number of outbounds—eight flight movements a day. The two flights of nearest import at this time were 214, due to arrive at 11.45 a.m., and 107, due to depart at 3.30 a.m.

Next to 214, under the heading WILL ARRIVE, where the actual arrival time was to be posted, Reagan hesitated for a moment, then printed one word: Indefinite.

He didn't know what to do about 107, due to leave at 3.30 in the morning. Aeroplanes, Reagan knew, do not grow on trees.

For 107 was the Everyinch, too.

Turning a plane around in New York was a simple job for Coastal Airlines. Every one that came in turned around and went back to Miami, and that was that. If the arrival of one was late, the departure of the same would be put back as

Continuing . . . No Time At All

from page 42

at this stage, anyway. It was part of the general safety picture simply to keep the flow of information and the check-in times of other planes on a normal and routine basis. It was part of the general safety picture to try to disrupt time-tables as little as possible.

So you ran the business of guiding aircraft through the skies on as routine a basis as you could, because of, as well as in spite of, the unscheduled misfortune of one of their number. And hysteria was kept at a minimum—except in the one case tonight of the Everyinch. Marshall Kent, vice-president of Coastal Airlines, may indeed have had a point. Some form of damage, perhaps many more forms than one, could be produced by telling



necessary. Things were considerably more complicated at the Miami end. It was set up so that five planes were assigned to handle the four daily Miami-New York round trips, but those five were not necessarily the same planes each day. A plane that arrived in Miami from New York at noon, with the next New York-bound flight scheduled for four o'clock in the afternoon, earned no money sitting on the ground for four hours. It could be serviced and fuelled and routed to Cincinnati within two hours. Then an incoming flight from Texas about in its turn become the four o'clock flight to New York.

It was an immensely complicated picture, the field of traffic management, illustrated perhaps by the fact that American Airlines, biggest of the domestic carriers, could fly hundreds of regularly scheduled flights each day, as well as frequent special flights and added holiday movements, with only some eighty planes, a certain number of which were always on the ground for periodic inspection and servicing.

Most of all, though, the problem related itself to weather. Of special bearing, within this problem, was the fact that an aircraft had been reported in trouble.

In New York now, as it rained, there was no wind, but within six hours, Weather said, the winds could be expected to freshen.

Not that the 10 p.m. weather in New York made any difference to Coastal 214. But the point was that in reacting to the emergency the talents of the C.A.A., in charge of Air Traffic Control, had to deal at the same time with the fact that the emergency had not only to be met but, also, to be kept from spreading.

It was of little importance in this respect whether Coastal 214 was down in the ocean somewhere or, by some unlikely quirk, still flying. To be sure, a plane in trouble on a heavily travelled airway was a menace to other planes, but the chance of mid-air collision was practically non-existent . . .

too many too early too much. Too much could, in fact, be too little.

One example was the way the news agencies jumped on the fact that the plane following Coastal 214 carried ninety-one persons. Immediate reference was made to the Grand Canyon crash of June 30, 1956, when two eastbound giants, having taken off from Los Angeles only three minutes apart, collided and crashed, bringing death to 128 persons.

They should have stopped to reason that such a thing could not happen here, because there were two salient differences between tonight's flights and those of the Canyon disaster. One difference was that in this case both aircraft were headed for the same direction—New York non-stop—which meant they had carefully been assigned noticeably different flight routes at the outset. Another difference was that neither of tonight's planes was on visual flight plan. Both were flying an instrument-controlled, radar-watched airway.

Air Traffic Control in Jacksonville, too, had, of course, ordered the following plane even higher and wider of the Everyinch's path than the original plan had called for, as soon as the Everyinch first failed to report.

And, most encouraging of all from this particular standpoint, there soon ceased to be any indication that the Everyinch was in the air at all.

None the less, news could travel faster than aircraft, and rumor could travel faster than news.

So there was all of this. And at the check-in counter for Coastal Airlines at LaGuardia, Louis Reagan, having posted the word Indefinite opposite the inbound 214, shrugged and went ahead and wrote Cancelled opposite the outbound 107.

Not long after ten o'clock Emmy Verdon heard again from Willard Trace. What he said confirmed only what had been expected, yet it was the knell that had been hoped against, against hope itself.

Now it tolled.

A message had been received. A.T.C. no longer had Coastal 214 on radar.

There had been a change in Emmy in the past hour. She had become less distant towards Ben Gammon, more willing to talk, and she had talked at length about herself and about the times she and Mike Trace had had together. There was no tracing what had brought about this change in her, marked though it was—it might have been in the main the instinct of one human being to fall back upon another, to warm to the other, in the face of danger. Perhaps it is even true that when the danger is not shared equally by the two, the reliance of the first person upon the second becomes the more pronounced.

Now she hung up the phone, and Gammon said to her, "Willard?"

She nodded.

Ben Gammon said, "Plane down?"

She nodded again.

"What'd he say?"

"They don't see it on radar any more." Emmy's voice was low, but controlled.

"When did they lose him?"

"I don't know." Emmy moved away from the phone, as much as anything in a gesture that told Gammon it was his to use to ring his office.

And there had been a change in Gammon, too. Up till now he had, if he would have admitted it, a sense, in phoning the first bulletins to his news agency, of vicarious participation in an event of great danger and urgency and moment. Now, though, he picked up the receiver tiredly and not a little sorrowfully. He called his office duty-bound.

"Do you think they're alive in the ocean?" Emmy said, when he had finished his call.

"I don't know," he said. "I don't know why not."

Harrison, in Coastal Cargo at LaGuardia, had a call put through to him. It was from a woman. She introduced herself as Mrs. Cameron Fletcher III. She said "the Third," and you could see the "III" hung up as if she finger-painted it in the air, the way she said it.

"My champion is on that plane," Mrs. Fletcher said.

"What plane?" Harrison said. He knew what plane.

"Your flight two hundred and fourteen," Mrs. Fletcher said. "What do you propose to do about it?"

"Who'd you say was on it?" Harrison said.

"My champion," Mrs. Fletcher said.

"Who's your champion?" "Champion Venerable Lady Standright of Locust Farm."

"Ah!" Harrison said.

"Best bitch at Westport two years running," Mrs. Fletcher said. "What do you propose to do about it?"

"Lady," Harrison said, "what is it you're trying to tell me? Believe me, we got problems here all of a sudden."

"My dog," Mrs. Fletcher said. "My dog, young man."

"The insurance on it?"

"Never mind the insurance. A dog's life is at stake."

"I hear they got some human lives at stake, too," Harrison said.

"But not so important as my dog's."

"Really, lady," Harrison said, "you . . ."

"The people are on there because of choice," Mrs. Fletcher said, "with the exception perhaps of the very young children. My dog had no choice in the matter. She is indeed the supreme innocent being on board that plane. I shall expect

her to be saved first, or second at the very latest."

Coast Guard was alerted at Jacksonville, Savannah, Charleston, and Wilmington, North Carolina. The Everyinch was presumed to be down at sea, though in what shape no one knew. The ocean was not friendly tonight—it had picked up a swell in advance of the hurricane.

The Everyinch could be more than 100 miles offshore, and because it would disappear beneath the lip of radar screens before it actually hit the water its north-south location could only be guessed at.

One interesting fact had come out, but it was difficult to translate. Three different radar installations, two of them military, had reported losing the plane from their screens. All three reported, however, that the loss occurred at different times—minutes only, but different enough to cause some thinking about it.

Each was a different-range set, so that it was possible that their effective base altitudes were different enough for the plane to fall off one screen at a time. There were other possibilities, among them the cancelling factor that the independent radar reports might have been in error as to the way they reported the time elements. Indeed, the plane possibly might have gone down into the sea in one long glide path of 100 miles or more.

At any rate, the public was not the only privileged body in the case of Coastal 214. Because the plane was in the sen-

sitive defence area off the Atlantic seaboard, the military, all the way to the air defence centre in Battle Creek, was watching this one.

But at the moment this did not add to the chances of an effective rescue operation. Because of the curve of the mainland, a flight course that would place the plane 150 miles to seaward of Jacksonville could in the same straight line put it no more than twenty-five to thirty miles offshore of Wilmington; the same path, projected further north, would, no more than forty miles north of Wilmington, put the Everyinch over land!

But that was extremely unlikely; indeed, the crash spot could conceivably even be south-east of Jacksonville; now, where air radar had left off, surface detection would have to take over.

The hope was for radio contact with fishing-vessels which had not yet returned to port on the advice of the hurricane warnings. Marine said that five bigger vessels—three freighters, two tankers—were plying the ocean lanes in the pertinent vicinity. All five were equipped with radar. They were an equal hope.

Somebody was going to locate the Everyinch.

It could reasonably be hoped that life-raft and life-preservers were in use. But in the rain and the lowering murk and the swelling tide it was now a question of making the contact in time.

To be concluded

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DOUBLE EXPOSURE

Wallis Simpson steals the Prince

Continued from page 29

deliver? Did she want me to bring anything back for her?

She thanked me and said suddenly, "Oh, Thelma, the little man is going to be so lonely."

"Well, dear," I answered, "you look after him for me while I'm away. See that he does not get into any mischief."

It was later evident that Wallis took my advice all too literally. Whether or not she kept him out of mischief is a question whose answer hinges on the fine points of semantics.

The day I was to sail I went to the Fort for dinner. Now that the time had come for me really to go I had no wish to leave.

The Prince seemed so forlorn; I felt so forlorn. When the dinner was over and my car was at the door, ready to take me to Southampton, we said our farewells.

"I'll be back soon, darling," I said as he kissed me. Then reluctantly I got into the car.

It was good to be back in America, but I missed the Prince very much. Yet we were never actually out of contact with each other.

He telephoned me constantly, and on days when phoning was not practical he sent me long, intimate cables in our private code.

The cables were most affectionate, and I loved them; but as the Prince once wrote me, while on a tour in South America, "Cables are also very nice, my darling, but never the same thing, are they?"

This was a fairly obvious observation, but love is usually expressed by the perfectly obvious. The language of love is a necklace of clichés.

As the Prince's cables were usually quite long, it took me hours to translate them into intelligible English. How I hated this decoding! When you are in love you want to know everything at once!

But the effort was worth while, for in code you can say many more things than in bald English, open for all to read, and this way we did not have to leave unsaid all the little sentimental things so dear to the heart of a woman.

Thelma meets Aly

While I was in New York waiting for the ship back to England, Mrs. Frank Storres gave a small dinner party for me.

Seated at my right was Aly Khan. At that time Aly was a very handsome, very dashing young man with great charm—the kind of charm that makes women feel important.

Aly turned his battery of charm on me. I was flattered, although at the time certainly not interested.

In the course of conversation I mentioned to Aly that I was leaving in a few days for London. I was most surprised when he said to me in all seriousness, "I'm sailing in ten days. Can't you put off your trip for a week? We could sail on the same ship."

"Certainly not," I answered. "I can't. I've promised to get right back—I've been gone long enough."

Aly seemed disappointed. "Well, then," he said, apparently to salvage something from his efforts, "will you dine with me tomorrow night?"

I saw nothing impractical in this. "I think that would be very nice," I answered. "Telephone me in the morning."

The following morning a large box of flowers arrived with a note saying, "Will call you at eleven thirty."

We dined together that night; we talked; we danced.

When I sailed Gloria and some friends came to see me off. When we got to my cabin I was surprised to find that it was massed with red roses. Attached I found a series of somewhat extravagant notes: "See you in London, Aly"; "Love, Aly"; "You left too soon, Aly."

I winked at Gloria, then dismissed the issue from my mind. Aly, I thought, was certainly persistent; he was attractive, but I was not interested.

Together on ship

The following morning I was having breakfast in bed when the telephone rang. "Hello, darling," said a voice I couldn't quite place. "This is Aly. Will you have lunch with me today?"

I took this as a joke. "Where will it be, Aly? Palm Beach or New York?"

"Right here," Aly said, laughing. "I'm on board. I finished my business and flew back just in time to make the ship. Did you like the flowers?"

All this, I admit, was very gay, very flattering. And every woman is susceptible to flattery, particularly when it comes from a man as debonair, as decisive, and as imaginative as Aly. Aly had—and probably still has—a way with women.

I dined with Aly that night—and the remaining nights of the voyage. But as the pleasant days and nights went by I realised that Aly's attentions were getting a little more serious than anything I was prepared for—or anything I wanted—at that time.

When we were approaching England I told him that my car was meeting me at Southampton and that I was driving to London.

He asked me if I could give him a lift. Naturally I said

yes; the trip from Southampton to London is not long, but is more fun if you don't have to make it alone.

The night before we landed I was called to the telephone. The Prince's voice came over the wire. Was I going to London by train or car? If by car, would I stop at the Fort and have dinner?

"No, darling," I said, "I can't stop. I've promised a lift to a friend."

I was in a delicate spot. I had promised Aly this lift, and I was not quite sure that the Prince liked Aly. To mention his name might have created an issue.

I don't know that I avoided the issue by not naming him, but in my confusion over the phone I was not able to find a tactful solution to the problem.

"Oh," said the Prince. "Very well. Then shall we dine at your house?"

The Prince arrived at my house in Regent's Park that night, Thursday, March 22, 1934. He seemed a little distraught, as if something were bothering him.

At dinner the conversation seemed to be somewhat stiff; there was not the easy-going, relaxed talk we always had had. And when coffee was served I noticed that he looked at me oddly.

Prince uneasy

Suddenly he said, "I hear Aly Khan has been very attentive to you."

I thought he was joking. I couldn't understand this abrupt shift in the conversation. What could the Prince know about the flirtation Aly had attempted on the ship? This was really silly, I thought.

"Are you jealous, darling?" I asked. I could well afford to joke; there could have been no possible basis for any real jealousy.

But the Prince did not answer me. We sat silent for

some time, then we made small talk.

What had happened? Was the Prince trying to tell me something—something that he found difficult to say? Or was there something else that was bothering him? I was in no position to know.

It took me exactly twelve days—from March 22 to April 2, 1934—to find out.

Just before he left my house the Prince asked me if I would come down to the Fort the following day, Friday, the twenty-third, for the weekend. "Of course, darling," I said, "I'd love to."

Later, as I was getting ready for bed, my mind went back to the earlier scene. How could the Prince be jealous of Aly? It must be only my imagination.

But the weekend told another story. At the Fort the Prince, although formally cordial, was personally distant. He seemed to want to avoid me. I knew that something was wrong. But what? What had happened in those short weeks while I was away?

When I got back to London I telephoned Wallis. I needed a friend's advice. I told her I would like to see her that afternoon; I was worried; perhaps she could help me.

In retrospect it is quite evident that I chose the wrong friend.

When I arrived at Bryanston Court, where Wallis had a flat, Kane, her maid, answered the door. She showed me to the drawing-room. Wallis said to her, "We don't want to be disturbed for any reason. Please answer the phone."

I told Wallis about the night of my arrival, my talk with the Prince, the odd reference he had made to Aly Khan. What had happened? Did she know? Had she heard anything?

I was certain that if there were any tangible reasons for the Prince's change in attitude Wallis would know about them and tell me.

But the only answer I got to my questions was the saccharine assurance, "Darling, you know the little man loves you very much. The little man was just lost without you."

Empty as these sentences were, they were a kind of emotional bulwark. Here was Wallis, my friend and my confidante, assuring me that everything was what it had been.

After a while I said, "Wallis, the Prince has asked me to come to the Fort next weekend. It's Easter weekend, you know. Would you and Ernest care to come down? It might help."

"Of course," Wallis replied warmly, "we'd love to."

Wallis silent

At that moment Kane came back into the room and told Wallis that she was wanted on the telephone. Wallis was irritated. "I told you," she said, "I did not want to be disturbed."

Kane's face was a study in confusion. "But, madam," she said hesitantly, half in a whisper, "it's His Royal Highness."

Wallis looked at me strangely. "Excuse me," she said, and left the room.

The door was left open. I heard Wallis in the next room saying to the Prince, "Thelma is here," and I half rose from my chair, expecting to be called to the telephone.

There was no summons, however, and when Wallis returned she made no reference to the conversation. This omission would have been surprising at any time; it was all the



THELMA landing at Southampton after her trip to the U.S. She drove to London with Aly Khan and a few days later found she had lost the Prince of Wales to Wallis Simpson.

more surprising at a moment when the Prince was the point of our conversation.

The call became a punctuation mark, yet it was not clear whether the mark was an exclamation point or a period.

There was no further discussion. I left Wallis after arranging to pick her and Ernest up that Friday afternoon to drive with them to the Fort.

The weekend was negatively memorable. I do not remember who was there other than the Simpsons; there were about eight of us in all.

I had a bad cold when we arrived; I was, in fact, miserable. I went to bed early that night hoping that a good rest would make the cold less annoying—and less conspicuous.

Most of Saturday passed without incident. At dinner, however, I noticed that the Prince and Wallis seemed to have little private jokes.

Once he picked up a piece of salad with his fingers; Wallis playfully slapped his hand. I, so overprotective of heaven knows what, caught her eye and shook my head at her.

She knew as well as everybody else that the Prince could be very friendly, but no matter how friendly he never permitted familiarity. His image of himself, shy, genial, and democratic, was always framed by the royal three feathers.

Wallis looked straight at me. And then and there I knew the "reason" was Wallis—Wallis, of all people.

And this was the friend I had asked, jokingly, to look after the Prince for me while I was away—the friend to whom I had gone for advice, and who had assured me the little man missed me very much.

I knew then she had looked after him exceedingly well. That one cold, defiant glance had told me the entire story.

I went to bed early that night without saying good-night to anyone. I wanted to be insulated from the world; I wanted privacy and I wanted to think.

So much had so suddenly cascaded on my head. I was still not prepared to accept as a final truth what I had been witness to; the logic of my brain was contradicted by what

I wanted to believe—the logic of my heart.

A little later the Prince came up to my bedroom. Was there anything he could have sent up for my cold?

The cold by now was a negligible issue. I searched his face for an answer to the central question. Would his expression be as outspoken as Wallis's?

"Darling," I asked bluntly, "is it Wallis?"

The Prince's features froze. "Don't be silly!" he said crisply. Then he walked out of the room, closing the door quietly behind him.

I knew better. I left the Fort the following morning.

Final break

I spoke to the Prince only once more. For two years I had organised gala film premieres for the League of Mercy, of which he was patron. They had netted £11,000 and £16,000.

Before my break with the Prince I had planned an even more ambitious undertaking to raise funds.

After the break, however, the whole plan slipped from my mind; I was too full of my own problems to think about it.

One night while I was in Paris I suddenly remembered with horror that I had not done anything about the League of Mercy. Immediately I put a call through to the Prince in London to ask him if he would get somebody else to take my place.

I explained the situation to him. To my surprise I found that the Prince had abandoned all his customary warmth and courtesy. He was at this moment an official prince, talking officially.

"As far as I am concerned," he informed me, "I have not the slightest interest in who puts this performance on, nor am I in the least concerned with how it is done."

I suddenly saw red. "Sir," I said, "I have put a tremendous lot of work into this project. And I'm now in a very embarrassing position, because I've asked, in your name, sir, for all the co-operation which has been promised."

"I suppose the King can do



KING EDWARD VIII with Mrs. Simpson during a tour of Yugoslavia in 1936, not long before he abdicated the throne.

Thelma's tempestuous summer with Aly Khan

no wrong. I have never hung up on anybody before, but I'm going to do so now. Good-bye!" Then I banged down the receiver.

At that precise moment Aly Khan walked into my room. My hand was still on the telephone. "Come, Aly," I said, "we're going to Spain."

I don't know what made me think of Spain, but I wanted to go somewhere quickly. And I knew Aly—part of his attraction was that he was one of the few men in the world ready to do anything anywhere, any time. He had no ties and he was adventurous.

My gesture at this moment was one of defiance more than anything else and I'm sure Aly knew it.

The following morning, accompanied by his valet and my maid, we motored to Barcelona. Aly drove, sometimes pushing the speedometer on his car above one hundred miles an hour.

Once we narrowly skidded away from death. But I was fascinated both with the speed and with Aly. This was the escape I needed.

I made up my mind that I was not going to indulge myself in that delicious, if somewhat foolish, luxury of self-pity. I was going to live.

And Aly was the ideal person with whom to do all this. He was gay, attentive, impetuous, jealous. There is in Aly, however, a strong Eastern quality that is not realised except by women who have known him well.

His ways of thinking, his desires are, in his mind, unquestionably "right" where women are concerned.

He makes demands that he expects to have unquestionably accepted. I don't mean to imply that he treats women as slaves; I have in mind only what I believe to be an Oriental assumption—that there is an inherent and unalienable superiority of the male.

We spent several exciting, tempestuous days together in Barcelona, then we went on to Seville.

We arrived there during festival week, a time that fitted well with my mood; I, too, was festive—I felt like Carmen just after her moody Don Jose had been replaced by the torreador. Aly made a good Escamillo.

We were inseparable. We flew to Paris, Ireland, Deauville, and we went together to every important race meeting on the Continent.

Abdication shock

It is not easy, in retrospect, to disentangle all the subtle emotional drives which made me turn to—and from—Aly; nor do I think, at this time, that it is necessary. I suppose the crux of the matter is that I was never really in love with him.

At the summer came to a close I returned to America. And little by little Aly and I drifted apart.

Not long after this King George V died and the Prince of Wales became Edward VIII. Eleven months later the world was rocked by the news that the new King had abdicated to marry, as he put it, "the woman I love." I was shocked—as were millions of others.

I had thought, as many did, that because the Prince of Wales was only Prince of Wales, without actual authority, and because King George V had a very strong upper hand over his family his latent qualities were suppressed.

And I assumed that when he

acquired his royal authority he would use it dynamically and progressively—to the best interests of England and the whole world.

Perhaps he really never wanted to be King.

It is my belief that at this time the new King made the celebrity's fatal mistake of believing his own publicity. He had been presented to the world as England's Ambassador-at-Large.

He had been the Prince Charming of the Empire, a man everybody loved. And, as Prince of Wales, he fulfilled successfully the requirements of this image.

But when he became King he believed that he was so popular, so powerful, so firmly supported by the people that he could make them accept him on his own terms.

It seems to me that he should have known that the British Empire could not and would not accept as their King a man who deliberately flouted the most deeply rooted traditions of Church and State.

Gloria now takes over the story of how little Gloria grew up:

When the smoke had cleared from the battleground of the custody case over little Gloria, I went to see Judge Foley and told him I didn't want any of the Vanderbilt money.

Judge Foley suddenly became protective. "Mrs. Vanderbilt," he said, "you will regret this decision for the rest of your life. Nobody is asking you to do this."

"Judge Foley," I answered, "I have not got my Gloria. I do not want her money. I will manage somehow."

Of course I could no longer afford the East Seventy-second Street house, so I rented a small apartment at the Southgate, on East Fifty-second Street. I sold most of my furniture, keeping only enough to make Wann, my devoted maid, and me comfortable.

Then came other problems. The court had decided that Gloria was to live with her aunt, Mrs. Gertrude Whitney, on weekdays and was to be with me every weekend—and the month of July.

But my new apartment, in Judge Foley's eyes, was not adequate. "You can't take Gloria there," he said. "It's not large enough for you and Gloria's governess and Gloria's bodyguards."

He insisted that Gloria should be surrounded with an entourage which would do credit to a Medici in a time of civil war.

"Very well, Your Honor," I replied, "if you will allow my lawyers or Mrs. Whitney's lawyers—or whoever you want—to engage an apartment at the Hotel Sherry Netherlands for our weekend use, I'll take Gloria there."

Although this arrangement cost 21,000 dollars a year, including the July visit, it met with no objection from Judge Foley.

What followed belongs in a musical comedy. Every Saturday morning Wann would pack my travelling-case and we would taxi the seven blocks north and six blocks west to the hotel.

My ten-year-old daughter had her own car and chauffeur; and around noon each Saturday she would be driven in this car, together with her nurse and her private detectives, to meet me.

Every Sunday afternoon, precisely at sundown, this pageant would be staged in reverse.

When Gloria was fourteen, she asked if I couldn't do something to have the court order changed.

As things stood, she was a ward of the State of New York; she could not leave the State without special permission from the court.

If Gloria's friends asked her to stay with them in Connecticut, or her cousins invited her to Newport, we would have to get a court order before she could go.

And she was also bound, whether she liked it or not, whether I liked it or not, and whether Mrs. Whitney liked it or not, to spend weekends with me—those famous horrible weekends—and the month of July.

Gloria wanted the court to allow her to come to me when she really wanted to come, or when I wanted her to come, and not when a visit was required arbitrarily according to the court's timetable.

The order was amended and the court decreed that Gloria should come to me whenever both of us so wished.

The atmosphere between us immediately changed; there was warmth and friendship and understanding between us.

I was a mother Gloria turned to for advice and for help in her little conspiratorial plans. She was beginning her teenage romances and suddenly she discovered that I was most sympathetic.

Gloria's "loves"

When the court order was changed, 21,000 dollars was made available to me to cover both my normal expenses and those which were incurred whenever little Gloria said, "Mummy, I'd like to come and spend the night with you."

Provided with this new freedom of movement, I went, at the beginning of 1940, to California.

I had not been on the West Coast more than a year when little Gloria called me and said, to my amazement, "Mummy, I want to come and live with you for good." Gloria was then sixteen.

I explained that there was not much that I could do. "It's up to you to act," I said. "If you really want to come and live with me you will have to make a court application through Mr. Crocker."

Mr. Crocker was Mrs. Whitney's lawyer and Gloria went to see him. There was no opposition.

Gloria thus finally came to live with me. California became her home.

Meanwhile Gloria had a series of adolescent "loves."

She was first in love with Geoffrey Jones, whose home was in New York. This was the first "love of my life" and she was going to "kill herself" if she didn't marry him.

When she came to live with me in California, Geoff was her "dream boat," and she was going to marry him as soon as he graduated from Princeton.

Gloria had a telephone installed in her bathroom. Lying in luxury in her bubble bath she would call her friends in New York—or Princeton—and talk for hours. In one month alone she had a phone bill of 900 dollars.

Then one night Gloria came into my room and announced that she wanted to get into bed with me.

In my bed in the dark she said, "Mummy, I'm not in love with Geoff any more—I'm in



LITTLE GLORIA cutting her first wedding cake with Pat di Cicco, whom she married when she was 18. At left, two years earlier, with her aunt, Mrs. Gertrude Whitney.



love with Van Heflin and I'm going to marry him."

A month or so later Gloria asked me to meet Howard Hughes; she was in love with him and going to marry him.

I found him a rather old man. He explained that the details of their wedding plans were entirely up to Gloria. Whatever she wanted was agreeable to him.

After Howard left, Gloria told me that Howard intended to visit New York and that she would like to be there at the same time to introduce him to her Aunt Gertrude.

First marriage

So we flew to New York, but a few weeks later Gloria rushed up to me at our apartment and announced that it was important for her to go to Chicago at once.

"Why?" I asked. "Isn't Howard expected here any day now? Have his plans been changed?"

Gloria smiled, as if to imply that nothing in life was as simple and clear cut as it seemed. "Oh, no," she said, "this has nothing to do with Howard Hughes. I want to go to Chicago to see Pat di Cicco."

"The more I think of it, the more I am convinced that I'm in love with Pat."

A day or so later Pat di Cicco arrived in New York, and

from then on I saw practically nothing of Gloria; she was always out. Finally she told me she was going to marry Pat.

And despite Mrs. Whitney's fierce opposition she did so, in Santa Barbara.

Gloria's marriage to Pat lasted little more than three years.

One day when little Gloria and I were both in New York, she called me. "Mummy, darling," she said, "I have to see you at once; something important has happened. Can I come over?"

On arrival her first words to me were, "Mummy, I'm divorcing Pat."

I was stunned. I had always thought that this was such a happy marriage. In nothing she had ever said was there any hint of disagreement between them.

"Oh, darling," I said, "are you quite sure this is what you want to do?"

Her answer was "Yes." I asked her if there was anyone else. "No," she said, "there's no one else."

Two months later she rang me up and said I must accept an invitation to a dinner dance to be given by Mrs. Marcus, the mother of Carol Saroyan, who was the wife of the playwright and one of Gloria's close friends. "I've got a wonderful surprise for you," Gloria said.

The night of the party I was dining with Maurice

Chalom, of the Chalom Art Gallery, so Mrs. Marcus invited him, too.

Gloria met us at the door of Mrs. Marcus' Park Avenue apartment.

"Oh, Mummy darling," she bubbled, "I'm so glad you've come! You look beautiful! Now wait till you see... you're going to die when you see my surprise."

Gloria conducted us to one of Mrs. Marcus' smaller rooms and we sat down. Next to us was Pat di Cicco's niece.

Suddenly Gloria broke off our conversation, jumped up, dashed across the room, and took hold of the arm of a rather elderly gentleman with a mane of white hair.

As she reached me she said, "Mummy, this is it. This is Leopold Stokowski, and I'm going to marry him."

When I heard this, naturally I was jolted. If I hadn't been sitting down I think I should have fallen. If Gloria had wanted to surprise me she had succeeded.

What I heard was unbelievable. I thought that the surprise would be Pat and the news that he and she had made up.

"Maestro" aloof

At any rate, with Pat di Cicco's niece listening to this conversation she explained that as soon as she got her divorce from Pat she was going to marry Stokowski.

The "Maestro" stood by with Olympian disdain, oblivious to this chatter about marriage and divorce.

Finally, when Maurice tactfully led Pat's niece off to the dance floor, Gloria's enthusiasm rushed out like champagne from a bottle just uncorked. "Isn't he wonderful, Mummy? This is the love of my life. I've never really been in love before."

Stokowski sat down. At this moment, as if by prearrangement, Mrs. Marcus joined us, then took Gloria away. Leopold Stokowski and I were left alone.

"Mr. Stokowski," I said, bracing myself to face the inescapable, "this is a surprise."

"Oh, yes," he replied disinterestedly. "I intend to marry Gloria." From his tone you would imagine that nothing

Continued on page 47

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GARDENING

CINERARIA maritima is a noted silvery plant useful for cutting. It makes a splendid garden subject for contrast with darker green low-growing shrubs. The flowers appear profusely in the summer.

SILVER ON SHOW

● Nature has not been particularly generous in producing silvery or grey foliage plants, but there are sufficient to provide attractive contrast in the garden.

THE native flannel flower has silvery foliage and soft flannel-like daisy blooms. This is a popular item in rockeries where plants are allowed to spread undisturbed.

Tweedia coerulea is a dainty, shrubby perennial with silvery leaves and quaint, star-shaped pale blue flowers. These later develop big seedpods filled with silky material and many black seeds. It is an ideal subject for a row behind a border of *crenia*, which has greyish foliage and small white flowers.

Nepeta, or catmint, is another silvery-foliaged plant that makes a splendid low border (about 18in. high). The flowers are small and lavender-blue.

Verbascums are biennials of great size, with huge leaves and flower spikes that grow to 6ft. or more. Their foliage is silvery and fluffy, and the yellow-and-red blooms and stems are usually swathed in a silvery, cotton-like cover.

Most of the *artemesias* have grey or silvery leaves. The variety *argentea* has white flowers, and the "ghost bush" (*A. gnaphalioides*), a giant among them, grows to 4ft. and has both grey foliage and yellow flowers that dry well and last for months.

Cineraria maritima is often called Dusty Miller because of its whitish or silvery appearance. It likes an open, sunny position.

Lavender cotton (*Santolina chamaecyparissus*) is a low-growing shrub of spreading habit that can also be used in shrubberies. The foliage resembles a silver fern.

Others worth growing for cutting or garden decoration include *Thalictrum glaucum* (grey leaves, yellow flowers), *Thymus serpyllum lanuginosus* (a creeping form of thyme that is very fragrant), *Centaurea gymnocarpa* (a



LAVENDER COTTON (*Santolina chamaecyparissus*) is suitable for a rockery among darker green shrubs.

cornflower with silver leaves and pink flowers), *Cerastium tomentosum* (spreading rockery plant with white flowers, grey leaves), *Festuca glauca* (another rockery subject with silver-grey foliage), and any of the *mesembryanthemums*, which have silvery foliage.

An Australian climber that is not often seen, *Muehlenbeckia complexa*, is a member of the ivy family. The leaves are grey and the flowers cream.

For a back position the purple-flowered *Salvia leucantha* has silvery leaves and long spikes of bloom in summer.

These and the others previously mentioned will all provide that silvery look and many can be used to advantage in improving floral decorations.



ARTEMESIA gnaphalioides, or "ghost bush," presents a very striking appearance day or night. It can be picked out in the dark by its shimmering silver foliage. The flowers are bright yellow.

DOUBLE EXPOSURE

Continued from page 45

more serious was involved than ordering a new station wagon. "I'm a little confused by all this, Mr. Stokowski," I said. "Will you bring Gloria to tea tomorrow afternoon?"

Stokowski got up and with bristled coldness said, "Mrs. Vanderbilt, it is quite unnecessary that we meet. I intend to marry your daughter. This is a statement of fact. I assume that you are still old-fashioned in your notions about such matters. I am not asking for her hand in marriage. I intend to marry her. It is not necessary for us to have any kind of meeting."

"As far as I am concerned, Mr. Stokowski," I answered, "the arrangements will be whatever Gloria wants them to be." By then I was livid.

"I'll cry"

I went in search of Maurice. When I found him I was shaking.

"What has happened?" he asked.

"Don't talk to me now," I answered. "I'll cry."

Maurice understoodly guided me to the ballroom and I forced myself to dance until I had calmed down. Finally I saw Gloria. "Darling," I said, taking her hand, "we're leaving now. Call me in the morning."

Early the next morning Gloria phoned. "Isn't it wonderful, Mummy?" she said, bubbling like one of the Rhine maidens in a Stokowski recording. "I'm the happiest woman in the world!"

"I'm happy that you are happy, dear," I said, doing my best to hide my anxiety. "Come and see me this afternoon."

As soon as she arrived she told me that she was leaving for Reno in a few weeks to establish residence, and that as soon as she obtained her divorce she and Leopold would get married some place in Mexico.

"Darling," I said, "do you want me to come with you?"

"Oh, no, Mummy," Gloria said. "If we both go there will be nothing but publicity. The case will be rehearsed all over again. It's going to be bad enough as it is."

Meanwhile Gloria turned twenty-one. Simultaneously she acquired the legal right to administer her own money.

To explain the significance of what follows, it is necessary to outline my financial position at this time.

Gloria had been giving me 750 dollars a month. When she had been living with me I received 21,000 dollars a year. After she married Pat I naturally did not need so much nor did I want it. And it had been agreed very pleasantly that my income should be continued on that diminished basis.

I was sitting in Thelma's apartment in London a few days after Gloria's marriage to Stokowski when I got the following cable: "Looking through my books and accounts, owing to heavy expenses I can no longer continue your monthly allowance, Gloria."

I was frantic. Here I was without a penny in a desperate situation. I wired her back: "Dear Gloria: What you term monthly allowance is my sole means of livelihood. Please reconsider. Love, Mummy."

Gloria replied with a terse letter in which she said there was nothing to reconsider, and that there was no reason why she should support me at all. And that was that.

I returned to New York at once.

Gloria rejected by daughter

As soon as I had unpacked I tried to reach Gloria. I did not know Stokowski's unlisted number. I called up his agents, but they would give me no information.

I called my mother. Even she refused to give me Gloria's number. The door was closed wherever I turned.

My immediate problem was survival. The only thing I owned that had any cash value was my diamond engagement ring. I went to a wholesale diamond merchant whose name, I think, was Brock.

"How much will you offer me for this ring?" I asked. The Brock experts examined the stone and said, "Thirty thousand dollars." I accepted.

With Maurice Chalom as partner, I started a perfume house. Two years passed. Then one morning Gloria called me at home.

As if nothing at all had happened, Gloria purred, "Oh, Mummy darling, Stokie and I are sitting in our little apartment . . . in front of the fireplace . . . and we're having a drink. Wouldn't you like to come down?"



GLORIA VANDERBILT when she was 40.

I was so very happy, after these long years, to see Gloria again. She looked so lovely as she embraced me.

We chatted for a bit, then, sitting down beside me, she said, "Mummy, darling, I think all this money business has been very silly. Can't we work out some arrangement?"

"Of course, darling. I would like to feel that I could have my own apartment and maid. I'm sure that 6000 dollars a year would be adequate. Don't you?"

Gloria said nothing.

I continued: "If you will set up a trust fund that will give me 500 dollars a month for my lifetime, and which will revert to you after my death, we will never again have to discuss money."

Stokowski during this conversation had said nothing. But now, when I had finished what I was saying, Gloria looked at him questioning, as if seeking guidance. The only thing Stokowski did was close his eyes.

Immediately Gloria turned back to me and said, "I don't believe in trusts."

I fixed my eyes on Stokowski. "Mr. Stokowski, you must realise that when I say 'a trust' I mean to revert to Gloria at my death. She is risking nothing."

Stokowski did not bother to answer. He merely looked at Gloria. Gloria then added, without further explanation, "I

just don't believe in trust funds."

This statement was ridiculous. "Listen, Gloria," I said, "if it weren't for a trust fund your grandfather left, neither you nor I would be sitting here talking about trust funds. You would have nothing."

"No, no!" Gloria repeated, again looking at Stokowski. "I just don't believe in them."

"Now, look here, Gloria! You are the one who said you wanted to do something about all this. We seem to be getting nowhere fast. Suppose you talk to your lawyer. I'll talk to mine. Then let both lawyers meet. Let's see what arrangements the two of them can make."

"Sure," Gloria agreed. "Let the lawyers work out the details."

The following morning I called Mr. Kaufman, my lawyer, and asked him to get in touch with the Stokowski lawyer.

About six o'clock that evening Mr. Kaufman called back. He was in such a rage he could hardly get his words out. "Wait a moment," I said, trying my best to calm him. "What's happened?"

"Well," he said, "I've just . . . I've never in my life heard anything like this. Mrs. Stokowski's lawyer came to my office and, sitting opposite me, said blandly, 'These are the instructions I have from Mrs. Stokowski: She is willing to give Mrs. Vanderbilt 6000 dollars a year — paid monthly — provided that Mrs. Vanderbilt will be willing to receive it if, and when, and where Mrs. Stokowski chooses to give it.' In other words, if Mrs. Stokowski chooses to give it to her in China, then Mrs. Vanderbilt will have to move to China."

"This is incredible," I said. Mr. Kaufman told me what his rejoinder had been: "In other words, what you are telling me is that Mrs. Stokowski proposes to hold a sword of Damocles over her mother's head?"

And Gloria's lawyer answered, "Yes. That is exactly what she is doing. Those are my instructions. And if Mrs. Vanderbilt will not accept the money on these terms, Mrs. Stokowski will not give her anything."

"I'll call Gloria up in the morning, Mr. Kaufman," I said, and hung up.

"Goodbye"

When I got her on the phone her voice had lost all the warmth and affection of two nights before.

"Gloria," I said, "I understand that our lawyers did not seem to get on very well."

"No," Gloria said, "they didn't."

"Well," I asked, "what are you going to do about it?"

"My lawyer was right," Gloria answered coldly.

"Do you mean to tell me that you told your lawyer to say to my lawyer that you want to hold a sword of Damocles over my head . . . or else?"

"You're damn right," she said. "That's exactly what I mean."

"I'm terribly sorry, Gloria," I answered. "I think it was a mistake that I went to see you at all. But if this is the way you feel about it, don't even bother to remember that I'm alive. Goodbye."

A few days later Gloria called a Press conference. It seemed to me that our money differences were our private affair, but Gloria considered

them matters of national and international concern.

The papers came out the next day with banner headlines featuring the news: "Gloria says: 'My Mother Can Work or Starve.'"

I did not hear from Gloria again for five years. At this time my lawyer called me and said, "Mrs. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Stokowski, it seems, has instructed her bank to deposit 250 dollars a month in your bank."

"I don't want it," I answered. "I won't accept it. I think this is insulting."

"Mrs. Vanderbilt, please think it over; this may be her way of opening the door to a better understanding. You never can tell what this will lead to; you'd better take it."

"Very well, then," I said, "accept it."

Her lawyers opened an account in my name and each month the 250 dollars were deposited in it. I never thanked Gloria for this "kindness."

All during this time Thelma had been supporting me.

For the past year or so, ever since there were two of little Gloria's children, Mamma would talk to me, each time I saw her, about "my precious little grandchildren" — totally effacing me, the actual grandmother, from the picture.

Grandchildren

She repeated this phrase until I thought I would go out of my mind. I had never seen my grandchildren and Mamma knew it.

One day I reminded her of this fact.

"I'll tell you what, Gloria," she said with the air of someone conferring a special favor, "my precious babies are coming to see their grandmamma tomorrow at three. Why don't you sit downstairs in the lobby — but be sure it's way in the back — and watch them go by?"

"Mamma," I said, "how heartless can you be?"

My mother looked at me as though she had no idea what I was talking about, and as though she had made a perfectly reasonable suggestion for which I was too unreasonable even to be grateful.

In 1955 Mamma became gravely ill soon after Gloria divorced Stokowski.

When Mamma died she left me 80,000 dollars in her will.

Once it was paid to me Gloria sent word through her lawyer that she once again was discontinuing any personal contribution to my support.



THE MORGAN TWINS (Gloria on left) celebrating their 53rd birthday at New York's Stork Club on August 23 this year. Now business partners, they live quietly in New York.

A short time after the funeral Gloria married Sidney Lumet.

I hoped that in her newfound happiness Gloria might find it in her heart to share a little of it with me. But this was not to be.

Even the ceremony itself was kept hidden from me. One night Thelma and I were watching television and I saw Gloria and Sidney Lumet at their wedding reception, and I realised, to my horror, that this spectacle was being flashed from coast to coast.

At this moment I couldn't help but think back to that memorable time when Gloria, then about to marry Stokowski, expressed a desire not to have me go with her to Reno, saying, "Please, Mummy darling, think of the publicity."

★ ★ ★

THELMA brings the story to its conclusion:

Gloria and I are now running a perfume business. We live together quietly in a small apartment in New York. We divide our time between our office and travelling about the country visiting our outlets.

And we are delighted, and sometimes a little sorry, that we seem to have less and less time to ourselves.

This life is a vast change from the rounds of balls we knew as young girls. Our world is no longer that of safaris, holidays on the Riviera,

stalking in the Highlands, the Newport season, racing at Saratoga, and the great balls of London between the wars.

The events in our lives, like all events in all lives, were the outcome of that always unpredictable blend of chance and temperament.

If we had our lives to live over again we should probably proceed exactly as we did in the past, making the same mistakes in different ways.

Many changes

Ours was an age this world will not see again, at least not in the same forms. It was an age of splendor and extravagance, of great projects and great follies.

Between the two World Wars many changes have occurred: the great fortunes have dwindled, the great balls and parties have disappeared from the social scene.

The age of air and space travel and of nuclear fission has replaced the F. Scott Fitzgerald age in which we spent our youth.

We belong to the present as well as the past. We look back with no nostalgia, except for the sense of loss that comes with the passing of those we loved.

Every age has its charm and its moments of beauty. And it is of these that we have tried to write, framing their special quality in the events that shaped our lives.

Beauty in brief:

STAY FRESH IN THE HEAT

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Reach for a good deodorant or anti-perspirant and use as directed to achieve protection from the heat and humidity.

THEN choose a suitable cologne, toilet water, or perfume for extra glamor and your personal grooming will be impeccable.

Remember that you cannot get the true bouquet by sniffing perfume from the bottle. Instead, dab a few drops on your wrist and then inhale it half a minute later.

Once your perfume is chosen it's fairly easy to match it with soap, bath salts,

talc, stick perfume, and perhaps a sachet for lingerie.

If all this sounds rather extravagant, forget about the sachet and slip a cake of soap into the drawer among underclothes or handkerchiefs.

But no fragrance will last indefinitely. That is why a stick of solid perfume that you can carry in your handbag and rub over the wrists occasionally is such a good refresher.



MAKE THIS MOUTH-WATERING ICE-CREAM IN A JIFFY!

Carnation One-Whip

Australia's favourite home made Ice-Cream

RECIPES

'ONE WHIP' VANILLA ICE-CREAM

1 large can Carnation Milk 3 tablespoons castor sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla 1 teaspoon gelatine
1 tablespoon boiling water

Set refrigerator at coldest point before mixing ice-cream. Pour undiluted Carnation Milk, castor sugar and vanilla into ice-cream tray. Thoroughly dissolve gelatine in boiling water and while still hot stir into milk mixture. Place in refrigerator and chill until ice crystals form. Pour into chilled mixing bowl and beat until stiff. Freeze rapidly at low temperature.

For variations:

1. Add 1 cup tinned pineapple, apricots or peaches, well drained and finely chopped.
2. For delicious chocolate ice-cream, add 4 heaped teaspoons of drinking chocolate.

Going camping & picnicking? No worry over milk supplies when you take Carnation along. This pure, fresh milk is so safe, so convenient to use.



Give the family Carnation Ice-cream tonight . . . and they'll love you for it. The recipe is so quick and easy — there's no need to beat while freezing, and best of all, you make lots for a fraction of the cost of bought ice-cream. One can of Carnation Milk makes two trays full. It's the creamiest, most economical ice-cream you've ever made, and how everyone will love its rich, smooth texture and delicious flavour.

The famous Lucke Quads thrive on Carnation. These healthy youngsters enjoy heaps of delicious Carnation Ice-cream. Mrs. Lucke knows it's good for them, too — so nourishing, so easily digested . . . and it's so inexpensive to make.

Carnation MILK

from 'Contented Cows'

FREE RECIPE BOOKLET: Send for the new Carnation Summer Recipe Booklet. For your copy write to Mary Blake, Carnation Home Economist 252 Swanston Street, Melbourne, or ask your local grocer.



KIDDIES IN THE KITCHEN

By LEILA C. HOWARD

Our Food and Cookery Expert

● All children should learn to cook. It's good fun for them and commonsense home training for the future.

SIMPLE cookery takes on new, exciting interest when children are allowed into the kitchen to bake a batch of cookies or make a tray of sweets for their own enjoyment.

On this page are some recipes for simple foods that children like and could easily prepare with a bit of adult supervision.

It is wise to explain to children that cooking is not all fun and flour. Care, thoroughness, and patience also are needed.

Here are some further hints to help budding cooks.

Preparation. Be sure that the hands are spotless. Put on an apron and see that there is a dishcloth, tea-towel, and pot-holders or oven-cloth handy. Leave plenty of work space on the table or bench.

Before Starting. Read the recipe carefully so it is fully understood, and check that all the ingredients are handy. Assemble all the needed equipment. Measure or weigh all ingredients as directed.

Use a proper glass measuring-cup and level off the top of all spoon measurements for all the recipes on this page.

Mother will help to set and light the oven. Place recipe in position for easy reading away from drips and splashes. Have a clock handy for accurate timing.

Clean Up. Rinse and stack all used dishes and utensils, put away unused ingredients. Wash and dry dishes, clean off table or bench. Replace dishes in cupboard and sweep the floor. In short, leave the whole kitchen in apple-pie order.

PEANUT CLUSTERS

Two and a half cups rolled oats, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup self-raising flour, 1 cup brown sugar, 4oz. salted peanuts (chopped), 1 egg, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted butter.

Mix oats, flour, sugar, and peanuts together in large bowl. Add beaten egg, golden syrup, and melted butter and stir all ingredients until well mixed. Grease several shallow scone or biscuit trays and place teaspoonfuls of mixture about 2 inches apart. Bake in a moderate oven about 15 minutes. Remove tray, loosen biscuits with a knife. Leave on tray to cool, store in airtight tins.

NEST EGGS

One and a half cups milk, 1 thick slice of bread and 1 egg for each person, salt, pepper, fat for frying.

Place milk in shallow bowl or dish. Break or cut a hole approx. 2½ inches in diameter in centre of each bread slice and quickly dip remaining piece in and out of milk on both sides. Heat 3 tablespoons fat in frying-pan and place in slice of bread. Cook quickly until golden-brown on one side, and turn over. Break egg into centre where bread was re-

moved and continue cooking until egg has set. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and lift carefully on to serving-plate with egg slice.

ICE-CREAM

One large tin evaporated milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 3 tablespoons icing sugar, 1 teaspoon gelatine dissolved in 1 tablespoon hot water.

Place tin of milk in refrigerator the day before it is to be used, or empty contents of tin into ice-cream trays and place in freez-

PEANUT CLUSTERS, the first cooking attempt of Susan and Ken, are a complete success. They agree that school holidays are just the time for cookery adventures.

ing section of refrigerator for at least 1 hour, then empty into large mixing-bowl. Beat milk rapidly until thick and creamy, add vanilla, vinegar, and icing sugar. Add gelatine and beat thoroughly. Pour into refrigerator trays and freeze.

Variations: Fruit Salad: Add juice of 1 orange, pulp of 2 passionfruit, and 1 mashed banana to ice-cream mixture, freeze, and serve with a spoon of chocolate sauce on top.

Peanut Crunch: Crush 4oz. peanut toffee into small pieces and fold into ice-cream mixture, then freeze.

Choco-mint: Add few drops of peppermint essence to ice-cream mixture, freeze, and serve with a spoon of chocolate sauce on top.

MACARONI FRANKS

One packet 7-minute macaroni, milk, butter or margarine, 4 frankfurts, 1 large tomato, salt, pepper.

Prepare macaroni and add milk and butter as directed on package. Cut washed frankfurts into 1in. lengths and tomato into small pieces. Add to macaroni mixture, taste for extra salt or pepper, and serve hot.

GOLDEN PIKELETS

One cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2 teaspoons sugar, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon melted butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, extra butter for greasing.

Sift flour into basin with salt and sugar. Make a well in centre, break in egg, add butter and almost all the milk. Beat lightly until mixture is smooth and add extra milk if mixture seems too thick to drop easily from a spoon. Spread small quantity of butter over a heated hot-plate, frying-pan, or griddle-iron. Drop mixture from tip of spoon on to hot-plate. When it spreads slightly and bubbles begin to break on surface, turn pikelet over with a broad-bladed flexible knife. Cook until golden-brown on second side and remove to a cake-rack to cool. Add extra butter to hot-plate only when necessary to prevent pikelets sticking.

PARTY TREATS FOR TODDLERS

HERE are ideas for small children at Christmas and on other occasions.

EARLY MORNING

Give a drink of fruit punch instead of the usual orange juice.

Fruit Punch: Mix equal parts of pineapple and orange juice and a little lemon juice sweetened with sugar syrup. Dilute with water or lemonade, add an ice cube, and garnish with cherries.

BREAKFAST

Mock poached egg; toasted sandwich; drink of milk or flavored milkshake; piece of raw ripe apple.

Mock poached egg: Boil 5oz. semolina or ground rice in 1½ pints milk with 2 tablespoons sugar, pinch of salt, and grated lemon rind until very thick.

Turn out on pastry board dusted with castor sugar and press to about ½in. thickness. When cold cut into 3in. rounds. Spread with thick cold

custard and in the middle of each round place a tinned apricot half with the round side facing up.

Toasted sandwich: Use a filling of grated cheese mixed with hard-boiled egg-yolk, season with chopped parsley, mint, or chives; salt to taste.

MID-MORNING

Make another fruit drink, using the juice from the tinned apricots left from breakfast.

Apricot Punch: Add some orange and a little lemon juice to apricot juice and dilute with iced water. Decorate with an ice-cube covered with a cherry or pineapple cube.

MIDDAY DINNER

Chicken Noel, carrots, and green peas; jelly and ice-cream (plain or strawberry), garnished with whipped cream and candied cherries; drink of milk (plain or flavored); piece of raw ripe apple.

Chicken Noel: Dry-roast large potatoes in their jackets (one for each child). Cut off tops, scoop

out potato, and mash with a little butter and salt.

Add minced, creamed chicken, and return mixture to the baked-potato skin to serve. Arrange other vegetables around potato shape.

MID-AFTERNOON

Fruit drink or piece of fruit.

TEA

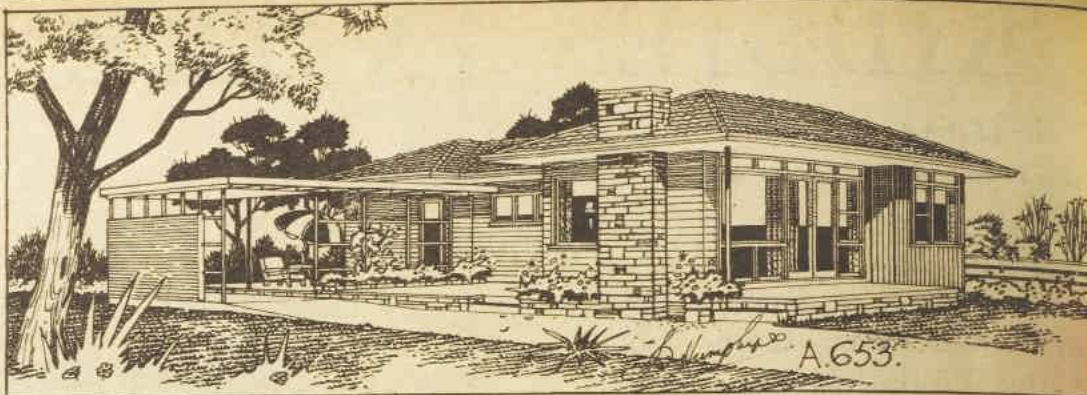
Rolled sandwiches or thinly sliced bread and butter with hundreds and thousands; mock strawberries and cream; chocolate milkshake; piece of raw apple.

Rolled Sandwiches: Slice bread very thinly and spread with a thin, creamy filling such as creamed cheese, chicken paste, peanut butter. Roll each slice, fasten with a toothpick; keep in a cool place. Remove toothpicks before serving.

Mock Strawberries: Mash some bananas and strawberry jam together, cover with whipped cream, and decorate with cherry halves.

By Sister Mary Jacob,
our Mothercraft Nurse

U-shaped home for town or rural site



Versatile design has space for future bedroom

● Our standard plan No. A653, illustrated above, is an interesting U-shaped house, well suited to a wide-fronted block in the country or outer suburbs.

IN towns where land is more restricted the house could be built down the site, with the attractive living-room terrace facing the street.

On wider blocks the best arrangement would be to have the wide patio between the two wings as the front of the house. In this position the house would look really spacious.

The design is one of our "signature" plans, and is by architect F. T. Humphrys. It is specially suitable for a young couple who will eventually need a three-bedroom home but prefer to add the third bedroom later.

The area that will become the third bedroom is used meanwhile as extra space for outdoor living. An extension

of the carport roof shades it from the sun, and a timber frame supporting climbing plants screens it.

In country districts verandahs could be built over the

organised, with an entrance hall and gallery separating the bedrooms from living rooms.

Approximate costs of building this house would be:

In Victoria: Brick, £3965; brick veneer, £3495; timber, £2795; asbestos, £2685.

In South Australia: Brick, £3185; timber, £2845; asbestos, £2745.

In New South Wales: Brick, £4455; timber, £3245; fibro, £3035.

In Queensland: Brick, £4410; timber, £2945; fibro, £2835.

In Tasmania: Brick, £4215; timber, £2945.

In Canberra: Brick, £4545; timber, £3335; asbestos, £3125.

This plan can be bought for £7/7/- per full set at any of our Home Planning Centres, which have been established

STONE CHIMNEY is a feature of the front wall and contrasts effectively with the other materials used in the house. The stone is repeated in the edge of the terraces.

in conjunction with leading stores. The Centres offer a comprehensive service to the intending homebuilder.

Standard plans are available in hundreds of designs suitable for all blocks of land. Each set of plans contains five copies of plan and three of specifications. Fee, £7/7/- per full set.

A new standard plan is published in The Australian Women's Weekly each week.

Plans are specially prepared to any reader's individual requirements or design, or can be modified from any of our standard plans. Fee, £1/1/- per square.

Plans can be ordered by mail, enclosing fee. Addresses of the Centres are:

MELBOURNE AND GEELONG: The Myer Emporium.

BRISBANE: McWhirter's.

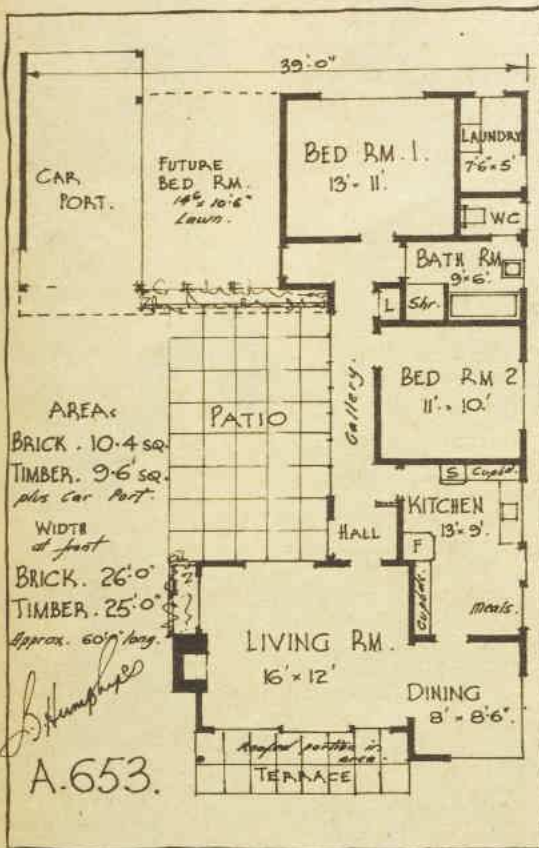
TOOWOOMBA: Pigott's.

ADELAIDE: John Martin's.

HOBART: FitzGerald's.

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern's. Also at the Master Builders' Bureau at Miranda.

CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern's.



GROUND PLAN shows the layout of the rooms and their sizes. The house is approximately 60ft. long by 26ft. wide with an overall area of 10.4 squares in brick and a little less if built in timber, asbestos, or fibro.



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CREAM



SPRAY



SWIVEL
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Novel packages for Christmas favors

THESE amusing and colorful Christmas novelties, made by Mrs. Ray (Lallah) Ellerton, of Hampton, Victoria, are for gift packages and festive table decorations.

With patience and a little ingenuity, almost anyone should be able to copy some of these ideas and perhaps devise others.

Here are directions for making the cute yellow-haired clown doll on a box, pictured at left. Step-by-step instructions are given in the panel alongside.

This delightful novelty has two compartments for sweets or favors and is quite easy to make.

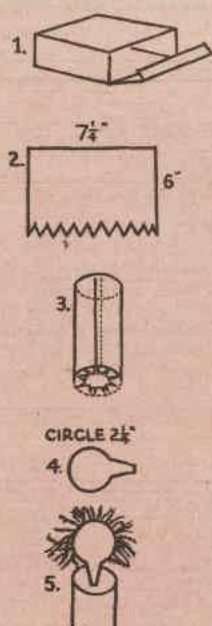
A cosmetic-box, opening at the side and measuring 4in. by 4in. by 2in., is used here, but the box may be of any size. This one is covered with white paper painted with red ink.

The face is a cylinder, made from a flat 7½in. by 6in. piece of cardboard, with eyes and mouth cut from shiny colored paper and a little jingle bell for a nose. The nose, eyes, and mouth are put on before the cardboard is rolled.

The base of the cardboard is serrated, turned inwards, and glued to the box.

Yellow wool is used for hair (any color will do). It is sewn on to a round piece of cardboard which forms a lid for the cylinder. A small tag is left on one edge of the circle and is stapled or glued inside the cylinder to act as a hinge.

Fit a ruffle of red net or other material around the clown's neck to complete this amusing novelty.



1. Cover a box with paper. This one measures 4in. by 4in. by 2in.
2. Cut out a piece of cardboard 7½in. by 6in. and cut a serrated edge along the base. Glue on paper eyes and mouth, attach bell for the nose.
3. Roll the cardboard into a cylinder and glue securely along the side.
4. Cut out a cardboard circle 2½in. in diameter with a tag on one side.
5. Sew or paste 4in. threads of wool on to circle for hair. Insert tag inside cylinder, and fix.



SANTA CLAUS. A four-sided box with two pieces of black cardboard glued on for feet is his base. Placed over this is a cone-shaped piece of cardboard with two arms cut out of cardboard. One hand holds a name-tag, the other a miniature bon-bon. The face and beard are cut from a separate piece of cardboard and fitted into a slot in the cone. The cone lifts easily to enable favors to be packed in the box.

CHRISTMAS TREE is an ideal way to package a bottle of perfume or wine as well as an attractive table decoration. Cut two basic tree shapes from cardboard and attach some extra flounces of cardboard to give a glamorous effect. Scatter with colored sequins. Another pretty idea is to have one big tree for the central decoration on a festive table or other setting and miniature trees for each guest.



CLOWN ON A RUFFLE is a simple, effective novelty to make. All that is needed is a cylinder of cardboard of any size. The clown's features can be either painted or cut out of shiny colored paper and pasted on. The ruffle base is crepe paper and the cap is felt. The cap lifts off the cylinder to reveal sweets or a small gift trinket. You can let your imagination run when selecting colors for this fellow.



CARDBOARD CONE of sapphire-blue sprinkled with glitter beads is a pretty cover for a bottle. Sequins or festoons of bugle beads could also be used as trimming. To make the cone cut an equilateral triangle with a shallow curve across the top and the base, and glue down the side. Be sure to leave enough cardboard for a tall peak.



RED-AND-WHITE striped clown with the jaunty ruffle is made with a cardboard cylinder covered with gingham. Any gay material could be used for the covering. The cylinder can be filled with sweets, then topped with the ruffle. Glue a scrap of matching material to the head for a cap. Permanent Christmas props such as this lanky clown make the setting of a colorful scene quick and easy. Take this opportunity to add personal touches.



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SEE THE ARGUS 75 AT YOUR CHEMIST OR PHOTO DEALER NOW!

Tasty lamb's fry and rice dish wins £5 main prize

• A recipe for lamb's fry, prepared with a medley of vegetables and served with fluffy boiled rice, wins the main prize of £5 in this week's recipe contest.

A CONSOLATION prize of £1 is awarded for a moulded salad ring with a fruity flavor.

All spoon measurements are level.

ORIENTAL LAMB'S FRY

One lamb's fry, ½ lb. mushrooms, 1 large onion, 3 silver beet leaves, ½ lb. green beans, 2 stalks celery, 2 tomatoes, 2 tablespoons vegetable oil.

Sauce: One dessertspoon

soya sauce, 1 tablespoon sherry, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1½ teaspoons cornflour blended with 3 tablespoons water.

Soak lamb's fry in cold salted water ½ hour. Drain and pat dry. Cut into ½ in. strips 2 in. long. Cut mushrooms, onion, and silver beet into slices; string beans and celery, cut each into 2 in. lengths, cut tomatoes into wedges. Heat oil in large pan, add sliced lamb's fry, and saute



3 minutes. Then add prepared vegetables and continue cooking until meat changes color. Combine all sauce ingredients, pour over contents in pan, and stir until sauce thickens. Cook 10 to 15 minutes longer, stirring frequently to prevent burning. Serve with boiled rice.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. J. Curlewis, 285 Beaconsfield Pde., Middle Park, Vic.

FRUITED CHEESE RING

One and a half ounces gelatine, cold water, 1 tin apricot halves, 1 large tin pineapple pieces, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 dessertspoons lemon juice, 4oz. cream cheese, ½ cup mayonnaise, ½ cup chopped nuts, ½ cup chopped celery, lettuce, parsley, celery curls and gherkins to garnish.

Soften 1oz. of gelatine in ½ cup water. Stir over hot water until gelatine is dissolved. Add gelatine to

ORIENTAL LAMB'S FRY, served with a piquant sauce, is a substantial and nutritious meal for lunch or dinner. See recipe this page.

strained juice from apricots, ¼ cup juice from pineapple, salt, lemon juice, and 1 cup pineapple pieces (chopped finely). Set aside until beginning to thicken; pour half into wetted ring-mould. Chill until set. Meanwhile, blend cheese with mayonnaise, fold in nuts, celery, balance of gelatine dissolved in 1 tablespoon boiled water, and second half of apricot mixture. Fill into mould. Chill again until quite firm. Unmould on to serving platter, garnish with apricot halves, pineapple pieces, gherkin, lettuce, celery, and parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss B. Campbell, Box 5, P.O., El Arish, North Qld.

FAMILY DISH

HOGGET shoulder chops make this week's appetising family dish, which costs approximately 7/- and serves four.

CREAMED CHOPS AND TOMATOES

Two tomatoes, ½ onion, 4 hogget shoulder chops, 1 clove garlic, 2 dessertspoons butter or substitute, 2 dessertspoons prepared horseradish, 1½ cups medium-thickness white sauce, salt, cayenne pepper, ½ cup grated tasty cheese, 2 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs, extra 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute.

Saute chopped tomatoes and onion in 1 dessertspoon of butter or substitute 3 or 4 minutes. Season, then place in base of large casserole. Rub chops on both sides with cut clove of garlic, brown lightly on both sides in balance of butter or substitute in pan. Place chops over tomatoes in dish. Mix horseradish with sauce, season with salt and pinch cayenne, pour over chops. Sprinkle with cheese and breadcrumbs, dot with extra shortening, cover, and bake in moderate oven ¾ hour. Remove cover and cook further 20 minutes until chops are tender and top golden-brown.

NOW! RECIPES IN EVERY PACK OF Peek Frean's Golden Puffs

TRY THESE TEMPTING TIME-SAVING RECIPES

JULIE KERR, Peek Frean's Home Adviser, says...

"Lots of my friends have put away their rolling pins forever! Why not you? A packet of Golden Puffs does everything that

homemade pastry can do—and more! On this page are some of my selected recipes—and you'll find others in every packet of Golden Puffs. Do try them.

You'll love using Golden Puffs for all the time and work they save you... and because they make your cooking so much more interesting and versatile. Buy a packet of Peek Frean's Golden Puffs today!"



TANGY EGG PUFFS

Mix together 4 mashed hard-boiled eggs, 3 crisp cooked bacon slices, well crumbled, 1 teaspoon mustard, ½ teaspoon minced onion, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce, 1 cup salad dressing, pepper and salt to taste. Combine all ingredients and spread on Golden Puffs.



XMAS MINCE PIES

Warm prepared fruit mince and place between split Golden Puffs. Serve with hot brandy sauce or custard. N.B. Golden Puffs save work on your busy Christmas schedule... give you a host of ideas for quick holiday desserts!



VANILLA SLICES

Prepare thick custard, adding 1 teaspoon dissolved gelatine. Set in dish to thickness of 1". Cut in circles to fit Golden Puffs. Place slices between split Puffs, ice tops and sprinkle with coconut. Keep in refrigerator until serving.



HAMBURGER PUFFS

Mix 1 lb. hamburger steak with 1 egg yolk, 1 finely chopped onion and seasoning. Shape into hamburgers (same size as Golden Puffs) and dry-fry. Serve between split Golden Puffs with sauce, tomato, etc., if desired. Grand for barbecues or picnics!

Continuing . . . A Partridge in a Pear Tree

from page 21

Luella's amiability reached the outer fringes of saintliness. The Christmas tree, six feet tall and unbelievably handsome, waited aromatically on the back porch. Tiny had a final fitting on his costume. Candy went to the school play and wept, helplessly if inconspicuously, at the sight of Sarah, in an unreliable gold halo, leaning over the cradle of the Little Jesus. It was December 22.

Bill opened the silver cigarette-box and found within nothing but a folded sheet of paper. He opened it and read aloud in a wondering tone: "Order ty. Witherspoons? Carnations? Get police. Darn cat." What on earth is this—a code?

Candy looked up anxiously. "It's a list—don't throw it away! It's terribly important." "A list," Bill said, awed. "Funniest way to spell 'tie'." Candy giggled. "It's 'turkey,' darling. Naturally. And if you're going to plod methodically through the whole thing—which I can see you are—well, the Witherspoons sent us a card and we didn't send them one: do we? And—let's see—oh, of course: 'Get police' means find a policeman for Sarah. She longs for one."

"Of course. Naturally. Who doesn't?" said Bill wildly. "What darn cat?" "Do use your head, darling. Mend the hearthrug, of course—the wool one with the cat on it."

Bill gave her a look; then he said doggedly: "You didn't explain 'Carnations.'"

"Oh, that means just what it says," Candy reassured him earnestly. "You know: Carnations? I just wondered. What do you think?"

Bill sat down. "You're doing too much," he said loudly. She sighed. She would have to tell him. Now, "Bill," she began, "about Christmas Eve . . . You see," she ended eagerly, "I know Georgie will end the evening by loving Tiny. She won't be able to help it. And if Georgie loves Tiny, then Gus will love Tiny, and if Gus loves Tiny the bank will . . ."

Bill's face was alarming. "There is only one way to make Georgie Paraday love Tiny Timakolovski. If he saved her from drowning, she might possibly approve of him. Nothing else will do it. Nothing," Bill repeated forcibly. "Candy, this time you've made a bad mistake."

Candy said with determined brightness, "Well, it's too late now."

"That's exactly what I'm afraid of," Bill said ominously. "Why on earth didn't you ask me first?"

All at once the past weeks seemed to rise up and crash down upon her head; the magnified blare of Christmas carols; the overpowering scent of cotton candy, sweet and sickly; the blink-blink-blink of red and green and blue and yellow lights; the hard shoulders of strangers thrusting her aside . . . Every sense had been assailed, and she had thought that it was fun, just because it was Christmas.

Fun! It had been cheap and noisy and exhausting and—and commercial. Shakily she mopped the two straight paths down her cheeks, where the two hot tears had run.

Bill said uncomfortably, "Now, don't fuss, sweet! Another time, just ask me first."

She turned upon him. "Why should I ask you first—why? You'd think I was an idiot!"

"Well, sometimes," Bill said stiffly, "you don't act very . . . sensible."

"That is one of the most cruel—the most unfair—All I've done is invite three friends to help trim the Christmas tree—and you scold and carry on as though—as—"

"There, there, sweet," Bill patted her back in a madly infuriating fashion. "You've just been doing too much."

Candy tore herself free. "I have not been doing too much!" David's head appeared in the doorway. "Whatsa matter? You mad, mom?"

Candy took a deep, painful, and steady breath. "Certainly not. Daddy and I are just having a . . . chat."

"Gee," said David, respectfully withdrawing, "some chat."

But on December twenty-third anger was impossible. Bill said she had made a mistake and Bill was right with disheartening frequency. But not, Candy told herself obstinately, not this time. This time he was wrong, and it was up to her to prove it. Somehow Georgie Paraday must be made to like and admire and trust Tiny Timakolovski by midnight of Christmas Eve. Somehow.

On December twenty-third Tiny's costume was finished and he took it home with him, waltzing slightly. On December twenty-third the last package was wrapped (except for the carpet sweeper), the last marketing done, the carnations arranged, the tall tree set up in its iron stand in the living-room.

Then it was the morning of Christmas Eve. And David's waking word was "Ari-shoo!"

"I knew it!" Candy was ruefully triumphant. "Square germs! Now he can't go to the parade this afternoon—and I don't like to leave him all alone in the house. Oh, dear!"

She had promised Luella the afternoon off. Bill said it would be completely impossible for him to get home early; to deprive Sarah of the parade was unthinkable. Candy was wrestling with this three-headed problem when Georgie Paraday stopped in.

"But I'll stay with him, of course!" Georgie offered. "I'll be here at three. You and Sarah can start early to get a good place."

At three, David had stopped sneezing and was sitting up in bed buried under a mountain of ancient comics. Candy settled Georgie by the living-room fire, bundled Sarah into her coat, and drove off. They found a perfect place at the very edge of the park; and while Sarah built a nest in the back seat to provide for her doll, a raddled tubercular type named Habbycluck, Candy opened a new magazine she had not yet had time to read.

They heard it coming, blocks away. First the deep, earth-shaking rhythm of the big drums in the Marine Band; then the higher notes of the brass instruments. And at last, far up Princes Street, they could see the tiny cavorting of clowns zigzagging from kerb

to kerb, caught the first glimpse of one of the floats, and then, at last, something that gleamed red and gold in the late-afternoon sunlight.

"There he is, there he is!" shrieked Sarah.

And there he was, a broad-shouldered, red-coated, unmistakably genuine Santa Claus, riding high on the hook and ladder, his great white beard blowing, his gigantic laughter visible if not audible as he waved and shouted delightedly at the hundreds of children who lined the kerb.

The children shouted and waved back, and leaped up and down like mad pistons, so that laughter ran down Princes Street like a great warm wave enveloping everything in its path. Absurdly, Candy felt her throat close . . . The red-and-gold truck drew nearer, reached the corner, was only yards away—

And then it happened. Above the excited screams of the children, above the heavy pulse of the drums, even over the raucous salutes of automobile horns—the sound rose—and fell—and rose again; the eerie wail of the fire siren in the

The population of Queenstown had gone to the Christmas parade. And yet, as Candy rounded the corner into Indigo Gate, she saw that the quiet little strip of street was swarming with people, running and shouting through a thick smoke that stung the eyes and choked the throat . . . and poured from No. 5, the pink house—her house. (Of course, she thought with a queer sort of satisfaction, I knew it from the first moment.) Drawn up at the kerb was the hook and ladder, and just ahead of it the pumper. There was no Santa Claus anywhere.

Then she was running across the lawn, and each step said David! Under the kitchen window a little knot of men surrounded a ladder. She called in a clear, perfectly steady voice: "There's a little boy in there—mine. Have you—"

A hoarse voice answered her, "The kid's out, lady. He's O.K. It's her we can't get."

The smoke seemed to reel in great circles of wild, widening relief; then the earth steadied and she was still standing on the grass. Somewhere, inside the house, a steady pounding was going on. She pressed her hands over her smarting eyes and looked upward.

Directly above the kitchen was David's bedroom window, and in it glimmered a blurred, white face. For a moment time and Candy's heart stood still together. Then the smoke cleared momentarily; it was Georgie Paraday.

Instantly the hoarse voice at Candy's elbow shouted, "Lady! Unlock that door—or else climb outa that window—hear me? We gotta ladder here—we'll get ya!"

Georgie Paraday glared down at them; even through drifts of smoke, it was clear that she was in no mood to be trifled with.

"Candy!" she called. "David's all right! Sent him to my house . . . Tell those imbeciles—her face disappeared and her voice came faintly from within—"furnace. It's in the furnace!"

"We know that," the hoarse voice barked irascibly. Candy's arm was grasped in a hard hand. "Will she listen to you? She's locked herself in. Yell at her, lady—tell her she's gotta git outa that window. That room ain't safe!"

Candy shrieked: "Georgie! Georgie Paraday—climb out! Hurry up, Georgie!"

Again Georgie's voice floated down out of the blackness: "David's Christmas present . . . hidden . . . I promised him—promised—She broke off in a desperate coughing.

"Go on up, Joe!" the hoarse voice ordered harshly. "We'll have to take her out."

Shouts interrupted him, and another surge of smoke from the back of the house. Candy said aloud, "Oh, Bill, where are you?"

Then, inside the house, there was a sudden thunderous crash, and a voice soared over every other voice, flattened every other noise, like the brass notes of a trumpet:

"Madam! Madam Georgie, I come! Do not give up your ghost! Look at me—look-smiths are laughing. Ha!"

Another, smaller crash, and within the room a pale swirl of figures. The roar rose again: "Madam, please to keep your head on—I am coming to grips with your legs, yes? Now we go!"

Candy found herself running beside other running feet.

"Ed—hey, Ed! He's got her!"

"Joe! Where's Joe?"

"He's out—"

"Where's the big guy?"

"Here he comes—take it easy—"

"Nice work, mister—"

Down the front steps plunged an enormous, red-suited figure. Over one shoulder hung a long black-and-white beard, interestingly spotted. Over the other was slung, in an unceremonious fireman's lift, the well-rounded form of Georgie Paraday . . . Georgie, lowered to the lawn, leaned against her rescuer. With one dirty hand she pushed the hair out of her eyes; with the other she clutched to her bosom an untidy, soot-blackened, tissue-paper-wrapped package.

As her bloodshot eyes fell upon Candy she lifted the package with a weak but triumphant grin.

"Got it!" she said, and coughed. "He wouldn't go till I promised—kept the doors shut . . . smoke . . . Tell those imbeciles—"

As her knees sagged Tiny caught her.

It had been a wonderful Christmas.

Candy lay on the sofa. Her back ached, her feet ached, and her eyes appeared to be lined with sandpaper. The floor was ankle deep in paper and bits of bright ribbon.

But the late afternoon threw its own shimmering light on the tall tree in the corner, and struck sparks from all the silvery fruit. Overhead, a series of thumping sounds indicated that the men of the house were at work on David's railway. And a small piping voice sang: "The first day of Christmas, My true love gave to me A partridge in a pear tree."

Candy stretched out one hand and stroked the little cape around her shoulders; squirrels were just as soft as minks, and a beautiful color.

On the coffee table stood a tall green bottle labelled "Mummy, with love from David." When opened, an arresting odor poured from it which Bill had likened (with approval) to a mild anaesthesia. On its underside, a smaller label said "69c." Its name, as David pointed out frequently, was Hoodoo.

But, for Candy, the high point of the day had been the sight of Georgie Paraday and Tiny Timakolovski in the Paradays' dining-room, brandishing knives at each other and wrangling with deafening enthusiasm over the best way to carve a turkey.

She sighed . . . the furnace had not blown up, David had not developed pneumonia. Due to Georgie's ironboud determination and the fact that she had locked herself in, smoke had damaged only the kitchen and David's room. And the little gilt angel on top of the tree was spreading a ring of dazzling light—

The curtains were drawn, the lamps were lit, a tray stood on the coffee table and Bill was smiling. "He bent and kissed her. 'You gave us a wonderful Christmas.'"

Candy looked up at him. For a single moment of time everything was as shiniingly clear as the crystal icicles on the tree. Everyone gave to Christmas something that was his own, something that nobody else could give. Shopkeepers—those commercial creatures—gave patience and courtesy and long hours. Children gave their own glitter of anticipation. Husbands gave hard work and squirrel capes.

And women . . . well, women gave the only thing they have to give: themselves—perhaps, sometimes, too much of themselves; but they couldn't seem to help it.

A scream rent the air. "Mummy, mummy! I've lost my peepet squarper!"

Bill said comfortably, "Let 'em rip, darling. But I'll tell you this: Next year, you're not going to overdo."

Candy snuggled under her squirrel cape and grinned to herself happily, secretly.

(Copyright)

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



cept for the carpet sweeper), the last marketing done, the carnations arranged, the tall tree set up in its iron stand in the living-room.

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centre of town. Candy clutched Sarah.

Magically, a policeman appeared, his whistle piercing a needle hole in the surrounding din. The parade had halted; the hook and ladder was backing, the faces of its crew remote and concentrated.

As it roared forward again and swung round the corner, Tiny leaned over the side; he was shouting—shouting, Candy realised suddenly, at her. "Indigo Gate!" roared Tiny, his white-gloved hands cupping his mouth—and the fire truck was gone, trailing the hysterical clangor of its warning bell.

For seconds Candy sat absolutely still. Then, without conscious thought, she found herself acting. It was as though she had in those few seconds divided into two women. One of them carried Sarah to a familiar car parked across the street and said breathlessly, "Mrs. Lewis, would you mind taking Sarah for me? It's in my street. Thank you so much. I'll see you later, darling. Have a good time."

Her hands trembled and her knees shook; but there was another woman, a Candy Stewart who stood a little apart, who looked and listened, and took command quite coldly. This other woman gave sharp orders: Speak to the policeman—"My little boy is in the house in Indigo Gate"—Now do as he says, quickly, and stop that shaking!

She angled the car out of line, turned at the policeman's signal, pressed the accelerator to the floor . . . The other woman said, "Don't think, just drive. Park here. Now run!"

One of the major mysteries of life is the birth of a crowd.

Youthful Mardi Gras romance

★ A lighthearted film with a holiday accent, "Mardi Gras" is a youthful mixture of romance, song, and comedy, with New Orleans' famous carnival week supplying a colorful background.

It is concerned with the romantic misadventures of a quartet of military cadets who go with their band to take part in the festivities and get caught up in the high-pressure publicity campaign of a visiting film star.

Jerry Wald produced and Edmund Goulding directed the De Luxe color CinemaScope film for 20th Century-Fox.

Films WITH AINSLEE BAKER



MILITARY CADETS (from left) Richard Sargent, Tommy Sands, and Gary Crosby try to persuade classmate Pat Boone to forget work and come with them to the New Orleans Mardi Gras Carnival.



PORTRAYING a visiting French film star known as "Everybody's Sweetheart," real-life French actress Christine Carere is glad of the protection of cadet Pat Boone at the carnival.



GARY CROSBY, now 25, and the eldest of Bing's four sons, has a long-term contract, and wants to make the films his career.



WHILE being fitted for her carnival costume Christine listens to Fred Clark read some of the local publicity stories about her.

TELEVISION PARADE

• Do you think there are too many horse operas on your TV screen? Do you think their popularity can't last much longer? And hope it doesn't?

IF them's your sentiments, pardner, you look like being out of luck for some time to come.

In America—TV's pace-setter—the year began with critics and programmers themselves predicting a collapse in the popularity of "shoot-em-ups." But they couldn't have been more wrong.

One day recently they got the shock of their lives, for the ratings showed that Westerns are doing better than ever, and constitute one of every three programmes in the top 40.

Perhaps even more telling figures are that six of the top ten shows are Westerns, and nine of the top 15 are Westerns.

And if that doesn't mean there'll be an increase rather than a decline in Westerns, then I've never seen a gun drawn on TV.

Heading these latest ratings is "Gunsmoke" (Channel 9, Sundays, 9 p.m.), while previous favorites, "Wyatt Earp" (Channel 7, Wednesdays, 8 p.m.) and the new series of "Cheyenne" (Channel 9, alternate Saturdays, 7.30 p.m.)—now starring Ty Hardin instead of the popular Clint Walker, who's still on Australian screens—barely scraped into the top ten.

Shows which fell sharply from their old top ratings were "Father Knows Best" (Channel 9, Tuesdays, 8 p.m.), "The Perry Como Show" (Channel 7, Thursdays, 7.30 p.m.), and "Alfred Hitchcock Presents" (Channel 7, Fridays, 9 p.m.).

And just to give you the facts, ma'am, the facts, Jack Webb, producer-star of "Dragnet," has announced that he

By
CYNTHIA STRACHAN

plans to shoot his way into the Western field just as soon as a little of the opposition have shot themselves out of the way.

But he won't suddenly switch from being a cop, Joe Friday, to a horse-riding sharpshooter. He'll produce the Western, but won't star.

★ ★ ★
OBVIOUSLY it was, someone whose eyeballs were far from square!

A man wandering through the maze of smart new TV sets in a city store showroom was heard saying, almost bitterly: "Humph. Now they're making sets almost as slim as the shows they put on them."

ONE evening along about 8 p.m. I am placed in an easy-seat before the television-box, which is a thing I am very fond of, when in come some Broadway parties by such ever-lovin' names as Nicely-Nicely, Brandy Bottle Bates, Harry the Horse, Society Max, and Last Card Louie.

Now these parties are not such parties as I will normally care to have much truck with.

As Damon Runyon would have said, they are always doing something that is considered a knock to the community, such as robbing people, or maybe shooting or stabbing them, and throwing pineapples, and carrying on generally.

But when they are taking it into their toppers to appear in such a high-class spot as the television-box, and there they are, and there I am, so, of course, I give them a very large welcoming hello, as never before do I find myself seeing any TV parties so hilarious.

In simple English, I think the Damon Runyon Theatre, a series of half-hour plays based on short stories by the great American writer and humorist (Channel 2, Mondays, 8 p.m.), is one of the smoothest and most amusing productions I've seen on TV.

Runyon and his colorful language really come to life in this series, in which top Hollywood actors and actresses re-create the many riotous Broadway characters made famous in his short stories.

The series is unusual, because there are no "guys and dolls" starring regularly, but many "big wheels," such as Dorothy Lamour, Broderick Crawford, Jack Carson, and Vivian Blaine, appear from time to time.

In a nutshell, the most I can say about this show is that when the time-slots turn up this Runyon card each week, I find, as far as I am personally concerned, I am wishing I am set in front of a television-box. And from this way that I find I am now talking, I think it must be that this happens often.

★ ★ ★
I'D never been able to figure where Channel 7 could collect a viewing audience for its 7 a.m. breakfast show till a neighbor began singing its praises recently.

At that hour most normal people—whether factory workers, businessmen, office-girls, or schoolchildren—are already out of the house or in such a flap to catch the bus they've scarcely time to eat their toast, let alone watch TV. And most housewives and mothers are busy keeping them on the move.

Just who, I wondered, would be twiddling TV dials.

And then this neighbor told me she loved the session.

"You see," she said, "my three-year-old wakes with the birds. He was always a problem while I was getting the rest of the family out of the house, but the breakfast session's as good as a nurse."



TYPICAL Broadway characters in the Damon Runyon Theatre (Channel 2, Mondays, 8 p.m.). Broderick Crawford tells Robert Knapp to clear out of town, while Marilyn Erskine looks on. This hilarious yarn, "Dancing Dan's Christmas," will be screened on December 22.

"Now he sits in front of the set at 7 a.m. waiting for the cartoons. And his eyes are still glued to the screen an hour or so later, when I've time to attend to him."

★ ★ ★
OH, Susanna! Just how small-time do some American scriptwriters think Australia is?

In a recent episode of "Oh Susanna" (Channel 9, Fridays, 8 p.m.) Gale Storm—who plays the role of a nutty-as-a-fruitcake social director of a luxury liner—was ashore on the Isle of Capri.

In her hilarious efforts to convince a local fortune-hunter of her immense wealth, she gazed dreamily at the romantic surroundings, then dreamily into his fluid Latin eyes, and said: "I think I might buy this place."

"This hotel?" whispered the hopeful.

"No, no. The Isle of Capri," replied Susanna, still dreamily. "But no. I suppose it's too much to hope for. I'd probably run into the same difficulty I did with Australia." (Pause for riotous laughter).

It was never quite explained what the small difficulty in buying Australia—lock, stock, and TV channels—was.

But then, if I'd been an American viewer, I'd probably have understood it was just some irritating problem like getting a Congress guarantee that the investment would be deductible from tax.

In fairness to Susanna, she's not alone on American TV shows in trying to raise a laugh out of an oblique reference to Australia.

Still, it raises a laugh (of a different kind) from local viewers, so we shouldn't complain. And "Oh Susanna" really is good value for most viewers, most of the time.

★ ★ ★
THERE really does seem no limit to the uses of TV.

In Las Vegas it's even solved the baby-sitting problems of big-time gamblers.

One casino has installed a set with an 8ft. by 10ft. screen in a special room so that parents can win or lose fortunes while children watch TV under a nurse's supervision.

All of which should mean happy viewing for the children—just as long as the parents don't lose their bottom dollars and decide to storm out of the casino bang in the middle of an exciting show.

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Comeback for the fabulous



ERROL FLYNN in his new film, "The Roots of Heaven." He plays a disgraced British Army officer who discovers a latent idealism. Born in Tasmania, Flynn worked in Sydney as a clerk before going overseas.

Errol Flynn

★ Tasmanian-born Errol Flynn, flat broke and a discarded movie has-been three years ago, today, at 49, owns assets totalling nearly £2,000,000 and has launched on a new acting career.

LAST year the sight of Flynn's friendly, boozy face peering from the screen as Ava Gardner's bibulous English boy-friend was one of the major consolations of "The Sun Also Rises."

And this year he has consolidated his position with his work in "The Roots of Heaven," in which he co-stars with Juliette Greco and Trevor Howard.

Flynn got his first screen role in 1932, playing Fletcher Christian in the Australian film "In the Wake of the Bounty."

Two years later he was in Hollywood.

Among the 50-odd films he made have been "The Adventures of Robin Hood," "The New Adventures of Don Juan," "The Dawn Patrol," "Dodge City," and "The Forsyte Saga," in which he played Soames.

But years of riotous living, riotous spending (with their attendant headlines and court cases), and increasingly poor screen roles brought the dashing Flynn to a pass where he was considered virtually unemployable.

If producer Darryl F. Zanuck had listened to his advisers (a thing he seldom does), Flynn would not have been recalled from the limbo to play in "The Sun Also Rises."

Took a chance

Thinking about the requirements of the role of the expatriate Englishman in Ernest Hemingway's celebrated story, Zanuck decided to take a chance with the discredited Flynn.

And Flynn became the hit of the film.

Warner Bros., his old studio, then rolled out the red carpet and invited Flynn back to play the role of his former drinking companion and buddy, the late John Barrymore, in "Too Much, Too Soon," the story of John's daughter Diana.

When it came to the casting of the disgraced Army officer, Forsythe, in his film version of Romain Gary's "The Roots of Heaven," Zanuck had no hesitation in re-engaging the actor he had gambled on before.

Flynn's new screen career is not alone responsible for the revitalised state of his fortunes.

"Property I have in Jamaica, after lying valueless for years, has suddenly come good, and must now be worth about three million dollars," the ex-broke Mr. Flynn says happily.

And after years of negotiations, a trickle of money has started to come in from his ill-fated Italian independent production "William Tell," which he began in 1953.

Twenty minutes of this film cost £223,000 to make, and the affair ended in the bankruptcy court.

Marriage on rocks

Immediately after his marriage to Patrice Wymore, Flynn was so poor that the only place they had to live was on Errol's schooner, the one asset he had managed to salvage from a past in which he admits to having breezed through more than £3 million.

This marriage is about to be dissolved, and teenage actress Beverly Adland is spoken of as the fourth Mrs. Flynn.

Flynn's other wives were Lily Damita (their rows were among the noisiest and most celebrated in Hollywood), and Nora Eddington.

Lili Damita is said to be having a difficult time dissuading Flynn's 17-year-old son Sean against becoming an actor.

Flynn also has two teenage daughters, Deirdre and Rory, who live with their mother, Nora Eddington, and a four-year-old daughter, Arnella, from his last marriage.

An incurable pitcher of tall tales, Flynn has written one supposedly autobiographical book, "Beam Ends," published in the early 'forties, and lately has been working on another. "Beam Ends" deals with his adventures in New Guinea.

Typical Flynnisms: "I have a great talent for spending." And of a recent girl-friend: "I may be too old for her, but she isn't too young for me."



TEMPESTUOUS
French star Juliette Greco and Errol Flynn in a scene from "The Roots of Heaven," which was shot in De Luxe Color Cinema-Scope on a ten-week location in Africa.



FLYNN, with co-stars Trevor Howard and Greco, in a scene from his new film. Produced by the spectacular Darryl F. Zanuck, it is a 20th Century-Fox release.



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New Film Releases

★★ IN LOVE AND WAR

Fox drama, with Robert Wagner, Hope Lange, Jeffrey Hunter, Dana Wynter, Bradford Dillman, Sherree North, France Nuyen. In De Luxe color, Cinema-Scope. Regent, Sydney.

PRODUCER Jerry Wald again uses his "No Down Payment" formula of throwing together young couples of contrasting social background and observing their behaviour, in this case under the pressures of war.

Hunter, who with Sherree North was in the previous cast, is the seasoned professional Marine who takes Wagner, a brash girl-chaser, and Dillman, a serious-minded socialite, into Pacific combat.

Hope Lange is the pregnant girl Hunter marries on pre-embarkation leave, and Sherree North (growing better with every film) gives a nice, cool comedy performance as Wagner's long-suffering girl-friend.

Here and there Dana Wynter really gets across the high-pitched torment of the wealthy girl who has lost Dillman through drink and promiscuity.

France Nuyen is touchingly dignified as the French-Hawaiian nurse who offers him a gentle love.

Despite its frequently commonplace touches, the film has compensating moments when it is human and mature in dialogue and situation.

In a word... **APPEALING.**

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★★ Excellent
- ★★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars—below average

★ TARZAN'S FIGHT FOR LIFE

M.G.M. adventure drama, with Gordon Scott. In Metrocolor. St. James, Sydney.

BOYS — from six to 60 — will revel in this 32nd King of the Jungle film, with the chesty (50 inches no less!) Gordon Scott wrestling with 18ft. pythons, scaling impossible waterfalls, and subduing the malevolent witchdoctor of a jungle tribe.

In addition he rides on a camel, rescues a girl from a crocodile, and swings happily over yawning chasms on conveniently placed vines without ever testing one to see if it will hold his 215 pounds.

Tarzan's mate, Jane, played for the first time by Eve Brent, is there merely for decoration and to enable Tarzan to show that even such a larger-than-life he-man can feel tenderness.

There are some magnificent animal shots in the film, taken during a six months' safari, and some of the best acting comes from the chimpanzee Cheta.

In a word... **KID-STUFF.**

Family Christmas plans for the stars

★ When it comes to making Christmas plans most Hollywood families are like ordinary folk — they want to be together.

THE Burt Lancasters were so anxious to get home to the babies that they cancelled their tour of Europe which was to have followed the completion of Burt's film "The Devil's Disciple" in England.

Rosalind Russell, who has been in New York, is flying back to California to be with husband Freddie Brissson and their son, Lance.

Julie London will take her two children with her when she goes on location in Mexico for "The Wonderful Country."

Recently separated couple Cary Grant and Betsy Drake will both be in London for Christmas. But they'll be staying with friends — different friends — and have no plans for seeing each other.

Also in London for Christmas will be Deborah Kerr — with the un-Christmasy purpose of talking over divorce arrangements with husband Tony Bartley.

FRIENDS of British producer Jack Lamont, who got a look at the script of his science-fiction film "The Tide Went Out," have been thoroughly scared by its prophecy of how the world becomes drained of all its water when atomic explosions blow holes in the seabed.

"You might say I'm making this film for mankind," Lamont says. "But the possibility of a profit will not be entirely overlooked."

SINGER-ACTOR Pat Boone is negotiating with 20th Century-Fox to do one independent film annually to be made by his own Cocoa Mooga Productions for release and distribution through 20th Century-Fox.

The deal would be in addition to the one a year for seven years film commitment Boone has with the studio.

ITALY'S Rossano Brazzi, sitting at the next table to France's Simone Signoret in a British studio restaurant, leaned over to make conversation.

Said the highly self-confident Mr. Brazzi: "You may not believe it, but I have never seen you on the screen." He pondered this a while, then added generously, "Mind you, there's a dozen or more of my own films that I've never seen."

Said Mademoiselle Signoret coolly: "That, M'sieu, I can understand."

ALEC GUINNESS believes in a cosmopolitan education for his children. He and his wife have just travelled to Italy, taking their son, Matthew, to enrol him at the University of Perugia.

Celebrated English playwright Christopher Fry, a close friend of Guinness, had already led the way by entering his own son at Perugia's University for Foreigners.

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TV TEENAGER

ANNETTE, of the Mickey Mouse Club (Sydney's Channel 9, Melbourne's Channel 7, Mondays to Fridays at 6 p.m.), is Annette Funicello. She is the most popular Mouseketeer. From time to time rumors of her sudden death sweep the world, said to be proof that she is in a class with the big Hollywood stars. She is 16, a good singer, dancer, and actress, the daughter of working-class Italian-American parents. She has led a sheltered life, is deeply religious. She is 5ft. 2in. tall, weighs 6st. 6lb., is an accomplished swimmer and horse-rider, is keen on ice and roller skating. Goes to high school, and is close to the top of her class. Has been allowed to go to mixed teenage parties since she was 15, only recently had her first date. She is rather shy and dreamy, and is very feminine.

"He should still have only a half vote," Kathy said.

"You got your full vote at twelve," Helen reminded her.

"I believe I was considerably older at that age. Might I ask, Dad, is this an attempt to—reduce expenses?"

"Your father," Ben said, "is making out just fine. Not stupendous, but adequate. This isn't to save money. It's to look at the whole thing objectively and knock off the pointless parts of the routine. We'll have plenty of Christmas spirit. We'll be surrounded by it. We shouldn't ever as a family let ourselves get trapped into—too much tradition." He turned to Helen. "How is your vote?" he asked.

"Abstaining," Helen said.

"No opinion at all?" Ben asked.

"I don't believe I care to state it."

He looked at her a bit dubiously and then said, "Okay. Of the voting members George and I form a two-thirds majority. Care to state an opinion, Kathy?"

"Many aspects of our Christmas routine are corny, Dad. I vote with you."

"Settled," he said. George scuttled back to his glue. Ben picked up a magazine. Helen picked up her mending. Kathy drifted to the telephone, where three minutes later she was chortling at the normal inanities.

When Helen looked up, Ben was again staring out the window.

"More policies?" she asked.

"Huh? No. What in the world is a humbug?"

"Ben, are you sure of—all this?"

"Yes, dear. I'm positive. We'll have a fine Christmas."

Ben brought the tree home on the twenty-first, when he came home from work. It looked like a small folding umbrella.

"Here's the tree, honey," he said.

"Oh, I didn't see it at first."

He stood it on the kitchen table, holding it by the middle.

"Do you think those little branches will come down?"

"Sure! Look when I hold them down. It has a nice shape, hasn't it?"

"Very charming. Will we put lights on it?"

"One of the little strings. It'll go on the table by the living-room door. On one end. And then we can pile the presents on the other end. Tell the kids they can decorate it any time."

"It shouldn't take long," Helen said. "Oh, the box from Mother came today."

"That's another thing. This do-not-open-until routine. I see no reason why we can't split the loot tonight, do you?"

"I guess that would be in keeping with the new order."

Ben looked at her suspiciously, but Helen maintained a bland expression. That evening after dinner George got the box of Christmas decorations out of the storage room behind the garage. He set it down with the exaggerated sigh that terminated all manual effort. Helen had erected the tree on the table. It looked slightly apologetic. George and Kathy delved into the box.

"How about these?" Kathy asked. She held up the window wreaths.

"Ask your father," Helen said.

Ben frowned at the wreaths. "Better hang them, baby. Our new policy is our own business, but we don't want all of Riverbanks saying we've goofed off on the neighborhood decorations."

So the wreaths went on the door and in the front windows. Later Ben became aware of a quiet, bitter argument. He listened. George wanted the big balls hung on the little tree. He insisted they were the best ones. Kathy said heatedly the

Continuing . . . Open Before Christmas

from page 19

tree was too little. You had to use the little stuff.

"Not even the birds or the sled?"

"Sleigh, not sled. It's too big."

"But it's always been there."

"Knock it off, you two," Ben said. "Put the little stuff on the tree. George, you can pick the bigger things you want and put those on the mantel."

"You fix the tree," George said to his sister. "I'll fix the mantel."

"Then the stuff we can't use we'll give away," Ben said. "We won't ever need it again. I can leave it at the firehouse."

An hour later he came out of his book and found that Helen was helping the kids. The mantel was thick with spruce boughs. It was as big as a bed in a hunting camp. The boughs hung over the edge. Lights had been strung along the mantel. Kathy was intently turning the little tree into a work of art. George and his mother were hanging ornaments from the boughs.

"Where'd all the greenery come from?" Ben asked.

"George did some trimming of the trees out in back."

"Way back where it won't show," George said.

BEN watched operations for several minutes. He got up and picked up a box of tinsel. "Every year I tell you, George boy. You don't put it on in great wads. You hang one strand at a time. Like this."

When they were through they opened the box from Helen's mother. Ben dug out a flat box in silver paper. He looked it over and said, "As usual, no tag. Why can't that woman fasten a tag on a package so it stays there?"

"They'll all be in the bottom. Anyway, that's a tie, so it's yours," George said.

"You, boy, are old enough to get a tie," Ben informed him.

"I sure hope I don't," George said, shocked to the core.

Ben tapped the box against the palm of his hand and frowned. "We can't be sure. It's getting late. Let's stack the stuff. Maybe we'll open it tomorrow."

On Sunday afternoon Helen was in the kitchen when George came in. She had sent him to the supermarket for a dozen eggs. He laid the eggs down gently and then crashed another object on to the table top. It seemed to be about the size and general consistency of a harbor mine.

"What's that?" Helen asked.

"If I had a bike it could have gone in the basket part, then I wouldn't have dropped it twice already."

"What is it?"

"Oh, it's a turkey. They give it to me."

"Gave it to me. Ben, come here, dear."

Ben had brought some work home. He came out, blue pencil in hand. "Dear, I want you to hear this. George, who gave you this enormous thing?"

"The store did. You won it. You know, writing on those cards. It's twenty-two pounds. Frozen."

Helen looked helplessly at Ben. "With every purchase of ten dollars or more you can make out a card and drop it in a box. It's all frozen. I guess we could save it, but I don't know how in the world I'd make room in the freezer."

"You get the steaks yet?"

"I was going to pick them up Monday."

Ben pulled the bird out of the bag. It was wrapped in clear plastic. "Big, isn't it?"

"It looks like a good one. Plump."

"I want a leg," George said firmly.

"Well . . ." Ben said. "This isn't our doing. Will he fit in the oven?"

"Barely."

"Okay," he said, and went to work, looking back over his shoulder at the bird as he left the kitchen.

Helen pulled her stool over to the counter and started a new list. Rice, turnip, squash, cranberry sauce, onions. She made room in the freezer and stowed the bird away, giving it a little pat on the white meat.

On Sunday Ben suddenly became aware that the pile of presents on the table had grown. There was a satellite pile under the table. There seemed to be a great number of ribbons and bows, trees and reindeer. The kids were out skating. Helen was deep in the back pages of the Sunday paper. "Say," he said with a trace of indignation, "how about this wrapping routine? Don't look so blank, honey. The presents. Remember?"

"Oh! Of course! I did most of my shopping at Wesley's. They always gift-wrap everything. I thought that if I told them to use plain paper it would have just upset everybody. And Kathy did hers there, too. And then there's some more out-of-town stuff that came. Some of the things I bought are in plain white paper, really."

She went back to the paper. Ben studied the pile for a time, and then went to the bedroom and took the things he had purchased from the top of his closet shelf. He carried them out and put them on the stack. He had written the names on the wrapping paper.

He stepped back and looked at the presents. He had never realised that plain paper could look so terribly uninteresting. He studied the pile and then made some judicious rearrangements. With the plain ones properly dispersed, with some of them tucked completely out of sight, the general picture was improved. As he started to turn around he thought he heard a suspicious rattle of paper. He looked thoughtfully at the back of the newspaper Helen was holding up.

When the kids came home he made a bold counterstroke. He made certain he had George's full attention when he said casually, "I know how hard it is for you kids to wait. It's all right with us any time you want to dig out your own stuff and open it. Tomorrow is a holiday for nearly everybody, and the next day is Christmas, so I guess we're technically in the gift-opening period."

"Okay," George said, but with a curious listlessness. He drifted around the presents, poking, sniffing, and rattling in a rather half-hearted way. Then he disappeared. When he came back he had a small stack of presents, clumsily and earnestly gift-wrapped.

"Where did you get the gift paper, boy?" Ben asked.

"From her," George said.

"Don't call her her."

"From Mum."

"It was left over, dear. I had to wrap the out-of-town presents. They wouldn't understand our new policy. And you can't make it come out even."

"You sure had a lot left over."

"Well, you certainly can't wrap everything in the same pattern, can you?"

George apparently felt an obligation. He dug around and found one for himself that was quite obviously a book. He opened it and said heartily, "Gee, this is swell! Thanks, Mum."

Open Before Christmas

"Going to open some more?"

"I kinda guess I'll go read this first. Okay?"

"Sure."

They had all the presents on Christmas morning. Ben knew that love and thought had gone into the selection of the things for him. And in expressing his appreciation he inserted the idea that it was the gift itself, not the fancy wrappings, that was the important thing. He felt uneasy every time anyone unwrapped one of the plain-paper jobs and he was glad when the last one was opened.

He was so intent on that that he made a serious oversight. He looked at his son and wondered what on earth had happened to him. George sat on the floor with his presents. He wore a grin so artificial that it looked as though he were keeping his mouth spread by hooking his fingers in the corners. His eyes were wide, glassy, and despairing. It took Ben three seconds to realise what was the matter.

"George, kindly wipe that horrid grin off your face. Then go out and put on your jacket and go to the Conroys' house and ask them politely if you can wheel a certain object that belongs to you out of their garage."

George became a blur of movement, disappearing with such speed that Ben felt he should have left the hideous grin behind to fade slowly away a la Cheshire cat.

It was nearly midnight on Christmas night when Ben eased out into the kitchen and hacked a slab of white meat off the large but mortally wounded turkey. The kids had gone to bed. He strolled restlessly around the living-room. Helen was making another inventory of her presents and looked as if she might purr.

She looked up at Ben. He was flipping through the records.

"A nice new-fashioned Christmas," she said.

HE spun sharply, then grinned in a shamefaced way. "A fine thing! Sometimes you get a real ironic tone on you, toots. So it came out the same."

"Almost the same. When you have an established routine—a good routine—don't you feel a little queer when just one thing's left out? I mean if it were entirely different . . ."

Ben sighed and took out the record, showed her the front on the jacket.

"Kids?" she asked.

"Wake 'em up."

So with only the lights of the wreaths and the tree they listened again to an old and timeless magic, and the chains rattled and there was the hollow voice of Christmas Past, and the kids sighed with satisfaction when it was over. They went back to bed.

Ben sat with his wife on the couch. He got up and went over and snaked a piece of overlooked red ribbon from under the chair. He scooped an indignant Twombly away from dreams of mice. Twombly stood, shoulders hunched in awkward, icy, feline dignity, while Ben tied a bow in the red ribbon. Helen adjusted the bow. Twombly stalked away, scratched impotently under the chin, turned and gave them an Arctic glare, found the spot on the rug he wanted, and tumbled back into sleep.

"Humbly," Benjamin West said.

"Bah," said Helen beside him. He looked down and saw the tree lights in her dark eyes and saw that she was to be kissed, which was about the best way to say what he had to say.

(Copyright)

AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning December 22



ARIES

The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in asking a favor.

A special concession may be granted to you on your request. A vote of thanks may be accorded you or you will be called upon to make a speech unexpectedly in some capacity you appear before the public. You dine with people who can further your career. If in love, the beloved figures prominently in your affairs.



TAURUS

The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, cream. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in a journey.

Pretext will take you out of town. You attend a reunion of old friends, you have letters, packages, and news from far away. Christmas Eve holds an especially welcome surprise for you. All outside pleasures will be well expected. Young folk go on house parties, camping trips, compete in tournaments. Love affairs at "good friends" stage.



GEMINI

The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in a windfall.

You gain something you never counted on through circumstances beyond your control. Now you carry out your plans, happy in your mind, although nervous tension could take toll of your vitality. Some of you go on a mysterious expedition alone. It may have a romantic or financial objective, possibly both, but the stars are with you.



CANCER

The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in goodwill, affection.

Surrounded by love, popularity, your character shines at its best. If employed, you may be touched by expressions of regard, or small gifts you receive. Relations with your family or with a parent are particularly close. A harmonious atmosphere means much to you. With the man in your life, you attend a social function memorable in many ways.



LEO

The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 23

Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, mauve. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in giving.

You'll wait on your elders, help with entertaining, arrange errands, doing last-minute errands, visiting elderly folk at home or in hospital. You give of yourself generously. If in love, you give a present on which you have been working, or giving much thought, for a long while. The end of the week brings leisure.



VIRGO

The Virgin

AUGUST 24-SEPTEMBER 23

Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, gold. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck through young people.

If a parent you rejoice over your children's happiness. A son or daughter or some young friend announce an engagement. Some of you will be proving pleasant and treats for the children of others. You take part in a whirlwind of parties. There is success on the sporting side. A crowded programme will prevent you from feeling lonely.



LIBRA

The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy. Gambling colors, navy, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck on the doorstep.

Your home will be the setting for your happiest moments. A stroke of good fortune comes your way through an older person. You receive visitors, unexpected gifts. Be ready for much casual and informal hospitality. If you are in love, you bring the one and only home for the family's inspection. Family reunions probable.



SCORPIO

The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 23

Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, red. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in a short journey.

On a short trip you get a wonderful idea. A place may appeal to you so much that you decide to rent, buy, or build a holiday house there. Some of you may be saying farewell to your friends in your affairs, about to move into a new district, or preparing for a holiday cruise. Watch the letter-box. It brings an invitation to go on a trip.



SAGITTARIUS

The Archer

NOVEMBER 24-DECEMBER 23

Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, rose. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in a practical emergency.

You won't be flustered, no matter what happens. You will receive a gift for which you do not care much, but consider your feelings graciously. You manage everything beautifully, there's applause from family, friends. A new pet bird, fun to the house, hold. The one you love best shows how much he cares by a thrilling present.



CAPRICORN

The Goat

DECEMBER 24-JANUARY 19

Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Monday, Wednesday. Luck in a personal matter.

Should you have quarrelled with someone, important to you, this week gives you the chance to forgive and forget and be reconciled. If accepting new responsibilities, you may wish to cut the past, finishing with outgrown interests which no longer appeal, but you do this in a kindly way that leaves no sting. You face a new cycle.



AQUARIUS

The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, blue. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in broader horizons.

With more understanding of human beings, especially yourself, the direction of your efforts will be changed in the coming year. Something of the new self, left now, your abilities may not find sufficient scope at present. You yearn for new worlds to conquer. A chance suggestion will start you doing some solid thinking. You've reached a crossroads.



PISCES

The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, white. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in social activity.

You organize a party, either for staff or for a club, to which you belong. You draw from one function to the next, meet an old flame or an attractive one, the candidate for your regard. The accent is on youth, high spirits, but you will not neglect the more serious, mystical side of the festive season. Outdoor recreation are a feature of your life.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

F4639. — Small girl's sun-dress and sleeveless bolero. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 2 to 2½ yds. 36in. material and 1 yd. 36in. material for bolero. Price 3/6.

Fashion PATTERNS

* Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 46-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F4216. — Sun-bonnet designed to open out flat for easy laundering. Sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires ½ yd. 36in. material. Price 2/6.



F4662. — Party dress and matching slip. Sizes 1, 2, 3, and 4 years. Requires 2 yds. 36in. material for dress and 1½ yds. 36in. material and 3½ yds. lace edging for slip. Price 3/6.

F4660. — Small girl's prettily styled brunch-coat. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Requires 2½ to 3½ yds. 36in. material and 4 yds. edging. Price 3/6.

F4558. — Smartly styled teenage dress. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 5 yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F4320. — Neatly tailored one-piece dress designed for sub-teenagers. Sizes 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12 years. Requires 2½ to 3 yds. 36in. material and 1 yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/6.

F4663. — Waisted one-piece with a pretty bodice trim. Sizes 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Requires 2½ to 3½ yds. 36in. material and 3½ yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/6.



F4558

F4664. — Attractively styled three-piece beach ensemble. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 2½ to 4 yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6.

F4661. — Waisted one-piece for the junior miss. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 2½ to 3½ yds. 36in. material and 1 yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/6.

F4662

F4661

F4660

F4664

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 857—SUMMER DRESS. Cool, sleeveless one-piece dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in woven check gingham. The color choice includes red and white, blue and white, green and white, lemon and white, and pink and white. Sizes 12 and 34in. bust 26½, 36 and 38in. bust 27½. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

No. 858—DUCHESS SET. The set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice include white and cream Irish linen and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes: Centre mat 11 by 17in., small mats 8 by 8in. Price 7/9. Postage and registration 1/3 extra.

No. 859—SUN-SUIT AND MATCHING BONNET. Pretty two-piece obtainable cut out ready to make in floral haircord, in shades of blue only. Sizes 2 years 12/9, 3 years 14/3, 4 years 16/9. Postage and registration 1/9 extra.

No. 860—COVER-ALL APRON. Practical cover-all apron is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is headcloth, obtainable in lemon, blue, pink, green, and grey. Sizes 30 and 34in. bust 19/9, 36 and 38in. bust 21/2. Postage and registration 1/6 extra.

Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



857



860

859

858

F4610. — Short-sleeved sleeping pyjamas. Sizes 1, 2, 3, and 4 years. Requires 2 to 2½ yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6.

F4363. — Ribbon-trimmed sun-bonnet. Sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires ½ yd. 36in. material and 1½ yds. ribbon. Price 2/6.



F4610

Let's make our Gifts practical...



...and give

Crusader HANDKERCHIEFS

TO HER—

LADIES' COLOURED WOVEN OR FLORAL
Singly Cellophanned 1/11 ea.
Gift Box of 3 5/9 box
Gift Box of 6 11/6 box



You can proudly give "CRUSADER" handkerchiefs this Xmas. For him or her they're the most practical and welcome gift. Boxed or singles as you prefer.

TO HIM—

GENTS COLOURED OR WHITE PLAIN
SATIN STRIPE WHITE
Singly Cellophanned 3/6 ea. 2/11 ea.
Gift Box of 3 10/6 box 8/9 box
Gift Box of 6 21/- box 17/6 box



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PATTON BROS. PTY. LTD., 79-91 SMITH ST., SUMMER HILL, N.S.W.

Practical Householder

• You'll save pounds and pounds if you spend 2/6 a month on "Practical Householder," Australia's big Do-It-Yourself magazine. Packed with information on how to do those odd jobs round the house, it's on sale at all newsagents

for
Her



Imagine! With Gossamer it takes but five magical seconds to give yourself the spray set that American women love! From morn to midnight, Gossamer keeps your hair beautifully in place... no wandering wisps, no straggly ends. Gossamer makes even a brand-new perm behave—yet there's no heavy lacquer look. And you'll love the exciting fragrance of Gossamer!

only
12'6
at all cosmetic
counters

also **21'.**
"Sofon" size
(more than twice
as much)

GOSSAMER

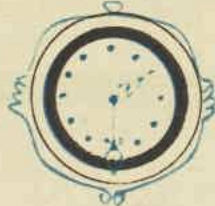
Invisible Net



**CRISPER CURLS,
DEEPER WAVES**
—and Gossamer keeps your
hair lustrous and full o' life.

LASTS ALL DAY, ALL EVENING

—hour after hour Gossamer will keep
your hair immaculate—no droopiness,
no fuzz, no straggles



NO OVERNIGHT "PIN-UPS"

—Gossamer's magical 5-second set
means you can "spray-set" your
hair anytime... even before a "last-
minute" date.

GOSSAMER

... made in Australia by
The Pressure-Pak Company,
a Division of
Samuel Taylor Pty. Ltd.

Page 62

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician,
and
LOTHAR, his giant Nubian
servant, are investigating the
secret of the sacred "Thun-
dergod" and his forbidden
Mesa. As the pair climb the
rocky outcrop a booming
voice shouts a warning, and,
just in time, they escape in-
jury from a mysterious ex-

plosion by taking shelter be-
hind a boulder. Mandrake
hypnotises the man mas-
querading as the Thunder-
god, but is in danger of being
shot by his accomplices. As
they take aim, Lothar fortu-
nately reaches the summit of
the Mesa and springs to
Mandrake's aid. He surprises
the gang. **NOW READ ON:**



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By RUD

for
Him



Like to give "HIM" a pleasant
surprise? Then buy him Smoothex—
the sensational "push button"
shave cream.

He'll ENJOY
shaving
with
Smoothex

Months of Luxury
shaving
for only **8'6**

One can of
Smoothex
makes
enough
creamy,
smooth lather
for more than
70 shaves.
With Smoothex,
there's no "drag," no
scrape. It's brushless,
too.

Best of all, Smoothex
contains its own
built-in after-
shave lotion...
it leaves the
skin cool, supple
and refreshed.
(P.S. You try Smoothex as a hand
cream—it's terrific!)

SMOOTHEX... made in Australia
by The Pressure-Pak Company,
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terrified by RHEUMATISM

"For years I was terrified by rheumatism... steadily getting worse and in danger of becoming a permanent invalid. A friend recommended Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids and my chemist confirmed his tremendous recommendation enough. I tried Menthoids as a last hope. Recently I met my doctor socially and he remarked how well I looked. I told him I was taking Menthoids and he replied, 'They certainly seem to be doing you good.' (Original letter in Head Office.) That woman's success story could be yours, if you suffer rheumatism, fibrositis, back-ache or muscular aches and pains. Don't suffer needlessly! Get a flask of Menthoids from your Chemist or Store for 5/- (a month's supply), or a trial size flask for 5/-.

DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

M15

A Smooth Neck

For sheer loveliness in womanhood there is little to equal a beautiful, well-cared-for neck. If your neck is short, help to lengthen it with off-the-shoulder hair styles, perky hats and low "V" necks. Keep your neck scrupulously conditioned. Bleach, tone and refine with lemon delf and soften and protect against wrinkle dryness with oil of ulan. This will give the skin that becoming dewy look and check the drying effect of powder on the bare skin... Margaret Merrill.

Nō-DōZ

peps you up
keeps you alert
prevents fatigue

Nō-DōZ

AWAKENERS
AT YOUR CHEMIST

Nō-DōZ

Staisweet

Stay as sweet as you are with

Staisweet

The Deodorant you can trust

Staisweet

Practical Householder

You'll save pounds and pounds if you spend 2/6 a month on "Practical Householder," Australia's big Do-It-Yourself magazine. Packed with information on how to do those odd jobs round the house. On sale at all news-agents.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 24, 1958

TEENA

by Lilla Terry



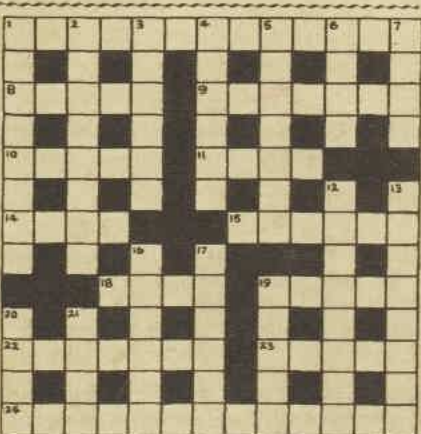
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Seasonable perennial plant (9, 4).
- Letter indicating the beginning (5).
- Ran backwards to scold and relate (7).
- Song to sing under 1 across (5).
- Famous school with a weighty end (4).
- I hurried to Persia (4).
- Ask one and get out (6).
- An alcoholic beverage (4).
- Short, fat person made of lycopod gelatin (5).
- Pass the limit to stupe (7).
- Sour substances having first a Spanish national hero (5).
- When he looked out the snow was deep and crisp and even (4, 9).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- His name was Bob and his son was Tiny Tim (8).
- Tear away a scattered rain on the river bank (8).
- Be last where the Saviour was born (6).
- This is a part of 3 down (6).
- Jacob Morley's partner and employer of 1 down (7).
- Widen with a borer a large quantity of paper (4).
- Delightful abode in a large den (4).
- At least this time of the year you wish it to men (8).
- Real sees (Anagr. 8).
- Provide with lodging which is the best to begin with (6).
- Ensnare with a surgeon's saw (6).
- Best wish on Earth now and ever (5).
- Pawn white wine (4).
- Bewilder with reversed fruits (4).

There are now two types of Cesarine...

REGULAR & EASYCARE

Which to use... and Why

A Cesarine SERVICE FEATURE

The sterling qualities of Cesarine have made its name a household word as the finest cotton cloth in its field.

★ With the coming of the new, special finishes, Caesar Fabrics Limited, the makers of Cesarine, introduced a new, drip-dry, no-iron, crease-resistant and dirt-repelling type of Cesarine, called "EasyCare" Cesarine.

"EasyCare" satisfied a long-felt need. It has the advantage of not needing boiling, starching, dampening down—and practically no ironing.

In short, "EasyCare" Cesarine launders in one operation instead of four... a boon to mothers whose children must be kept looking fresh and smart in school shirts, or tunics.

★ However, it must be recognised that drip-dry, no-iron cloths differ somewhat from regular styles of cloth and need different handling. Moreover, one style of cloth may be more satisfactory than another for certain uses.

Before you decide whether to use Regular

or "EasyCare" Cesarine, you would be well advised to consider the following points:

Will the garment be subject to regular boiling, starching, ironing? Will it be subjected to very hard wear, rubbing, stains? Will it need to be pleated? Will the cloth be used for table cloths or mats, loose covers, infant's rompers? In such cases as these you are advised to use REGULAR CESARINE.

★ If you need Cesarine for school uniforms of unpleated styles, school shirts, office or professional uniforms, sports wear, coigans, bedspreads, especially if washed at home and if you value the considerable time saved in home laundering, "EASYCARE" CESARINE IS RECOMMENDED.

Although "EasyCare" is dirt-repelling, experience indicates that light and frequent washings are best.

★ "EasyCare" will not be harmed by boiling. It simply is not necessary. There is no point in subjecting a cloth to unnecessary laundering when it is made to save you that trouble.

Remember — Regular Cesarine for the hardest wear, "EasyCare" to save time and work.

Cesarine
A CAESAR FABRIC

TEAR THIS OUT AND KEEP IT BY YOU FOR FUTURE REFERENCE

SANDWICHES



Call for French's PREPARED MUSTARD

No Mix! No Waste! Ready to serve!

A subscription to The Australian Women's Weekly makes a fine gift. Order it by writing to the address given for your State at top of page 2. Western Australian readers should address their letters to 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Rates are as follows:

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"Yes Virginia—
there is a Santa Claus."



The most famous editorial ever written about Santa Claus appeared 42 years ago in the "New York Sun". Since then it has been quoted in scores of languages the world over.

Dear Editor: I am eight years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Please tell me the truth.

— Virginia O'Hanlon.

Dear Virginia,

Your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the scepticism of a sceptical age. They do not believe except what they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds.

All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect in intellect as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity, and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy.

Alas! How dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus!

Children wherever "The Australian Women's Weekly" goes, William Arnott Pty. Limited, wish you a Merry Christmas and the Happiest of New Years.

